

MEMOIRS OF
THE ABBOTS
OF
OLD BELLEVUE

JAMES P. C. SOUTHALL

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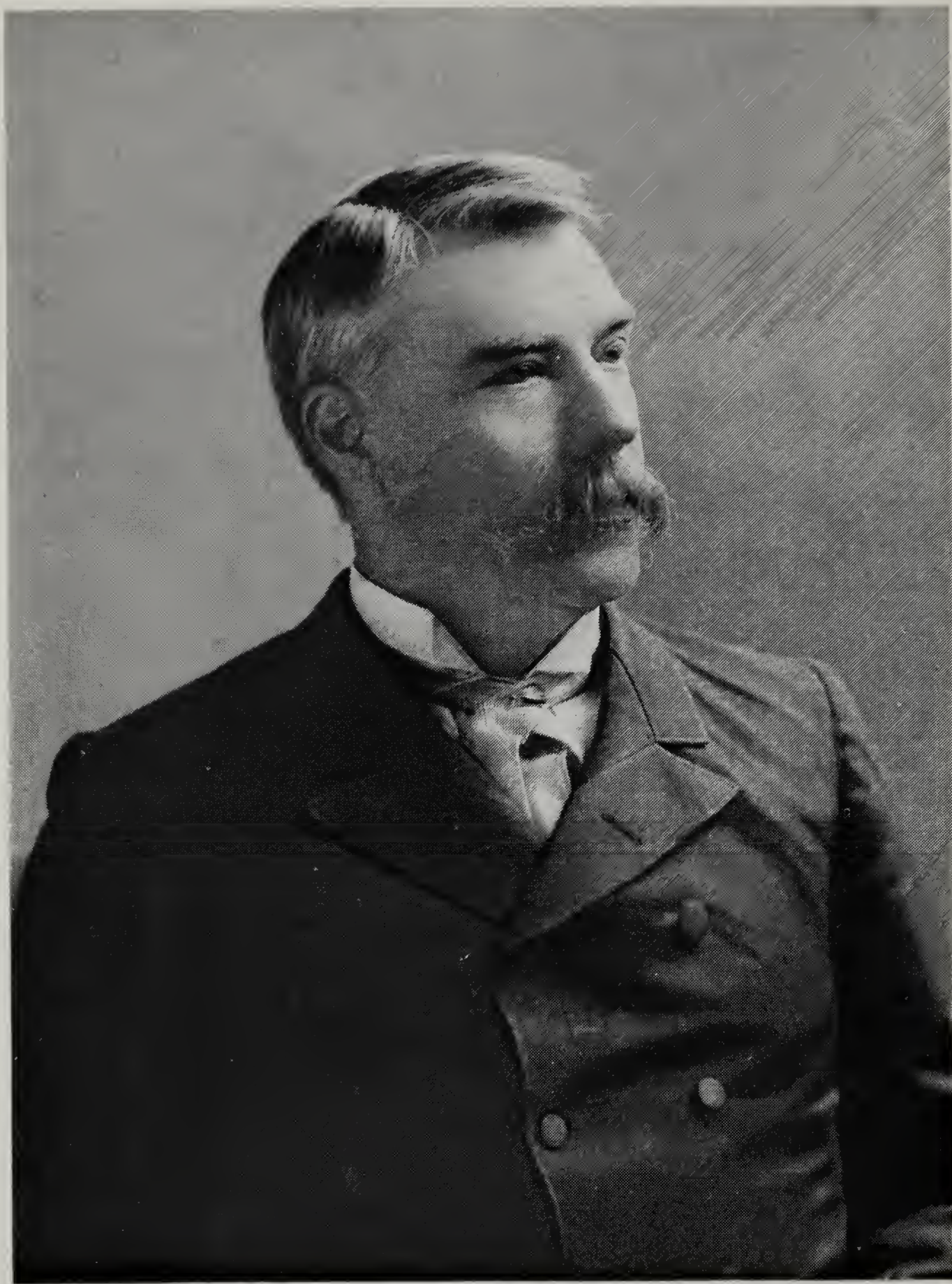
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Memoirs of
The Abbots of Old Bellevue



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WILLIAM RICHARDSON ABBOT (1839-1916), Principal of Bellevue High School.

Memoirs of
THE ABBOTS
OF
OLD BELLEVUE

by JAMES P. C. SOUTHALL

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IN MEMORIAM



LUCY RIDGWAY MINOR ABBOT (1838-1921)

She was good as she was wise,
She was lovely all her days,
And the love-light in her eyes
In my heart forever stays.



Preface

Old Bellevue in Bedford County, Virginia, was a house of gentlefolk. For more than a decade immediately after the civil war it was the home of the venerable Mr. Holcombe and his family who were far renowned in their day. The Abbots who lived there afterwards for two generations were a notable family also; a good, sturdy stock with many ramifications and a wide circle of friends. Mr. Holcombe, who had been a professor of law in the University of Virginia and a member of congress of the short-lived Confederate States, was the founder of Bellevue High School for boys which flourished long after his death and was a famous academy once, a seed-ground for the education of youths all over the South, who in not a few instances lived to be fairly famous men. For nearly twoscore years Mr. Abbot, a native of Georgetown in the District of Columbia, was the distinguished principal of Bellevue High School. In this task he was ably aided and abetted by his devoted wife, Lucy Ridgway Minor, second daughter of Dr. Charles Minor of "Brookhill" in Albemarle County. She was his mainstay without whom the school would never have prospered as it did; above all she was the mother of his children each of whom in turn (with the single exception of a daughter who died in infancy) came to maturity and was a special and additional ornament of the *tout ensemble* of Old Bellevue.

The Abbots are well worthy of commemoration, but whether I am worthy or qualified to perform the task is another question. My chief credential is that it was my good fortune to be adopted in the family and that I am proud of that distinction. This memoir, such as it is, was written *con amore* and is a labour of love in a literal sense. I have been told that Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia and author of several books concerning his reminiscences of the war, contemplated writing another volume to be entitled "An impartial history of the United States from a Southern standpoint"; but my narrative does not pretend to be impartial. All I claim for it is that, except for lapses of memory and slips of the pen, it is accurate and truthful.

If in the exceptions above mentioned I omitted to include typographical errors, I suppose it was due to the fact that I never really expected these pages to be printed. The pen of a writer who does not fear exposure is as free to ramble as the wind that bloweth where it

listeth. It is idle for critics to point out the faults of this book, for they are both manifold and manifest, nay, in some instances, unblushing and deliberate. That is why the book has been a pleasure to write. At least I can say there is nothing heinous in it, like Touchstone's Audrey in *As You Like It*: "A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own." *Caveat emptor!*

James P. C. Southall

Charlottesville, Virginia

May 1955

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Memoirs of
The Abbots of Old Bellevue

Overture

"The days of our youth are the days of our glory!"

BYRON

EVERY new generation on earth leaps forward with a banner inscribed "Excelsior!" and presses onward to a bright and shining land which for lack of a better name is sometimes called Utopia; while its sires, those that are still alive, watch and pray, not without misgivings, remembering sadly that they themselves had the same illusions once and made the same mistakes. Sitting alone in my study, an old man now, I hear from afar the drums and bugles of the brave new world that is on the march and in the making. The din outside is so loud that at first it startles me in my seclusion, I am about to rise from my chair and go to the window to look out, but I sit down again, remembering two or three lines of a little poem of Thomas Hardy's called "Channel Firing" that I used to know by heart: about the guns of the fleet in the English Channel which made such an uproar that they waked the dead all along the coast and even made them rise from their graves to see what on earth was going on. However, they sank back in peace on being reassured by God from up on high:

"It's gunnery practice out at sea
Just as before you went below;
The world is as it used to be."

According to the laconic pronouncement of a recent writer, "Youth is the time for the adventures of the body, but age for the triumphs of the mind." For either adventure or triumph the prerequisite, it seems to me, is a sound mind in a sound body, two blessings that are not always vouchsafed at one and the same time. It is no more than a platitude, but I am content to say, Youth is foolish and debonair, Age is feeble and despondent.

Not triumph, but remembrance, is the solace of my old age, my refuge from total ignorance. Memory is a long uneven scroll, a fine engraving with many lacunae, blurred places, and here and there hieroglyphics hard to decode. The happiness and joys of life are etched more sharply than the pain and suffering. It is the prudent eclecticism of memory that makes it so sweet.

Youth is indeed the scene of adventure, the time of mingled joy and sorrow, glad of achievement, bitter with disappointment; Age is the last act when nearly all the other players are dead and there is nothing more to live for, not at all a time of triumph but of vain regret. Yet, as George Santayana pointed out in one of the last essays he ever wrote:

“Nothing is inherently and invincibly young except spirit. And spirit can enter a human being perhaps better in the quiet of old age and dwell there more undisturbed than in the turmoil of adventure.”

It is now when I am old and spent that I sit in front of the fire a long winter evening and live over again the romance of youth, see it in all its beauty and all its glamour, a rose-coloured picture now, unclouded by the troubles and vexations that are the price of high endeavour.

The fruit of these solitary reflections, delicious or not, is this book of nostalgia pure and simple.

CHAPTER I

"A Virginian Schoolmaster"

"See, what a grace was seated on this brow."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, III, 4.

THE furious civil war in the United States that ended in 1865 left havoc in its train and poverty all over the South, nowhere more than in old Virginia that from start to finish had been the main battleground of that titanic struggle. When at last the Army of Northern Virginia commanded by General Lee was overwhelmed by superior forces and compelled to surrender at Appomattox, every soldier shed the bitter tears of defeat, yet ever afterwards it was his proudest boast that he was a veteran of that heroic army and was knighted on that fatal day. His problem then was what to do next and where on earth to go; for most of those brave men scarcely had a penny in the world, and all that they could call their own was the threadbare uniform on their backs and the worn-out boots on their feet. More likely than not the homes they came from had been pillaged and burned and were desolate and deserted.

One of these ragged veterans was a stalwart youth still in his twenties, Lieutenant William Richardson Abbot (1839-1916), who is introduced here because he plays a leading part and is a central figure in all this narrative. In the drama of Appomattox, where "the eight thousand Confederates, all that are left under arms of the Army of Northern Virginia, stand face to face with the eighty thousand oncoming forces of Grant," he was not conspicuous, yet he was there and on the stage till the curtain fell; as was vividly related long afterwards by his life-long friend:

". . . A young lieutenant of the C.S.A. Engineers still holds together his company of tatterdemalions. They are worn and weary and hungry; but their rifles are bright and clean and their cartridge boxes are full. They have counted all the weary miles from Petersburg to Appomattox, mending bridges, making roads, dragging guns out of the mire. At Amelia, at Burkeville, at High Bridge, at Farmville they have learned what it was to face danger and to scorn death. And now at Appomattox they feel that the real end has come. Presently through the delicate verdure of the April woodland they see marching toward them in the dim dawn of day regiment

after regiment of armed men. Bayonets bristle amid the vernal green. Battery after battery rolls into place and unlimbers for the fray. Then an officer is seen riding toward them while the blue lines slowly advanced. The men stand at attention with levelled rifles. Skirmishers are thrown out in front. "Lieutenant," shouts a skirmisher, "those are Yankees." The case is desperate. The little band cannot possibly resist odds like these. But these Confederates are not counting odds nor waiting for orders. The guns flash and the officer falls, riddled with a hundred bullets. Then from the opposite quarter of the compass comes riding a Confederate courier, who tells them that Lee's flag of truce had just been sent out and the war was over. Abbot's engineers have fired the last shot at Appomattox." (From William M. Thornton's sketch of William R. Abbot, *Alumni Bulletin*, University of Va., January 1917, p. 11.)

Lieutenant William R. Abbot, Jr., born in Hagerstown, Md., on New Year's Day, 1839, grew up in Georgetown in the District of Columbia, where his father, the first William R. Abbot (1805-52) was principal of a flourishing school. The father died early in life when the boy was no more than thirteen years old, leaving his widow to finish the education of two sons and three daughters. William was a lad sixteen years old when he matriculated as a student at the University of Virginia. He was there two sessions (1855-57) and "graduated in all the schools of the Academic Department as then organized except Chemistry." Doubtless, his funds gave out, and that is why he left college without getting his M.A. and took up teaching to earn a livelihood. During the two years 1858-60 he was the principal teacher in Dr. Charles Minor's school at Brookhill in Albemarle County, Virginia, and it was there that he fell in love with the girl his own age whom he afterwards married, when he was a soldier in the army and the war was in full blast. She was Lucy Ridgway Minor (1838-1921), daughter of the beloved physician Dr. Charles Minor (1810-1861), who founded the school at Brookhill on the Rivanna River five or six miles north of Charlottesville. According to all accounts Lucy Minor was as gay and as lovable as any girl that ever grew up on the banks of that muddy stream; she was in the bloom of youth and flourished in Charlottesville and all the adjacent territory in those stirring days when soldier-boys were at a premium. Young Abbot in camp or on the march pined to see the girl he left behind in Albemarle, and I suppose he got a furlough for that purpose, as I know I would have tried to do, had I been in his shoes. At any rate, whether there was collusion or not, he turned up suddenly in Albemarle county one day late in October in his best uniform, went straight to Miss Lucy and asked her to marry him. It was no sooner said than done, promptly that day or the next, 27 October 1863. I doubt whether they took time to have a ceremonial wedding in Christ Church

in Charlottesville where Lucy Minor played the organ and (I have heard) sometimes treated the congregation to operatic airs to the delight of both sinners and saints; but I am sure my father was invited to the reception (and his two married sisters also if they were in town), for I know he wrote Miss Lucy a note and sent her a wedding gift.

Lucy Ridgway Minor, wife of W. R. Abbot, was the second child of Lucy Walker Minor (1818-1881), wife of Dr. Charles Minor of Brookhill. Her mother was a daughter of Mrs. Peter Minor (*née* Lucy Gilmer) and a granddaughter of Dr. Thomas Walker of Castle Hill and his wife Mildred Thornton.

My father's sisters, Lucy Smith Southall (Mrs. Charles Sharp), and Mary Martha Southall (Mrs. J. Thompson Brown and afterwards Mrs. Charles S. Venable), were Lucy Minor's closest friends in Charlottesville.

More than a year before the bridegroom's wedding (nobody ever knew exactly when or where), his younger brother Frank (Francis Harris Abbot, 1841-1862), a soldier likewise, had been killed in battle near Williamsburg, and was nevermore heard of; as was the frequent fate of many a gallant youth on both sides in that fratricidal strife.

From Appomattox Lieutenant W. R. Abbot quickly found his way to his young wife in Charlottesville, and there in association with Major Horace W. Jones, he established a school for boys, the "Charlottesville Institute" as it seems to have been called (in Bellevue High School Catalogue for session of 1870-71); while his wife Lucy gave music lessons in Miss McPherson's school for girls on High Street. At the end of the first session Major Jones went to Hanover Academy, and thereafter during the next three or four years Mr. Abbot seems to have conducted his school alone.

One of his pupils at this time was Francis Preston Venable (1854-1934) who in 1900 became president of the University of North Carolina. Another pupil was an elder son of Judge William J. Robertson (d. 1898). There is good reason to believe that Dr. Walter Reed (1851-1902) went to school to Mr. Abbot in Charlottesville, but it has not been verified.

Accordingly, during the first five years after the end of the war, in that "tragic era" of Reconstruction, young Mr. and Mrs. Abbot did their best to make a living in Charlottesville and in those early days of their married life saw the births of three little daughters, one of whom, sad to say, died in infancy (1866). The two sisters, oldest of all the Abbot children, were Lucy Minor Abbot (b. 1865), named after her mother, and Jeannie Oliver Abbot (b. 1867), named after her "Aunt Jeannie" in Georgetown. What has all this to do with Old Bellevue

nearly a hundred miles away in Bedford County, which is the principal scene of this narrative or at any rate the pivot of the panorama to be unfolded in this book and which was not old then (1865-1870) but practically brand new?

Bellevue was a big high school for boys that had been founded and opened for pupils in 1866 and by extraordinary zeal and good fortune was wonderfully successful from the start. The architect and principal of Bellevue High School for Boys was a scholarly and illustrious old gentleman who was a native of Lynchburg, Mr. James Philemon Holcombe (1820-1873), formerly (1851-1861) professor of International and Constitutional Law in the University of Virginia and during the war a prominent and influential member of the Confederate Congress in Richmond.

A younger one of Professor Holcombe's five brothers was Thomas Beverley Holcombe (1825-1872) who was Librarian of the University from 1857 to 1861. See Harry Clemons's *The University of Virginia Library 1825-1950* (Charlottesville, 1954) and also Philip Alexander Bruce's official *History of the University of Virginia*: both of which contain brief biographical notices of Professor Holcombe.

James P. Holcombe must have been prematurely old in his later life, for it seems to me I never heard him spoken of except, with the greatest respect, as "old Mr. Holcombe;" though he was not yet in his middle fifties when he died many years before the death of his colleague Professor John Barbie Minor (1813-95). In the middle of the last century these two distinguished teachers, closely associated in the School of Law of the University of Virginia, were wide apart in their political views, insomuch that I daresay they were not at all congenial to each other in those days of bitter disagreement. Like my grandfather Valentine Wood Southall (1793-1861), who occupied the chair when the Virginia Convention passed the ordinance of secession, Mr. Minor was a staunch "union man" down to the time of the election of Abraham Lincoln and the invasion of Virginia. On the contrary, Mr. Holcombe was an "eloquent, cogent, and fervent" follower of the great southern statesman John C. Calhoun and a staunch upholder of the doctrine of States' Rights. Students and visitors thronged to hear his lectures; and his renown all over the South had much to do with the immediate success of the school for boys which he founded after the war.

In 1864 when the fortune of the Confederacy was running low, Mr. Holcombe was appointed by the Congress in Richmond as leader of a commission of three representatives to confer with a duly accredited committee of the Washington government appointed by Mr. Lincoln (two of whom were Horace Greeley, editor of *The (New York) Tribune*, and John Hay, the President's private secretary), with a view to the possibility of arranging some kind of truce between the belligerents. As might have been antici-

pated, the negotiations ended before they got started. However, Mr. Hay did have an interview with Mr. Holcombe in a little hotel in Clifton on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls; whom he afterwards described in anything but flattering terms as "a tall, solemn, spare, false-looking man, with false teeth, false eyes, and false hair" (Carl Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln, The War Years*, III, 159). Needless to say, Mr. Hay got a false impression of the gentleman he met that day. One of the difficulties between North and South at that time was that each side was only too apt to entertain a false conception of the other; and that was what made it so hard ever to come to terms. I daresay Mr. Holcombe was eccentric in manner and appearance, perhaps a little careless as to his dress; it is quite possible he wore a wig and had false teeth, and I suspect he was steadfast and stubborn in his opinions; but I doubt whether Mr. Hay was ever in the presence of a truer gentleman.

In September 1864 Mr. Holcombe, who had been in Canada seven months as "Confederate Commissioner to the North American Colonies of Great Britain," and his companion Lieutenant Wilson were in Halifax, N. S., waiting to get on board the English blockade-runner *Condor* bound for Wilmington, N. C. It so happened that the Confederate spy, Mrs. Rose O'Neal Greenhow, an old acquaintance of Mr. Holcombe's, was in Halifax for the same purpose. The *Condor* with her three passengers eluded the federal warships that were on the watch for her and had almost accomplished her perilous voyage when a hurricane overtook her on the Carolina Coast within sight of Confederate Fort Fisher and drove her on the shoals. Mrs. Greenhow, who had a considerable amount of gold concealed in her clothing, implored the skipper to lower a boat in the raging waters and try to land her on the mainland against his advice. However, he yielded, the boat was manned by two sailors, and the three passengers got in it. The boat capsized, Mrs. Greenhow was drowned, but Mr. Holcombe and his friend were rescued and laid on the beach more dead than alive (Ishbel Ross, *Rebel Rose*, New York, 1954). That is all I know of this adventure, but one of Mr. Abbot's grand-daughters tells me that she remembers distinctly overhearing in her childhood her mother and her Aunt Anne Minor mention this episode in Mr. Holcombe's life that had occurred more than a generation before she was born.

Bellevue, comprising 600 acres, was originally the home of Robert Callaway Steptoe, son of James Steptoe (1750-1826), clerk of Bedford County from 1772 to 1826, and his wife Fanny Callaway. The substantial two-storey brick house, four rooms on a floor, with attic and basement, was built, perhaps as early as 1820 or soon afterwards, by "Uncle Robert" (as he is called in the memoirs of Fanny Royal Johnston who knew Bellevue in ante-bellum days) and stands firm to this day. Mr. Holcombe purchased this property from the Steptoe-estate in 1863 and thereafter he and his family lived there. In "Hunter's Raid" on Lynchburg in 1864 Bellevue as the home of the notorious rebel

James P. Holcombe was marked for destruction. The account of its narrow escape is related in the unfinished and unprinted recollections of Mrs. Daniel B. Henderson, *née* Lucy Minor Abbot, written in her old age as she heard it told in her girlhood and is copied here from that manuscript.

“The story of how Bellevue was spared [in Hunter’s Raid] is a romantic one. The Yankee officer who had orders to burn Bellevue was named Sorrel and was the brother of Dr. Sorrel, the husband of ‘Aunt Lettie,’ one of Mrs. Holcombe’s sisters. Dr. Sorrel was a Southern sympathizer and may have been in the Confederate army, but I don’t know about that. He and the Yankee officer had a brother in the Northern army who at that time was a prisoner of war in Libby Prison in Richmond, and sick at that. Mr. Holcombe was a member of the Confederate Congress, and he and his wife, ‘Aunt Anne’ were in Richmond. Dr. Sorrel appealed to ‘Aunt Anne’ and Mr. Holcombe to show his brother in Richmond some kindness if possible; which they did abundantly. Accordingly, when the Yankee officer came to Bellevue and found that it was Mr. Holcombe’s home, which he had been ordered to burn, he said he ‘would be damned first’ and went on his way without doing much damage. Alice, who was always a sassy piece and wanted to be important, told the yankees where the silver was hidden, but I don’t think they could have found it, [judging] by the quantity of silver [the Holcombe’s] had after the war.”

(Alice Holcombe referred to here was Mr. Holcombe’s daughter, a little girl at the time, years older than Lucy Abbot, the narrator, who had not then been born. Miss Alice Holcombe and her sister Lettie were the devoted friends of all the Abbot children.)

“Old man Polk,” for so many years the venerable and beloved head of the kitchen of Old Bellevue, (whose full name was Polk Dallas in honour of President Polk and Vice-President Dallas) was a young negro boy at the time of Hunter’s Raid. All his life long he was fond of telling how he had saved all Mr. Holcombe’s horses and mules by driving them far away into the woods and hiding them there until the yankee soldiers departed.

Having definitely severed his connection with the University of Virginia in order to devote all his talent and strength to the Confederacy that after many a hard-fought battle over a period of four years had turned out to be an irretrievably “lost cause”, Mr. Holcombe, like so many of his compatriots throughout the South, had to begin life all over again. He had a large family to support, with a wife who then or soon afterwards was an invalid all the rest of her days, while he himself, never robust in health, was already past his prime. The success of his school is an added proof of his remarkable ability and unconquerable spirit.

The climate of lower Piedmont Virginia is sweet and salubrious all

the year round, the landscape is pleasant to the eye. Fifteen miles west of Lynchburg on what is now the Norfolk & Western railroad, Bellevue was easily accessible. Westward not more than twenty miles off, the range of the Blue Ridge Mountains, looking just as they did to the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe in Governor Spotswood's day (except that they never saw the twin Peaks of Otter), is the dominant feature of the panorama that is expanded to view; and at night about half that distance you could see the faint lights of the little town of Liberty (as Bedford City used to be called before the land-boom of 1893), though I doubt whether you could signal to "Old Miss" in Avenel (which is the title of Mr. Bowyer Campbell's book about the home of the Burwell's). Eastward, past Poplar Forest (where Mr. Jefferson with his family used often to come to spend part of the hot summer away from Monticello in Albemarle), all the way to the James River at Lynchburg that flowed there between Amherst and Campbell Counties, were the rolling foothills of the big mountains, a delectable land as far as eye could see. Nearly all the year the sun went down in the evening somewhere between the towering Peaks of Otter depending on the equinoxes, only at Christmas it was farthest south of "Sharp Top" and around the Fourth of July farthest north of "Flat Top." Mr. Abbot used to say with some little pride, he believed he could tell the day of the month by observing the exact place of sunset from the front porch of Old Bellevue. "See yonder," he said to me one evening, pointing to the sun as it was about to sink below the hollow of the profile of the peaks, "today is the 22nd of August."—"Right!" I exclaimed, "but remember my dear sir, you have just been reading today's *Baltimore Sun!*"

Bellevue was a populous place and a scene of activity from the day the school started. In one of the early sessions I believe there were a hundred scholars besides teachers, etc.; though it is hard to conceive how such a number was ever accommodated. Mr. Holcombe not only added to the big house itself but also built the two-storey school-house called "The Palais" and the dormitories "Siberia," "The Rockaway" and "The Inkstand" which were occupied by both teachers and pupils. He employed competent tutors and a man and wife for the commissary department (kitchen and dining room), a large corps of servants and farm-workers. I doubt whether the Principal himself did much of the teaching. Most of my information about the school is derived from a bound volume of the Catalogues of Bellevue High School from 1870 to 1888 (two or three numbers missing) which were collected together by Mr. Abbot in 1888 and annotated in his beautiful hand-writing. As I have said, the academy flourished from the start and got to be

steadily more and more famous from year to year. In 1870 Mr. Holcombe had the good judgment and the good fortune to employ William R. Abbot for his principal assistant or assistant principal; and promptly at the beginning of the session of 1870-71 Mr. Abbot and his charming and capable young wife, with their two little daughters Lucy and Jeannie, moved, lock, stock and barrel, from Charlottesville to Bellevue and took up their abode in "Siberia", where they lived for the next ten years or longer until all their other sons and daughters were born. "Siberia" was a two-storey frame-house in the yard within a stone's throw of the big house where the Holcombe's lived. Almost in the twinkling of an eye after they arrived, that is, in November, another little daughter was born there, namely, Miss Louisa Noland Abbot (1870-1929), Loulie as she got to be known everywhere or "Toodle" as she was affectionately called by her younger sister and all the nephews and nieces that came afterwards.

The list of instructors for the session of 1870-71, as copied from the catalogue of that year, is as follows:

JAMES P. HOLCOMBE, LL.D., Principal, instructor in history, rhetoric and commercial law;

(I never heard "Doctor" Holcombe called by any other title than "Mister" Holcombe. In my day the instructors in the University of Virginia were called "mister" rather than "professor;" Dr. Cabell, Col. Venable, Col. Peters and Dr. Mallet were exceptions. John W. Mallet, F.R.S., was a colonel too, but he was Doctor Mallet all over the globe.)

W. R. ABBOT, Associate Principal (late of Charlottesville Institute), instructor in Latin, Greek and English;

ALONZO HILL (graduate University of Virginia), instructor in mathematics and natural science;

WILLIAM S. GRAVES, A.M., Washington and Lee University, instructor in German, Latin and Greek;

and

P. M. WILSON, A.M., University of Edinburgh, instructor in French and English.

The number of pupils in the school in Mr. Abbot's first session was 70, only 14 of whom came from Virginia, the others being distributed as follows: Louisiana 20, Mississippi 14, Alabama 11, Tennessee 4, Texas 2, and Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland and North and South Carolina 1 each.

As a matter of fact Mr. Peter Mitchell Wilson, whose name is included in the list of teachers given above never actually accepted the post that had been offered him. As he tells us himself in his charming book of reminiscences called *Southern Exposure* (Chapel Hill, 1927), in 1870 he happened to be residing in the little town of Salem on the

other side of the mountains from Bellevue and came near being a teacher in Bellevue High School. One of the advantages he says he would have enjoyed was the privilege of reading law under the guidance of Mr. Holcombe who was the author of a book on *Equity* that was a standard work on that subject. Mr. Wilson adds that at that time "the management of the school had been recently recast, and the principal of the teaching force was Mr. W. R. Abbot, a son of the Chief Clerk of the State Department under Daniel Webster."

While I was aware that the first William R. Abbot had been a schoolmaster in Georgetown and had had a brief correspondence with Prof. Joseph Henry (1797-1878) of Princeton who was afterwards the first head of the Smithsonian Institution, I was not previously cognisant of his having been connected with the Department of State in President Tyler's administration.

"In the autumn of 1870" (Mr. Wilson continues) "the Holcombes were invited to visit their friends, Mrs. Bowyer and Miss Letty Burwell at Avenel, a beautiful home in Liberty—to meet General Robert E. Lee and spend the day with him. Happily for me, I was included in the invitation.

"It would be impossible for me ever to forget the scene. The General sat out under the oaks, and the family and guests surrounded him. He had come on horseback, and I can well remember how deeply he drank of the cool well-water when he first arrived. Somehow his presence seemed more like a 'presence' than an every-day person—this despite his beautiful simplicity."

Mr. Wilson's story is simple too, but all the more dramatic. Late in the afternoon General Lee bade the company farewell, mounted his famous horse Traveller and, accompanied by his daughter Mildred, rode off towards the mountains and Washington College in Lexington; and "in a few weeks he had gone from the blue mountains into the bluer Heavens."

It was Mr. Holcombe who was chosen to deliver the address on the occasion of the first memorial celebration of General Lee's birthday in Washington and Lee University, 19 January 1871; which I believe was the last public act of Mr. Holcombe's career. (His eloquent oration has been preserved in Rev. Dr. J. William Jones's *Personal Reminiscences of General Robert E. Lee*.) In little more than two years afterwards Mr. Holcombe died at Capon Springs where he had gone to mend his health; and in the session of 1873-74 Mr. Abbot succeeded him as principal of Bellevue High School.

When Mr. Abbot began his reign, his chief assistant and right bower the first year was William Mynn Thornton (1851-1935), afterwards professor of Applied Mathematics and dean of the School of Engineering in the University of Virginia, but then scarcely more than 21 years of age, undoubtedly one of the most brilliant young men in Virginia.

He was only at Bellevue that one session 1873-74, but thereafter as long as he lived he was the close and devoted friend of the Abbots. I have already quoted from his admirable sketch of "A Virginian Schoolmaster" (from which the title of this chapter is borrowed), and here again, in order to paint the picture of Old Bellevue in 1873, I can't do better than insert the following extract from Mr. Thornton's reminiscences. Mr. Abbot (he says) was

"a man in the prime of life, just nearing his thirty-fifth birthday. His figure was alert, erect, vigorous, tall, and not too portly for his years. His features were admirable, the mouth a little too resolute perhaps and a little heavy; but the nose, the eyes, the brow were fine, and gave distinction to a presence altogether virile and impressive. His manner was formal, after the old-world fashion of his forbears, but soon softened in a companionable geniality. With his schoolboys he was kindly, sympathetic, helpful; stern and implacable toward serious offences, but never failing in generous indulgence for the penitent offender. His massive force of character seemed to exercise over them a sort of magnetic compulsion, so that they delighted in imitating him in small imitable matters—his mannerisms, his handwriting, even his personal physical peculiarities. His forelock was a little longer than usual and would fall down over his brow when the engrossing business of the class-room made him forgetful of personal appearance. I used to watch with quiet amusement more than one boy who secretly but sedulously cultivated a like tendency to this hirsute droop."

"During the session of 1873-74 the Holcombes were still there, tenants of the Big House, where the sons and daughters of the family, married and single, gathering in the great library left by their father, knew how to maintain the old tradition of homelike kindness and culture and courtesy. The Harris family managed the boarding department and welcomed teachers and pupils alike to the friendly atmosphere of their living rooms. The principal and his matchless wife lived next to the school building in a cottage already overflowing with healthy, chubby, rosy Abbot babies. Any other woman's hands would have been full with these domestic cares; but Mrs. Abbot found time to thrill and delight us all with exquisite music, rendered not only with trained skill, but with that sympathetic power, which the true artist wields over the soul of the listener. In the background was a colony of colored folk of the old issue and night after night until the morning hours there would come to our ears through the solemn country silences the weird African harmonies of their hymns and songs. To all this multi-colored life of labour and social intercourse and artistic impulse the schoolboys were freely admitted. It was always one of the peculiar merits of Bellevue that the pupils learned to know, not books and lessons only, but the manifold activities and pleasures of a busy, cultured home."

"It was only after the capable wife of the principal took into

her own hands the domestic government of Bellevue that this aspect of the school life reached its highest development."

Like his father before him, Mr. Abbot was admirably qualified and gifted for the duties of a school-master,

"or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was at fault."

Disce aut discede was the motto of the school, and I believe it meant what it said, for the principal was a man who did not suffer fools gladly. English, Latin, Greek and Mathematics were the stock in trade, but truth and honesty, manliness and decorum were as much a part of the curriculum as reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic, and no matter how good a boy might be at his books or how mischievous he could be in his pranks, the one thing he must not do at Bellevue was to tell a lie. That was the unpardonable sin. More Roman than Spartan, Mr. Abbot was a strict disciplinarian and never had a doubt of the wisdom of "spare the rod, and spoil the child", and indeed as I have heard, practised it with his own children. Yet I think he was pre-eminently one of those genial mortals to whom nothing human is foreign and was a very compassionate man. The boys in school feared, admired and loved him, as did his children whom he sometimes spanked unmercifully. Devoted to his calling, he was all his life long a diligent student of the art of education and the best methods and subjects of instruction. To run your eye over the great array of books in his library, glance at their titles and the names of the authors, both ancient and modern, was enough to show the wide range of his interests and the catholicity of his taste. Yet he had fondness for other things besides books and was wide awake to all that was going on in his vicinity or on the globe itself. While he was reputed to be one of the leading classical scholars in Virginia in his day, he liked nothing better than to join a convivial party and then could be as merry as Sir John Falstaff and Silence were that jolly evening in Mr. Justice Shallow's orchard in Gloucestershire (*Second Part of King Henry IV*, scene 2 of Act 5); for one of his favourite maxims was, All work, and no play, makes Jack a dull boy.

Another recommendation of Bellevue High School besides its healthy location and corps of competent instructors was the low cost of board and tuition (which I believe never exceeded \$375.). The accommodations for teachers and pupils were plain and comfortable, and the same abundant and good victuals were served to them as to Mr. Abbot and his family who sat at a table with them in the big dining-room. The number of boys was soon limited to 50, most of whom came from states south of Virginia. Bellevue High School, as I have said,

flourished from the beginning and continued to do so after Mr. Holcombe's death, insomuch that within seven or eight years Mr. Abbot purchased the entire property from the Holcombe estate, and then the Abbots moved from Siberia into the big house.

By that time or soon thereafter the last Abbot Baby had been born. After Loulie, who was the first to be born in Siberia, luck changed and there was a crop of boys: First, William Richardson Abbot, Jr. (W. R. Abbot III), in 1872, the eldest son; then, Charles Minor Abbot in 1875 (named after his grandfather Dr. Charles Minor); and, lastly, Francis Harris Abbot in 1877 (who was proud to bear the name of his Uncle Frank killed in battle). The youngest of all that tribe of brothers and sisters and everybody's darling was little Emily McIlwaine Abbot who I suppose was born in the big house, for by that time it was 1882. Then Lucy and Jeannie Abbot, who had been born in Charlottesville, were nearly 17 and 15 years old, respectively. These "golden lads and girls" were "in the olden time long ago."

All during the 1870's the nursery in Siberia was full of little Abbots who romped all over the house by day and no doubt disturbed Mr. Abbot's slumber at night; Siberia was gay. Yet there were gloomy times too when things went wrong, and their dear mother was low in spirit and ill in bed, and the children had to keep quiet. In those anxious intervals that were sometimes prolonged for weeks at a time, Mrs. Izard, who lived close by near Goode and was a friend in need that is a friend indeed, used often to come and sit by Mrs. Abbot's side and try to soothe and solace her. One day Mrs. Abbot sobbed and said, "I know if I die, Mr. Abbot will marry again."—"O Lucy," exclaimed Mrs. Izard, patting her friend's pale cheek, "when you are safe in Abraham's bosom, what difference will it make who is lying in Mr. Abbot's bosom?"—The two ladies fell to laughing, and I hope Mrs. Abbot was soon on her feet again.

The capable young scholars who were employed by Mr. Abbot from time to time as his lieutenants in the conduct of the school brought much new talent and at the same time added a great deal to the intellectual and social environment of Old Bellevue. From the bound volume of catalogues from 1873 to 1888 I have made here a brief list of some of the more important instructors in that time, the earliest of whom was William M. Thornton, ever afterwards to be affectionately remembered, as follows:

Walter Izard, 1873-75, who, together with his two younger brothers, went to school at Bellevue; W. C. Grossman, 1874-1882, native of Germany and graduate of Heidelberg, who taught modern languages; James T. Harrison, M. A., 1875-76, later a professor in the University

of Virginia; J. Thompson Cole, 1877-81, subsequently a clergyman in the Episcopal Church; Daniel B. Henderson, 1882-84, who married Mr. Abbot's eldest daughter; Charles Puryear, 1882-83, who I believe was afterwards a college-teacher in Texas; Thomas Fitzhugh, 1884-88, who succeeded Col. Peters as Professor of Latin in the University of Virginia (and is alive to this day, 1955); and Dr. Carter S. Cole, 1885-86, who was a pupil at Bellevue from 1877 to 1881. From 1873 to 1877 (and maybe later) Mr. James W. Harris and his wife had charge of the boarding department and lived at Bellevue, together with her pretty daughter Eva Callaway who flirted with the boys.

Other notable teachers who came after 1888 and whom I recall from memory, doubtless not in their proper order, were: Kenneth Bain, of Portsmouth, Va., who was very highly spoken of and taught the Abbot boys before they went to college around 1890; Morton Baker, son of the Librarian of the University of Virginia, who was a beau of Loulie Abbot; Thomas Jefferson Randolph, who was in college with me about 1890; and in 1898-99 a young Mr. Meade from Danville and Christopher Browne Garnett, distinguished lawyer in Washington and for many years until President Darden's time a member of the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia. About 1890 (I do not know exactly) Mr. and Mrs. Rodes Massie lived at Bellevue in some capacity or other.

With all the teachers and scholars, children and nurses, house-keepers and servants, Bellevue under "Buck" Abbot (as the boys called him behind his back and at their peril) was both populous and popular, even more so later on as the babies kept coming and the older children grew up; for as well as I can descry, there never was a time winter or summer when some guests or other, kinsfolk who were of the blood royal or just plain Virginians and ordinary tramps, were not idly and comfortably enjoying the genuine hospitality of Old Bellevue. Visitors, delightful people more often than not, kept coming and going or coming and staying, and you were lucky if you happened to be there with Mr. Johnson Barbour of Barboursville or Mr. Kean and his family from Lynchburg or Cabell Minor (Mrs. Abbot's youngest brother) who without doubt was the best *raconteur* in the Western Hemisphere.

Like the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., in *Pinafore*, who reckoned up by dozens his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, both Mr. and Mrs. Abbot had a quantity of near relations who were much attached to them, the Abbots of Georgetown and the Minors of Albemarle, some of whom sojourned at Bellevue a long time. Mrs. Abbot's mother, Lucy Walker Minor died at Bellevue in 1881, as did likewise

her elder sister Mary Overton Minor in 1887. "Grandma" Abbot (the first Mrs. W. R. Abbot, *née* Ellen Jane Harris, 1814-1903) had her home at Bellevue all the last years of her life.

The old lady, a notable person in her time but deaf and lonely towards the end, outlived all her children except her elder son "Willy," as she fondly called him. Her two unmarried daughters, Jane Oliver Abbot (1834-1898), "Aunt Jeannie" to her nephews and nieces, who lived in Georgetown, and Ellen Harris Abbot (1847-1901), "Aunt Ellen," who was a school-teacher in Baltimore near the end of her life, used often to be at Bellevue.

Mr. Abbot's youngest sister was Ann Abbot (b. 1843), "Aunt Nanny", who, according to all accounts and as vouched for by her picture, was a very beautiful woman (in marked contrast to her sister Ellen who was very homely), married a Mr. Bentley soon after the war and had two sons and three daughters. Her husband, a ne'er-do-well and an arrant rascal, though of good family, abandoned his family and left them to shift for themselves. Mr. Abbot did his best to help and succor the poor lady, but she died ere her children were all grown. Her elder son, Abbot Bentley, ran away from home, changed his name, and I believe was never heard of again. The younger boy, Norwood Bentley, went to school at Bellevue, married a girl in Richmond, and (as I recollect) died about 1918.

Mrs. Bentley's three daughters were Helen, Lucy and Nanny Bentley. Nanny Bentley married Jesse Orrick of Maryland who, I have heard, was a brilliant student in the University of Virginia; she died first, and he died not long afterwards, leaving seven orphan children, none of whom were grown, but all of whom were taken care of and educated by their two aunts Lucy and Helen Bentley (Mrs. Boteler) who lived in Georgetown, Washington, D. C. The Orrick children are all grown now, successful men and women.

This long digression is not irrelevant. All the individuals mentioned were linked with Bellevue, but the chief reason for recording all these important connections is to show how the Principal of Bellevue High School was all his adult life paterfamilias and head of the Abbot clan.

An annual visitor at Bellevue, regular as the flowers that bloom in the Spring and very dear to Mrs. Abbot, was my father's first cousin, old Mrs. Peter Carr Minor (*née* Lucy Carter, 1819-1912). She was a widow who lived many years in the Louise Home in Washington, and when Spring came, she went on a round of visits all over Virginia. The first time I ever heard of the Abbots and Old Bellevue was in the 1880's when she was at our house and couldn't stay a day longer because "Lucy Abbot has been expecting me ever since Tuesday." She was a good-looking and garrulous, rather frivolous old lady; I remember the white ringlets or curls that hung down over her cheeks and

tossed to and fro when she prattled; and I remember too her saying that she "had never missed Mr. Minor a day since he died, for he is better off in heaven." Cousin Lucy made it a point never to stay longer than a fortnight at any one harbour, but by the time she returned to the Louise Home in the autumn, the other old ladies were complaining that Mrs. Minor ought to give up her room to somebody who really needed it.

Mr. Abbot's character is hard to portray because it was so genuine and so simple. He was an open book and wore his heart upon his sleeve. There it was plain for all to see, with his likes and dislikes, his faults and little vanities, his ingrained prejudices, above all his sterling worth that made you trust and love him. He could not tolerate insincerity.

He was a staunch adherent of the Episcopal Church and regular and scrupulous in all its duties and obligations, more pious than devout. I think he believed that the Bible, the Prayer Book and Robertson's Sermons were all equally inspired. He could dissect the Homeric Poems and concur with the foremost Grecians of his time that they were almost certainly not the composition of a single individual author, but the so-called "higher criticism" of the text of Holy Writ, which was so prevalent in the latter part of the last century, was anathema to him and downright sacrilegious. He was indignant with his grown daughter Jeannie for reading *Robert Elsmere* or any other one of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels. No less than Henry VIII he was defender of the faith in the polemical letter he wrote to his friend Mr. John H. Lewis in Lynchburg, an irrefutable composition of which he boasted ever afterwards. Neither Mr. Darwin's formidable new theory of Evolution nor Professor Huxley's somewhat jovial Essays on *Science and Hebrew Tradition* could shake Mr. Abbot's belief in the book of *Genesis* that was as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar.

On Sundays during the school-session the big library at Bellevue was converted into a chapel, with pulpit for the preacher and benches for the congregation, and when the bell rang on the back porch, teachers, pupils and the members of the family all assembled there to worship. Mr. Abbot, clad in some kind of religious gown, conducted the service according to the rubric of the Prayer Book and then read aloud one of Frederick Robertson's eloquent sermons from a gilt-edged book that was bound in vellum and near falling to pieces from constant usage. When the canticles and hymns were sung, Mrs. Abbot, competent as a professional, played the little school-organ that had been hauled into the library and put in the corner for the choir.

Sometimes on week-days Mr. Abbot was fond of reading aloud to a select audience that gathered to hear him in the sitting-room; more often than not, a play of Shakespeare, occasionally Bulwer-Lytton's *Lady of Lyons* or some other favourite piece. His declamation was too theatrical to suit my taste, but the school-boys particularly liked to see and hear him impersonate King Richard Crookback.

Of all his contemporaries in public life Mr. Abbot chiefly admired Mr. Cleveland for his firmness and integrity in his high office, the first Democrat to be elected President after the war. In those days, generally speaking, politics was at a low ebb in the South, and gentlemen in Virginia held aloof from taking part in public affairs. False prophets and demagogues were abroad in the land, preached new heresies, and led the people astray. It was not often in his life that Mr. Abbot descended into the political arena and gave and took the blows of the combatants in the fray, but once or twice he believed it was his bounden duty. He was a good debater, a natural orator, and made a fine presence on the rostrum. Each time he held his hearers spellbound and won the victory for his side. In after-years Mr. Abbot liked to recall these episodes when he came home from the hustings crowned with laurel.

Ordinarily, he led a serene and peaceful existence, very much of a routine from day to day except for little excursions now and then to the University, Georgetown or even once or twice as far as New York. I do not blame him for preferring to stay at home, for after all Bellevue was the nicest place in the world, and he was ruler in his own dominions. His favourite pastime and greatest diversion was a game of cards that took place in the back-parlour nearly every day after supper and lasted until bedtime. He was a capital player and had as much zest for the rigour of the game as Sarah Gamp. You could not help sharing his enjoyment; yet if you were a young man and were having a tête-a-tête with one of his daughters out on the front porch after dark, it was right much of a hardship a hot summer evening to have to obey the summons and go inside to make up the quota of a table of six-hand euchre.

Young Bill Abbot was a chip of the old block who grew up to be as good a card-player as his father, yet it was a long time before he was eligible to be a participant in a big tournament of duplicate whist as was wont to take place at Old Bellevue pretty regularly as often as three or four times a year and was an exciting event. Then three champions, always including Mr. John H. Lewis, came on the train from Lynchburg, usually accompanied by their wives, arriving just in time for dinner, a heavenly feast that day. The game began fairly early in the

afternoon and, except time out for supper, continued uninterruptedly until cock-crow in the morning long after the ladies and non-combatants had all gone to bed. Invariably Mr. Abbot and Mr. Lewis, friends at heart, were on opposite sides and had loud debates after each round, sometimes so fierce that they seemed about to come to blows. After breakfast when Mr. Lewis said goodbye, he shouted: "Abbot, you're a school-teacher and a bully; you have yet got to learn to play whist, but you're a damned good fellow just the same!"—Mr. Abbot slapped him on the back and said: "Come again soon and get another good licking!"

When I got to know Mr. Abbot, five or six years after I was out of college, his children were all grown (except Emily, who was "sweet sixteen," beautiful and skittish as a fawn) and he himself was on the verge of three-score years, yet not old-looking at all despite his white moustache and the silver-grey hair, parted on one side, that lay smooth and silken on his head. His complexion was ruddy, and he was vigorous too, perhaps a little heavy, for I suppose he weighed well over 200 lbs., but the frame was big, and he was never corpulent. On the contrary, he was the picture of health and virility, without a wrinkle on his brow, graceful and easy in all his actions. Careful of his dress and scrupulously neat in his person, I daresay Mr. Abbot was a little vain of his appearance, obviously pleased when his daughter Jeannie pinned a red rose on his white linen coat and came and took her seat beside him in the little dining-room where he used to have his eleven o'clock breakfast in the summer-time during the long vacation. My notion is that he had been very active in youth and accustomed to outdoor exercise, as he certainly must have been in the army. He told me that he used to ride horse-back until he had a fall and hurt his knee; slight as the injury appeared to be at the time, the pain in that joint annoyed him ever afterwards and he never was comfortable on a horse again. Every day of the week while school was in session, he strode across the yard from the big house to the Palais and back again three or four times from morn to eve; and whenever there was a match-game of ball on the play-ground beyond the front yard, Mr. Abbot sallied out to witness it, as keen for victory as the school-boy who stood by his chair and yelled himself hoarse. Yet I can scarcely remember ever seeing him strolling about the yard for exercise, much less taking a real walk along the road.

When he sat on the front porch late in the afternoon placidly smoking a cigar, his dress was still just as immaculate as it was in the morning, the starched shirt unruffled, the trousers still neatly creased, and the shoes brightly polished, as though he had not stirred from his seat

all day long. Mr. Abbot's greatest outdoor recreation in his later years was driving before supper in his elegant new buggy behind a spanking pair of horses. He liked to take a lady with him, the younger the better, but it was a perilous expedition like driving with Nero in the circus; and sometimes after dark Dolphin, the hired man, had to be sent out on horseback to find out why the master had not yet come home. There were accidents sometimes, but luckily none of them was serious. Estelle Burthe, who was a great favourite with Mr. Abbot and with everybody at Old Bellevue, never got in the buggy with him without waving a fond adieu to all the onlookers: "Remember me if you never see me again!"

What would Spain have done in the days of King Ferdinand without Queen Isabella? So also how could Old Bellevue have flourished and prospered under William unless his Lucy had been the consort by his side, who, for all his Greek and Latin, was "the very pulse of the machine" and made it go. If a boy was sick with colic, Mrs. Abbot nursed him and gave him calomel or paregoric just as she saw fit, until the boy got well in self-defense. It was she who planted the garden early every Spring and had the finest asparagus, the best strawberries and the biggest tomatoes in all the county; it was she who reminded Mr. Abbot when it was time to sow oats and plant corn; and it was she who raised the chickens, the ducks, the turkeys and the guineas, looked after the pigs and the cows, and tended the little lambs when they came in the depth of winter. Sir Francis Bacon boasted that he had taken all knowledge for his realm, but Mrs. Abbot took in all outdoors and all indoors for her bailiwick.

Now and then I think she lost patience with Mr. Abbot for being too much like Gallio in The Acts of the Apostles who "cared for none of these things." An oft-told tale at Old Bellevue was the story of Dolphin's asking Mrs. Abbot for instructions about sowing some seed or other in a broad field that had long lain fallow for this deed to be done. It was a hot summer day about ten o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Abbot was sitting out on the back porch by the hall-door, busily engaged in shelling peas for dinner in a tin basin she held in her lap. The blinds of the windows of the adjacent bed-room had been pulled to, to shut out the light from the hallowed chamber where the master was still in bed and fast asleep; it would be another hour or two before he was shaved and dressed and came forth for breakfast. Not a sound was heard, not even a mouse, as Dolphin, who had charge of the farm, leisurely ascended the steps and tip-toed to Mrs. Abbot, to tell her in his gentlest tone, the sowing could not be done that day, "The drill done broke down, must I take it to Mr. Neel to be mended?"—Mrs. Abbot

"stomped" her foot on the floor: "Ask Mr. Abbot, he's there in bed; go and ask him."—Dolphin hesitated, as well he might, but Mrs. Abbot was insistent: "Pull open the blind, I tell you, and ask him," and there was nothing for Dolphin to do but to obey. A minute passed, not a sound could be heard, and then Dolphin, his face in a broad grin, came back from the window and was about to slink past his mistress and down the steps without speaking another word, but she called to him, "Well, what did Mr. Abbot say?"—Chuckling all over, Dolphin replied: "He say, Sow it broadcast! an' kivered up his head with the sheet," and even Mrs. Abbot burst out laughing.

Dear, gentle Mrs. Abbot was not subtle, certainly not two-fold, but she had grown up in slavery-times and was accustomed to negroes all her life; in the treatment of her servants she had a double personality almost like that of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, strange as that comparison is. A "no 'count darkey," particularly if he happened to be the least bit insolent, was a thorn in her side she could not abide; whereas Old man Polk, the cook, who worshipped her, Maria, Dolphin's wife, who knew all the gossip of the neighbourhood and was endlessly agreeable, and Blanche, Marshall's wife, who did all the washing and was the incarnation of "sweetness and light," were her chosen confederates and boon companions with whom she literally could not do without. Severe and implacable in the punishment of the bad and "low-lived," she was gracious and generous in the reward of the good and faithful; and now when I look back after the lapse of longer than a generation, I believe Mrs. Abbot thoroughly understood her business and was far more competent and efficient in her realm than (to take just one illustrious example) Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was in the White House.

Can I ever forget that trifling coloured boy who went by the name of Harry and used to water the "elephant's ears" planted at the foot of the steps of the front porch? He "toted" the water from the kitchen-cistern, one bucket at a time. From her seat above Mrs. Abbot looked down on him without compassion, but not without passion, and said suddenly: "Put down that bucket, go into the flea-cellar, and clean it thoroughly if it takes all day." The flea-cellar was a dark cavern somewhere under the house, never entered except by dogs and the fleas on their backs. Harry spent the rest of the long day in that dungeon, and I pledge you my word he was a chastened sinner and came forth at sundown with a broken and a contrite heart. The elephant's ears pricked up and testified to his reformation.

Another instance of Mrs. Abbot's object all sublime to let the punishment fit the crime was the celebrated case of "Jeels," temporarily hired to take the place of highly accomplished Mandy, Archie's maiden sister, who was the chambermaid upstairs. Jeels (I

do not know how to spell her name) was a tearful mulatto girl who wept more than she swept, good looking and rather stylish. One day a dress was missing from the wardrobe of a young lady's chamber, and Mrs. Abbot summoned Jeels before her and told her quietly: "Jeels, you must have carried that dress up into the garret by mistake, go up there and find it." The garret was a big lumber-room right under the flat tin roof where the temperature was never less than 110 degrees winter or summer; you entered it by a little trap-door at the top of a narrow ladder, and the moment you so much as poked your head through the door, perspiration began to flow down both cheeks; it was like Hades. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego who came forth unscathed from Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace might have perished alive in the Bellevue garret. Besides, everything that had ever been on earth, trunks, broken furniture, flotsam and jetsam, was heaped up in the garret to be stumbled over. Jeels groped, searched, and sweated. Every now and then we who were on the floor beneath could hear her moaning aloud, "O Jesus, O Jesus!" At last she could stand it no longer and came down sobbing and wringing her hands: "Miss Sally's dress ain't up in no garret, Mrs. Abbot; I done look everywhere."—Mrs. Abbot's head was bent over her sewing, she did not look up: "A dress don't walk out of a house by itself, it must be in the garret if it's not in the wardrobe, go back up there and don't come down till you've found it." A quarter of an hour later poor Jeels, wilted and bedraggled, re-appeared and laid the dress in Mrs. Abbot's lap. "I knew you would find it," said Mrs. Abbot, "there is nothing like looking for a lost article."—"Yessum," said Jeels and disappeared from that day to this.

Every morning right after breakfast Mrs. Abbot, with leathern key-basket hung over her wrist, was wont to go down the kitchen-steps to the store-rooms in the basement where the provisions were kept (barrels of flour, meal, sugar, coffee, everything you can imagine, including a whole shelf of patent medicines, magnesia, castor oil, epsom salts, cod liver oil, etc.). Polk came from the kitchen and measured out the victuals to be used that day and generally took down a ham from its hook in the ceiling. After a long conference with her *chef* Mrs. Abbot, holding on to the railing, climbed the steps and called to Lucy Steptoe in the pantry to bring her rush-bottom chair to the head of the steps which was her seat and point of vantage for nearly all the rest of the morning. Then she was like a skipper on the quarter-deck of his ship within hailing distance of all the members of the crew. She could peel potatoes and at the same time call to Polk in the kitchen, Dolphin in the stable, and old Charles Walker who was burrowing in and out of the long rows of vegetables in the garden a long way off. Old Charles was stubborn as a mule and deaf as a post, and if he couldn't hear (as of course he both wouldn't and couldn't), there was Rilla's Johnny sitting on the cistern who could take a message, though he was inarticulate and spoke a jargon that nobody could understand. Rilla's Johnny was a powerful cripple who glided

over the ground with the speed of a snake and had the strength of a gorilla; the pronoun "She" was his name for Mrs. Abbot, whose slightest speech was for him a word of command instantly to be obeyed.

Already the sun was high in the sky; of all Mrs. Abbot's minions one only had not yet arrived to make her cup of happiness full to the brim for that morning. She was Blanche, the washerwoman, Marshall's wife, who lived on the other side of California Branch and had a long way to come across the wide sheep-meadow. Blanche suffered with asthma and shortness of breath, she trudged slowly and paused to rest by the chicken-coop, but Mrs. Abbot knew that she was on the way and as eager to have a chat as she was herself. Mrs. Abbot and Blanche were two congenial spirits as much so as Queen Anne and Mrs. Freeman, and, truth to say, Blanche was indeed one of the most kindly and agreeable human beings on earth, gentle and ingratiating, with a sweet voice that was as pleasant and soothing as the purling of a brook. She and Mrs. Abbot talked about everything that went on at Old Bellevue and vicinity, about the children (of whom Blanche had at least twice as many as Mrs. Abbot), about Marshall who was "mean" and lazy, maybe too with bated breath about Mr. Abbot who could do no wrong but was mysterious nevertheless, and about the Lord knows what, and it was all highly entertaining.

Mrs. Abbot was the tower of strength at Old Bellevue, the one altogether lovely and pure in heart, to whom we fled and took refuge in time of trouble. Her memory is dear and precious to me as it was dear and precious to all her children as long as they lived.

A whole generation had come and gone since the end of the civil war when Mr. Abbot delivered his eloquent and memorable oration (1897) before the Society of the Alumni of the University of Virginia. Here at the conclusion of this chapter it is appropriate to quote one paragraph of it as it is given in Mr. Thornton's sketch of *A Virginian Schoolmaster*, as follows:

"I trust I am of a chastened humility of spirit. There has been nothing in my life to excite feelings of self-complacence. I have never had honour of men. But there is one recollection which I would not barter for wealth or honours—that when the curtain fell upon the mighty drama and on yonder plain of Appomattox our battle-flag was furled in defeat, but not in dishonour. I was one of the eight thousand that stacked arms on that fatal field, where on every grey cap the Lord God Almighty laid the sword of his imperishable knighthood."

Note.—The following is a sample list of names of fifty pupils of Bellevue High School taken more or less at random from the catalogues of the sessions from 1870 to 1888, inclusive, to give an

idea of their quality and geographical distribution. (The year-number after each name is the date of entrance.)

Charles M. Abbot, Va., 1886	Robert A. Lancaster, Va., 1878
Francis H. Abbot, Va., 1888	A. R. Lawton, Jr., Ga., 1872
William R. Abbot III, Va., 1883	Felix H. Levy, Tex., 1883
Richard S. Buck, Miss., 1880	W. Minor Lile, Ala., 1872
André Burthe, Va., 1881	Louis Mackall, Jr., D. C., 1884
J. Preston Carson, Va., 1878	Horace M. Marshall, Miss., 1870
Thos. C. Catchings, Jr., Miss., 1886	J. Markham Marshall, Md., 1887
W. S. Chisholm, Jr., Ga., 1880	Charles G. Mathews, W. Va., 1884
D. Mountjoy Cloud, Miss., 1885	Henry B. Matthews, D. C., 1878
Charles P. Cocke, Va., 1885	John P. McGuire, III, Va., 1882
Carter S. Cole, Va., 1877	Charles G. Mercer, Ga., 1881
C. A. L. Cunningham, Ga., 1882	J. Cabell Minor, Va., 1874
Robert A. Dirom, Va., 1883	John S. Mosby, Jr., Va., 1879
Dudley Dubose, Ga., 1878	G. W. Munford, Va., 1873
Frank P. Farish, Va., 1871	Edwin M. Nelson, Va., 1873
Edmund J. Glenney, La., 1881	J. L. Nisbet, Ga., 1885
Charles R. Grandy, Va., 1887	Robert O. Owen, Va., 1880
D. H. Hanckel, S. C., 1883	Legh R. Page, Jr., Va., 1885
W. B. Hartridge, Ga., 1883	John M. Parker, Jr., La., 1877
P. H. Haskell, S. C., 1885	Robert S. Radford, Va., 1881
Edgar B. Haymond, Va., 1878	W. Aitken Rhett, S. C., 1884
Cary B. Holcombe, Va., 1870	Edw. S. Saunders, Va., 1874
Eppa Hunton, Va., 1870	W. Hampton Wade, Ga., 1874
Chris. S. Hutter, Va., 1878	Augustus C. Willcox, Va., 1870
Walter Izard, Va., 1866	
J. Randolph Kean, Va., 1877	

Catalogues subsequent to 1888 are not available, and the only names of pupils in the later years that I can recall from memory are:

Mr. Abbot's grandsons William and John Abbot of Bedford City and Charles Henderson of "Trivium"; George and Robert Bagby ("Meekinses twinses") of Richmond; Walter Russell Bowie; Cary C. Cocke of Fluvanna County; C. Francis Cocke of Roanoke; Adrian Overstreet and Herbert Thomson of Bedford County; Robert Baylor Tunstall of Norfolk; and my cousins, the Willcox boys, Teddy, Claiborne and Ambler, sons of Judge Thomas H. Willcox of Norfolk.

CHAPTER II

Flurries and Flirtations in the 1880's

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a light-foot lad.
A. E. HOUSMAN

A BLANK sheet of paper was spread before me, a new pen was in my hand, and I was about to resume my narrative; when the door of my study opened gently, I looked up, and there before my eyes, to my astonishment and delight, stood the image of Malvina, as serene and lifelike as her real presence was long ago when I was a little boy in Richmond and clasped in her arms. There was not the slightest change in her dress and appearance. She wore the same long black skirt; the same clean white apron in front tied behind her waist; the same plaid shawl over her shoulders, more green than red; the same starched white cap that rested on her head lightly and yet so firmly. Her smooth black hair was parted in the middle as it was always wont to be.

It was the figure of a lady and would have graced the finest company in the land; but to me the gladdest sight of all was that same sweet countenance I remembered so well and used to see so constantly; the dear old face, wrinkles and all, that enchanted me when, snug in her lap, I looked fondly up to her eyes, until gradually my own eyes closed, and I fell asleep as blissfully as if I really was the best and the handsomest little boy in Christendom.

Malvina was the old coloured woman who nursed me and my little sister in our childhood and lived in our home to the end of her days. My father and mother loved her and deferred to her, for Malvina was a real and significant person, as truly and as much a lady as "old missis" herself, Miss Matilda Southall (b. 1808), who had brought Malvina up in her home in Williamsburg and cherished her all the days of her life.* I not only loved Malvina, I worshipped her too; for in my childish eyes Malvina was a living deity, to be heeded and obeyed. I considered every word she spoke, pondered over the meaning of it, and remembered it long afterwards when she herself had forgotten it. She

* *Va. Magazine of Hist. & Biog.*, Vol. 45, p. 286.

was good as gold, that was an axiom; but what puzzled me by day and by night was her wondrous knowledge and wisdom, which was indeed past all understanding. Yet Malvina was human too, humane and human both; she had her likes and dislikes as passionately as other folks, only more rationally. For example, she frowned on Albert Wortham, the little boy about my own age who lived next door but made no pretence of being a peaceful neighbour; yet her nature was so gentle and tolerant, and she had so much patience and genuine sympathy with "all God's chillun," that I believe she never made cinnamon buns without calling over the fence to Albert to come and get his share. Inasmuch as Albert ate two buns before I could ever finish one, my enjoyment of cinnamon buns was mixed with both perplexity and vexation.

Malvina entertained high ideals and high hopes for me; above all, she wanted me to be "a manly little fellow" and grow to be "a good man like your father;" I valued her advice, yet I knew from the beginning she was in for a sad disappointment. Manliness, according to my notion, involved coming to grips with Albert Wortham at least two or three times every week, and only too likely coming to grief also; and as for ever getting to be as good as my father, I knew that to be a sheer impossibility, not even Moses and the prophets could do that!

However, near the end of a long life and after much trial and error, I believe I can truthfully and thankfully say, never once in all that time have I been wholly from under Malvina's beneficent influence; and I often think I need her more now when I am old and feeble than when I was young and charming, or, to put it more bluntly, when I was a tiny scapegrace continually getting in mischief but hardly ever in any worse trouble than losing my balance and bruising my shins; though once indeed I did climb on top of the wooden "safe" in the kitchen and tumbled down headlong on the brick pavement; as is attested to this day by a scar on my lower lip in the shape of a maltese cross. (Why that particular device was stamped on me, is a mystery which may come to light on Judgment Day, for weal or for woe.)

Malvina, I regret to say, has nothing whatever to do with the Abbots of Old Bellevue; she died and went to heaven long before Bellevue was on my map. Yet I like to think that she has never completely lost touch with me from that day to this and is somehow in reach. Just now when, under some magic spell, I looked up from my desk and beheld Malvina standing in the doorway and that sweet countenance I knew so well, her lips moved, and, though I did not hear a sound, she seemed to say: "Go on with your writing; I know

the story as well as you do, and I belong in it too." She vanished without even a gesture, I stared at the open door a minute longer, then I took up my pen and began to write.

Yet before I write another word, this is the time, and here is the place, to have an explanation and announce my deliberate purpose: From now on I propose to tell my story in my own way; that is, to go up hill and down dale, or even out of the way entirely, just as the spirit leads me. It is due the public, "all whom it may concern" (as the legal phrase is), to tell them in advance. Moreover, if intruders come into this narrative, as it were by accident and of their own accord, they will be welcome for all I care, all the more if they chance to be hail-fellows-well-met and perhaps well worth knowing. Indeed, it is just possible some of these foreigners may come in handy, create a diversion, and bless Goodness! rouse Homer when he is about to nod.

As has been said or intimated, the Abbots of Old Bellevue had close connections, near kinsfolk and intimate friends, in Albemarle county at large and at the University of Virginia in particular. A number of Mrs. Abbot's brothers and sisters lived in the county; Professor John B. Minor (1813-1895), whose hospitable home was in the pavilion at the south-east end of The Lawn, was Mrs. Abbot's uncle, and it was there more than anywhere else, from time to time during the years when I was in college (1888-90, 1891-93), that I had the pleasure of meeting all the members of the Abbot family in succession; except only the eldest daughter, Lucy Abbot, who by that time had married and gone to live in a distant state, and the youngest daughter, Emily Abbot, who was a little girl not much more than ten years old when I left college in June 1893. The two eldest sons, Willy and Charley Abbot came to college when I was about halfway through and had got to be a rather shame-faced instructor in physics; and while I knew and liked them both, we did not have then much in common and went our different ways. In the following chapter I shall be at pains to tell about these more or less casual encounters in my college days that made no very great impression one way or the other; the sole reason for alluding to them here is to make plain how little I knew about Old Bellevue at the time when the Abbot babies had at last ceased coming, and the Abbot boys and girls were fast growing up. Mr. and Mrs. Abbot, like William and Mary after "the glorious revolution," were firmly seated on the throne, both in the prime of life, and Old Bellevue was near its zenith, if indeed either before or after it was ever more flourishing. Yet my knowledge of that ancient time is at best dim and imperfect; derived entirely by hearsay, it is neither minute nor accurate, and relates mostly to young ladies and the gossip that attaches to birds of that feather.

Had I been actually on the scene and had the wit and intelligence of a foreign correspondent of *The New York Herald* (the greatest newspaper in the country in those days), no doubt I should have ascertained that affairs of greater pith and moment were going on than the "flurries and flirtations" that are the subject of this rather frivolous chapter; yet romance after all is what makes the world go round, and certainly Antony and Cleopatra are far more interesting, perhaps more instructive, than Octavius and the consolidation of the Roman Empire under great Caesar Augustus.

By the time little Emily was born, her eldest sister Lucy was already nearly eighteen years old, as gay and lovely as she was modest and unsophisticated. Admiring and loving her as I did when I came to know her long afterwards, I often wished it had been vouchsafed to me to have had at least a glimpse of Lucy Abbot in the first bloom of her radiant girlhood, to have seen her just as she looks in that picture yonder that hangs on the wall of my study; yet why should I wish for more when, as it was, I saw and got so much? The commotion Lucy created (and Jeannie too who was nearly three years younger) among schoolboys and teachers both, as soon as the magic began to work, was noticeable from the start, yet just what might have been expected under the circumstances. Lynchburg and Liberty girls and other feminine odds-and-ends were good enough in their way, real godsend in a pinch; but a bonnie lass in residence as close as Siberia and more or less visible to the naked eye morning, noon and night was not only a great addition to the scenery but, so to speak, a bird in hand worth more than all the birds in the air put together. From the day Lucy and Jeannie Abbot put on long dresses and tied up their hair, the school and the country all around was more and more agitated, there was a new motive in life, the old routine and monotony were gone; in a word, things began to buzz in Old Bellevue.

The Abbot boys and girls had little to complain of in their youth, but Lucy, Jeannie and Loulie, most of all, did undergo one hardship that had evil consequences in days to come: their shoes were too tight! Their feet without exception were pretty as could be, and just right according to my notions, only it was hard to see them far under all the petticoats and things that young ladies wore in those days (some said by an edict of Queen Victoria). Dear Mrs. Abbot, who loved her daughters with all her might (which was very much), got it in her head that their feet ought to be smaller or ought at least to be kept within bounds before they got to be bigger. Mrs. Abbot herself had the daintiest, tiniest little feet on earth, and Mr. Abbot constantly called attention to them. From time to time, before the children were grown,

Mrs. Abbot used to take them to Lynchburg to buy new shoes; it was a very solemn business and took all day. As soon as the clerk in the shop had found the right pair of shoes and fitted them snugly and comfortably on the feet of one of the little girls, Mrs. Abbot threw up her hands, vowed they were ever so much too big and ought to be at least two sizes smaller. I cannot tell the whole story exactly as it was, because I was not there; all I know for certain is that the poor little girls came home in the evening with their new shoes on and were perfectly miserable, notwithstanding that their mother told them that the new shoes fitted like gloves and would be perfectly comfortable by the end of the week. The consequence was that until the girls got to be grown and bought their own shoes they had blisters on their heels and corn-plasters on their toes (so I have heard). In the case of Loulie Abbot, this abuse of her feet in childhood proved to be a very serious matter; high heels and tough leather played havoc in her life; and I suppose it is on account of that recollection that they got squeezed in here at one of the highest peaks of this romance, at the moment when Lucy Abbot was beginning to receive proposals and was really getting down to business.

“Counsels three the mother gave her daughter:
Not to sigh, and not to be discontented,
And to kiss no young man whatsoever.
Mother, if thy daughter trespass never,
Trespass never 'gainst thy last-named counsel,
She will trespass 'gainst the first two surely.”

Fortunately, Mrs. Abbot was a sensible mother; the love in her heart was mixed with the prudence in her head. You may depend on it, she never gave her adolescent daughter Lucy any solemn and formal instructions whatever. I think she was wise to let nature take care of nature's own business; and I believe her notion of the best way of bringing up a young girl was to do pretty much the same as you do with a fawn, turn it loose in the field and let it learn for itself to tell the good weeds from the bad, even though some might be bitter to the taste.*

On the other hand, Lucy's father, who likewise loved his daughters dearly, took a very different view from that of his wife and acted differently too. He knew, perhaps better than she did, how silly and mischievous a young girl can be in the vicinity of boys, and the harm that can come of it, and he believed he ought to use every precaution and could not be too strict; and so, when he deemed the time was ripe, he made up his mind to send Lucy away to school for a couple of years

* My recollection is that this comparison of a young girl with a fawn occurs in one of John Ruskin's essays, and is owed to him.

and shield her from boys as much as possible, at least until she had finished her education. What actually happened was that Lucy went to Georgetown to live with her kind Aunt Jeannie and be under the guidance and instruction of that pious and accomplished maiden lady, long enough to learn all that in those days was considered right and proper for a well-bred young lady to know (English, French, Latin as far as Cicero against Catiline, music of course, enough to accompany her mother in duets on the piano, etc.). I believe Lucy spent two winters in Georgetown and came home at last not only stored with ancient history and useful knowledge but, if possible, sweeter and more *naïve* than ever; and if she had ever laid eyes on a young man in all that banishment, it must have been from her aunt's upstairs window or from her aunt's pew in old Christ Church whose hallowed associations were so dear to all the Abbot clan.*

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret! If Mr. Abbot prided himself on the success of his stratagem and believed he had nipped in the bud any secret romance that might have germinated in Lucy's bosom, it was not long before he had to admit defeat. Other monarchs before him had come to that pass; old King Canute had found that he was powerless to sweep back the waves of the sea or prevent the wind from blowing where it listeth.

In due season (as I have said) Miss Lucy came home from Georgetown, and, as it seemed, in the twinkling of an eye (for I am sure eyes had something to do with it), gave away her heart to one of the teachers in Old Bellevue! He was more than a teacher, he was a *connoisseur* who knew a pearl when he saw it; besides, he must have been a very brave man, and an artful one too, to snatch Mr. Abbot's daughter from under his nose; and whatever else he was, he was certainly a lucky dog! Think of getting Lucy Abbot for a wife! Yet that was the feat performed by Daniel B. Henderson (1863-1940), of Hancock, Md., during the year or two when he was supposed to be teaching boys in Bellevue High School! As I have said, he must have been adept in many directions, for besides winning Lucy's consent, he won Mr. Abbot's favour also. It was poetry in real life, "all went merry as a marriage bell" from start to finish.

Mr. Henderson was a graduate of the University of Virginia and, according to all accounts, one of the most popular students in college in his day. From Bellevue he had gone to Kansas City, Mo., and at the time we have reached in this story he was already a promising young attorney in that big town. The famous Kansas City boom was then

* See Mr. Abbot's "noble discourse" on old Christ Church in Georgetown, as quoted in part in Mr. Thornton's sketch of "A Virginian Schoolmaster," pages 8-9.

almost at its peak, people were flocking there from all over the country, hoping to make a fortune in a new Chicago. Mr. Henderson and his brother-in-law Dr. Gayle, a physician from Virginia who had married one of the Henderson girls in Hancock, Md., Nell (or "Auntie", as she came to be called by Lucy Abbot's children), were among the first newcomers. All was in readiness for Lucy herself.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding guests are there."

Lucy Abbot's wedding-day was 5 July 1887. It was the first wedding ever to take place in Old Bellevue, and no wonder it was celebrated with festivity and pomp! Some of the guests came a week before and stayed a week after; and I suspect the only prominent person present who witnessed the ceremony without much show of feeling was little Emily who was between four and five years old. The bride and groom went to Niagara Falls for their honeymoon, as was the fashion then, and, strange to say, were accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Gayle. That was a combination Lucy never shook off; Nell was like Mary's little lamb, wherever Lucy went, Nell was sure to go. I never could blame Mrs. Gayle, for I myself in after-life had the same passionate desire and knew it was good to be where Lucy was.

I always have a let-down feeling after coming away from a wedding; it was so gay while it was going on, it is so dreary after it is all over. Now that everything has settled down at Old Bellevue again, I am a little perplexed how to go on with my story and keep up the interest. Perhaps this is as good a place as any other to take a glance at the Abbot children, for at the time Lucy was married, they were all growing apace like little rabbits in a briar patch, only far more in evidence. Sooner or later, one by one, they will all come into this story of their own accord, and, as we ought to recognise them when we see them, and welcome them too, perhaps it will save time to introduce them now and be done with it.

The children that enriched and enlivened Old Bellevue in the 1880's and were, I daresay, pretty boisterous at times, were as nice a lot of little boys and girls as ever grew up together anywhere in Virginia. They were healthy and handsome, lively and gay, clever and good—at least they seldom had to be spanked (as I used to be spanked when I was a boy and got into mischief)—and everybody loved them, not only their mother and father and old Aunt Sarah who was their "mammy," but Aunt Kate and Aunt Annie, and teachers and school-boys too. Each of the Abbot boys and girls was, in some way or other, plainly and visibly the offspring of both parents and bore, so to speak,

the indelible stamp of "William and Lucy", not in outward appearance only, but in traits and mannerisms and ever so many unexpected ways; they were all alloys of the same two metals, but in different proportions, not always easy to weigh and analyse.

Abbots and Minors were both precious metals to start with, but there was a vast difference between them; as was apparent at a glance in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Abbot themselves; for it was rare to see man and wife who were more opposite than they were in every way, both outwardly and inwardly, and doubtless that is why they were so united in wedlock and dovetailed in each other. The Minors of Albe-marle, generally speaking, were comely in appearance and genial by nature; they were sweet-tempered, affable and easy-going gentlefolks. On the other hand, the Abbots were an old and relatively small family that had taken root in ancient Georgetown more than a generation ago and was always held in high esteem. They were sturdy, independent individuals, men and women both, cultivated and strong-minded, upright and god-fearing, more homely than comely in appearance, yet all the more striking-looking for being rough-hewn and big of stature. The finest representative of them all (I suppose) was the distinguished principal of Bellevue High School for Boys, who had all the family merits and doubtless their short-comings too that were relatively of little consequence.

Of all the offspring of Mr. and Mrs. Abbot, their eldest son Willy was the child that most resembled his father; Willy was an Abbot beyond doubt and between him and his father there was a very strong attachment. When Willy grew to manhood, it was plain to see how Mr. Abbot deferred to his virile son and sought his advice. Yet Willy was a Minor too under the skin, and that side of him came to the surface when he and his mother were alone together and in close communion, as I so often used to see them when I chanced to pass through the room where they were seated side by side on the sofa, his arm around her and mutual love and admiration all aglow as they looked into each other's eyes.

Loulie likewise was an Abbot from head to foot, and that was going a long way, for Loulie was astonishingly tall for a girl and a man's size every way; the fact is, with all Loulie's excellence and notwithstanding her superb figure, she was too much like her father for her own good. You had to look to find the Minor vestiges in Loulie, inside and plentiful enough if you probed deep, for Loulie was essentially feminine through and through and had her mother's sweetness.

Jeannie was far more Abbot than Minor, yet distinctly part one and part the other. Her figure was as beautiful as Loulie's and she

was very graceful and handsome. Emily too was more like her father than her mother, and was considered to be the real beauty of the family when she made her *début* long after her sisters were grown, but Emily Abbot was a puzzle in a way and not easy to classify. Loulie idolised Emily and would have laid down her life for her.

Of the three brothers, I believe Jeannie Abbot loved Charley best of all; and without doubt Charley Abbot was one of the most lovable men, to be a bachelor all his life, that ever went care-free on this earth. In assaying these Abbot-Minor alloys, as I have been trying to do, it is hard to be precise, but it seems to me Charley was pretty nearly evenly balanced, half one and half the other; in any case it was a mighty good mixture, though I daresay it would have been better still in a girl than in a boy. As a man Charley ought to have carved out a career for himself, but he proved to be too irresolute; yet Goodness knows what would have become of Old Bellevue if Charley had abandoned it and gone forth to seek his fortune!

Frank Abbot, the youngest brother, was different; he loved Old Bellevue too, but he was not wedded to it. Frank was talented, venturesome and ambitious. He had a heap of his father in his composition, but he and his father did not get on without friction; each disapproved of the other, yet they admired each other too. Frank loved Vanity Fair and loved his ease also; maybe that was why, like Charley, he never "took a wife" (as the saying is, though I do not believe that has ever happened since the rape of the Sabines). Nevertheless, Frank much preferred the society of women to that of men, and was never happier than when he was with his dear mother (who doted on him) or with "'Cinda" (which was his pet name for his eldest sister Lucy, derived from Lucinda). On the whole, I conclude that Frank was more Minor than Abbot; yet it is hard to say. He was short like his sister Lucy, shorter than Charley, and that fact alone is enough to tip the balance on the Minor side.

Lucy Minor Abbot, that is 'Cinda (or Mrs. Henderson, as she is now just after her wedding) was, according to my notion, more Minor than Abbot; she was short also like her mother, and, besides, she fell in with Minor ways and had been thrown with her Minor kin in her early childhood. Yet she was unmistakably an Abbot too; you could see it in her countenance, though fortunately enough, the sweetness of her mother shone in her face also.

These judgments are open to debate, but the conclusion of the whole matter I consider to be beyond dispute and is summed up as follows: The salient and distinguishing traits, conspicuous in each of these young Abbots without exception and traceable to both parents,

were truthfulness in thought, word and deed; fearlessness of spirit, and independence of mind. For fronting the world and circumventing the devil, I believe you cannot be armed with better weapons than those; personally, if they were mine, I would not exchange them for Saint Paul's breastplate of righteousness so highly recommended to the Ephesians.

No doubt Jeannie Abbot was maid of honour at her elder sister's wedding, for then she was between 19 and 20 years old, and I know was a vision of loveliness. Long afterwards she gave me two little photographs, taken about that time and faded now after all the years that have flown; yet the essential purity and soulfulness that made Jeannie so beautiful are still clearly visible in these old portraits and make them precious to me. Both Jeannie and Loulie (who was two years younger) were noted for their wondrous hair, broad shoulders and superb figures, erect carriage and graceful movements. Their hair was long and luxuriant, smooth and silken; Loulie's reddish and Jeannie's pure golden.

Jeannie's blue eyes, rosy cheeks and lovely countenance—oh, dear me! here I am at it again, everlastingly trying to portray Jeannie Abbot as she really was, not in flesh and blood only, but in mind and spirit also! Have I not endeavoured to do that feat hundreds of times for fifty years or more, ransacked *Roget's Thesaurus* for adjectives and searched through Shakespeare's *Sonnets* for phrases, only to shrink back in despair every time? One would think I had learned my lesson by now. All that the Bard himself could invent to say about that enchanting Silvia was that she was "excelling" and pursued by "swains" day and night; as could be truthfully said about Jeannie Abbot also, without giving you the faintest conception of her golden hair, her deep blue eyes, her graceful figure or her soulful countenance. You might guess from the attendant swains that a goddess was somewhere in the offing and was no doubt very glamorous, and still be left in cruel suspense, not even knowing whether the lady was blonde or brunette (just as I am ignorant to this day whether Silvia was more like Beatrice or Mona Lisa). Othello was so jealous and quick to anger that I would not dare to say it to his face, but between you and me I believe Jeannie Abbot was more like Desdemona than any of Shakespeare's other heroines.

If Jeannie had been a proposition in geometry, I might have solved her and inscribed Q.E.D. on my coat-of-arms; or if she had been in the range of calculus, perhaps I could have differentiated and revealed her to some extent; but she was transcendental, mystical and beyond the scope of mathematics, as incalculable and indescribable as

“a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June.”

A red rose is the closest I can come to a similitude of Jeannie in her budding-time when she was still in her teens; a poetical likeness may be truer than a photograph.

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Jeannie was as clever and intelligent as she was lovely and sweet, and by the time she was five years old she found out and investigated every nook and cranny of Old Bellevue, in doors and out. On rainy days she stayed at home and was busy in the nursery taking care of the dolls who lived in the two-storey doll-house (made by a carpenter from a big wooden box and set up in a corner of the room), which had a kitchen and a pantry downstairs and a parlour and a bedroom on the floor above. Usually most of the dolls were in the parlour, fashionably dressed and expecting company, but at least one of them was likely to be still in bed in the other room, clad in an elegant night-gown, with her shoes and stockings in reach. The dolls were all ladies just like little Jeannie herself; they led luxuriant lives and often sat down to as many as four meals a day. Jeannie was their mother and abhorred punishing the children even when they were naughty. In all her ways and in all her tastes Jeannie was feminine to the core; she could not have been a tomboy if she tried.

On the other hand, when the sun shone and it was not too cold outdoors, old Aunt Sarah fastened Jeannie's plait with a bright-coloured ribbon, saw that her boots were buttoned tight, and put a red shawl over her pinafore; and then the little girl, with a trowel in her hand, scampered out to the garden a long way from Siberia, for she couldn't wait another minute to see how the roses were coming on after the rain. She was passionately fond of flowers, sympathised with them in all their growing pains, and knew how to revive them when they drooped; and when she finished working in the flower-beds, she made a nosegay and carried it in the house to her father; and he took her on his knee and kissed her. By the time Jeannie was fifteen years old she took charge of the flower-garden; and then Mr. Abbot sent for a carpenter and bade him make a nice flower-pit for his daughter in the back yard below her chamber-window. The pit was deep down in the ground and was covered by a glass frame on hinges, lightly balanced, so that it could readily be tilted up to let Jeannie descend the little brick steps at one side that led to the cemented floor. In her girlhood days at Old Bellevue that snug compartment, with shelves for the potted plants and all its other conveniences (tools, watering pot, big rubber bulb for sprinkling, etc.) was Jeannie's pride and pure delight, above all in the long winter

when the old flowers had to be protected and the seeds of the new ones were being coaxed to sprout. Long afterwards when she pitched her tent in a far country and had a big enough yard around it, the first improvement that had to be made in her new home was the construction of a flower-pit or greenhouse "exactly like the one I used to have at Bellevue." Winter and summer alike Jeannie kept the house filled with cut-flowers; vases and jars were ready to receive them when she came indoors with her big basket and went from room to room, distributing the load of flowers and leaves in their appointed places, on the mantelpieces and tables, on the sideboard in the dining room, on the grand piano in the parlour, and above all on her father's desk in the library. It was a job for one servant to remove the faded flowers every morning and fill the jugs with fresh water. Those flower displays were works of art, the combinations of colours like a symphony in music. Had Jeannie been a pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, her eye for colour blends and matches could not have been better trained, more correct and satisfying.

This chapter will never come to an end if I loiter and linger on the way and dwell on every occupation and accomplishment of this celebrated young lady; yet how can I pass by them without pausing to point them out? Certainly I should never forgive myself if I failed to say that Jeannie was a wizard (in the guise of a bonnie lass) when she stood in front of the kitchen stove and put seasoning in the savoury dish that was simmering over the coals. My dear sir, let me assure you, with my hand on my stomach, you were blessed among men if you ever tasted the victuals Jeannie cooked and set before you! every morsel was like angel's food. She brought forth butter in a lordly dish and left nothing undone to whet your appetite ere you ever took a bite; and the apron she had on whetted it still more, yet distracted you too. By the time you had eaten half a broiled chicken and had drunk her delicious coffee, you were intoxicated, longed to kiss her, yet did not dare! It would have been a crown of glory for that banquet.

Nor must I omit to allude to Jeannie's needle-work and embroidery, for they were the talk of all the country-side in those days. Only Loulie could do hem-stitching like hers. She and Estelle Burthe were brilliant rivals in the art of cross-stitch (as I believe it was called), a kind of tapestry, and made coloured pictures of birds on a tree-top, kittens peeping over the edge of a basket, boys and girls skating, rhymed mottoes, etc. that had a great vogue then. I might go into much greater detail about this activity and other employments in which Jeannie engaged, but where there is so much to tell, some parts have to be left out of a concise narrative such as this.

Instead of sending Jeannie off to school or to her aunt Jeannie in Georgetown as was done with Lucy, her father elected to teach her himself. Her good Aunt Annie Minor, who spent months at a time at Old Bellevue, had taught both Jeannie and Loulie the rudiments (reading, writing and arithmetic), with many a rap over the knuckles when they did not know their lessons; now Jeannie was fifteen years old or older, and the time had come to begin her formal education in earnest. Can you believe it?—her father put her in school with the boys! However, he solemnly warned her, on pain of expulsion, not to take her eyes off her book except to look up at him; and I believe she honestly did her best to obey him in spite of all the temptations around her. I know she learned quickly practically all that was in the curriculum of Bellevue High School for Boys, geography and history, Latin and French, algebra and geometry, etc., though I think she gave little heed to the antics of x , y and z in *Venable's Algebra* or the solemn propositions of old Euclid. In nearly all her classes Jeannie got higher marks than the boys; her father was manifestly proud of his daughter's aptitude and quick intelligence; there was never any doubt of her mental ability. However, in defence of my sex, I must say that in this competition in school it seems to me the boys were not treated quite fairly, for while Jeannie was admonished to keep her eyes riveted on Cicero (or whatever book was the topic of the lesson), her companions, subject also to rigid discipline, could not possibly help peeping furtively and intently at the lovely apparition in their midst; no wonder they got behind in all their other lessons! Indeed, I daresay they forgot completely *amo*, *amas*, *amat*, though that paradigm was being constantly dinned in their ears from morn to night.

Demure and proper as Jeannie was on the front bench in school, she was not without her sense of humour, and if the boy behind her back translated *splendide mendax* as "lying in state," I bet a dollar she smiled or even burst out laughing. She was mighty good in Latin and got far in Virgil; though Mr. Abbot, ever careful of the proprieties, suddenly switched the class from Virgil to Livy when they got to the canto where *pius Aeneas* "meets Queen Dido in the cave," that is, at the very moment when Virgil's epic verse soars and begins to be really exciting.

You must not infer that Jeannie's father was not as stern and strict as ever in his domestic affairs, though nobody was ever able to account for his laxity in dealing with her. Jeannie was not insubordinate, yet she was not docile either; on the contrary, she had a will of her own and decided for herself what was right and what was wrong. She fretted against the laws of the Medes and Persians, and believed they

were outmoded. Mr. Abbot himself was nearing his fifties and was a little mellowed by age. Imperceptibly at first, but gradually and surely year by year, Old Bellevue was changing from a benevolent despotism to something more on the order of a limited monarchy. By the end of the 1880's a subject of that enlightened little kingdom might venture to air his grievance without being cast into a dungeon.

Hardly any old timer at Bellevue could believe his eyes when one day Miss Jeannie appeared on the tennis-court and was Edmund Glennys's partner. He was from New Orleans and the handsomest lad in school, and the best tennis-player too. Jeannie, like most young ladies of that day, was not particularly athletic. For once in her life I think she was miscast; as indeed any girl would be who tried to play tennis in a long skirt that came down to her ankles. In horse-and-buggy days the only difference between a young lady out for a walk and a girl on a tennis-court was that the former had a parasol while the latter held a racquet. From the standpoint of a spectator who was eager for excitement the game played that afternoon at Old Bellevue I fancy must have seemed pretty tame; yet I doubt whether the spectator took it all in. Jeannie's long skirt was a handicap in one way, but it was very becoming too and showed her to advantage, and after all that proved to be a thrilling game. When it was finished, Jeannie and Edmund Glennys strolled off together and disappeared finally in the Vale of Tempe. That was the classic name of a secluded dell and really heavenly place for a hermit or a bookworm; it was not very far from the playground, yet too far and too hidden to be seen from Mr. Abbot's study-window. Much in the same way as Virgil's *Aeneid* as taught at Bellevue ended abruptly as the hero was about to enter the cave and find his girl at that trysting place, here also this anecdote ends just outside the Vale of Tempe at Old Bellevue. All I really know is that Edmund Glennys was certainly one of the first of Jeannie's "swains" (to use the Bard's word for those ardent and luckless suitors); to all intents and purposes they were similar to the group that divine Silvia had at her beck and call. Like most romances of schooldays, Edmund Glennys's skirmish with Jeannie was not much more than a flash in the pan, and after he graduated and left school, they never saw each other again, yet I think Jeannie held him in fond remembrance ever afterwards.

Another early flirtation that might have come to something was the cordial friendship that sprang up between Jeannie and "Ranny" Kean. He was several years the elder of the two and the eldest son of Mr. Abbot's most highly esteemed comrade in Lynchburg; a charming young man who was afterwards greatly distinguished as Brig. Gen.

Jefferson Randolph Kean, U.S.A. (1860-1950). He and Jeannie had similar tastes in English literature and used to read poetry together; which is one of the subtlest snares that lies in the path of a sentimental young man. By that time Jeannie was a very highly cultivated girl and had her own private library of favourite authors; already she had discarded Alfred Tennyson for Robert Browning and was two or three furlongs in front of "Ranny" Kean. He wriggled out of the trap in some way, but to the day of his death he was Jeannie's devoted friend; they were contemporaries from youth to old age.*

Then there was Dick Buck from Mississippi, who went to school at Bellevue and was as notable as Edmund Glenny and even handsomer. He became an engineer and was celebrated for the famous bridges he built: Major Richard S. Buck (1864-1951), who was awarded a distinguished-service medal by the British government after the first World War. He and Jeannie Abbot (so I have been told) carried on a brisk flirtation at Old Bellevue long ago, and ended by being devoted friends all their lives.

Obviously, in a succinct narrative such as this (which is intended too to be a model for all future writers in this *genre* of literature) it will take too long, and would be tedious, to run through an official list of all Jeannie's prisoners of war. There was no concentration camp at Old Bellevue, some of the captives escaped and are marked in the catalogue "swat," which, by my own ingenuity, I found out to mean "sunk without a trace"; I leave them, not in obloquy, yet in oblivion. As well as I can gather, the most serious of all these practice-games was Jeannie's short-lived affair with Kenneth Bain; which cannot be passed over without notice. He was from Portsmouth across the river from Norfolk, Va., and was reputed to be one of the best teachers and disciplinarians that ever officiated in Bellevue High School. Mr. Abbot always spoke of him with respect and admiration; Charley Abbot was a pupil under Mr. Bain and held him in high regard and real affection. For a brief space, if I am not mistaken, Jeannie and Kenneth Bain were actually engaged to be married. Mr. Abbot got wind of it, Jupiter intervened, and the engagement (if such it was) was abruptly terminated; apparently in much the same brusque manner as Edward Gibbon's one and only romance was nipped in the bud: Jeannie obeyed her father and renounced her lover. They parted ne'er to meet again, but Jeannie kept him in remembrance.

For a year or two Jeannie may have been sobered a little by the

* Within less than a year before Jeannie's death, General Kean was laid to rest in the old graveyard of historic Monticello. Through his mother, the first Mrs. R. G. H. Kean, he was a direct descendant of Thomas Jefferson.

sequel of this unhappy episode. If Cupid aimed his darts at her, they seemed to have gone astray. Yet far from being "like patience on a monument," Jeannie was busier than ever during this lull and had many irons in the fire in addition to her flowers and embroidery. Perhaps it was about this time (yet I do not know exactly) that Jeannie attended a series of religious services in Lynchburg that was organised and conducted by Rev. Dr. Randolph McKim of Washington; a high experience in her life which she never forgot. I forbear to trespass on this Mount Zion of Jeannie's girlhood, for there I am on holy ground and fear to tread (it seems to me I am using her own words so oft repeated in after life whenever this subject was broached). Without doubt hers was the sincerest and most deeply religious nature it was ever my privilege to come face to face with; nothing could shake her faith in God, the words rang true when Jeannie, looking straight in my eyes, said quietly, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

I never knew Dr. McKim, yet I can testify he wrought something that was like a miracle in Jeannie's life during his mission in Lynchburg; she loved and revered him ever afterwards. The highest testimony to the truth of revealed religion is the miracle of conversion.

My impression is that Dr. McKim's mission in Lynchburg was around 1895. Jeannie experienced an ecstasy of happiness that never faded from her memory; ever afterwards she possessed an inward assurance, a religious certainty, that could not be shaken.

The beginning of the lifelong friendship that existed between Jeannie Abbot and Estelle Burthe (pronounced Bu-ut) was some time in the 1880's; it ripened fast after Lucy's wedding, and by 1890, when they were both fully grown, it was already a firm and devoted attachment. Thereafter for many years to come Estelle Burthe (1864-1952) was a frequent and always joyfully welcomed guest in Old Bellevue; her name and fame were household words. While yet in her teens, she, with her mother and brother André, had come from New Orleans to Liberty, Va., where they made a new home, and as a natural consequence André Burthe went to school at Bellevue (1881-86). The story is worth relating in a few words. Mrs. Burthe, an unusually handsome woman, was French by birth and the widow of an aristocratic gentleman who lived in New Orleans. She wished to give her children a good education as far as her modest means would go, and she heard that the schools in Virginia were excellent and cheap also. Accordingly, the little family set out, without any clear notion of their destination beyond knowing that their new home was to be somewhere in the distant state of Virginia. On the way from Memphis, Mrs. Burthe engaged

in conversation with a lady on the train who may have been a native Virginian; at any rate this new acquaintance suggested and recommended Liberty in Bedford County as a pleasant and salubrious little town in which to dwell. Accordingly, next day when the train came to a halt at a little station close to the Peaks of Otter and just ten miles from Old Bellevue itself, Mrs. Burthe and the two children alighted there; they had landed in a beautiful country, the people in the little village were agreeable and hospitable; and Mrs. Burthe quickly decided that Liberty was her journey's end and a good place of residence. One of the glories of Bedford City (as it is named now) is that Estelle Burthe dwelt there in her early girlhood days.

Here I am hard put to it again; my pen is poised in midair ready to do my bidding, but what can I write and where are the words adequate to portray Estelle Burthe and all her wondrous charm? She was tall and slender, beautifully proportioned, and naturally and instinctively graceful; a brunette in complexion with dark and sparkling eyes and a countenance as quick and mobile, as beautiful and intelligent as if she were Ariel's own sister and boon companion. In a word, Estelle Burthe was fascinating: everybody felt it and came under her spell the instant she entered a room where company was assembled; children rushed to greet her; dogs capered and barked; old folks, who had been in the doldrums ever since breakfast, grinned with delight and took a new lease on life. The party may have been as dull as ditch-water before Estelle arrived, but now all was different; a magician waved a wand, and presto! mirth and gladness flew in at the window and changed the whole atmosphere. That is no exaggeration; I have seen it happen just as on a few occasions I have witnessed the sun come up at dawn, only, that grand spectacle was slow and gradual, whereas the effect of Estelle's advent was instantaneous.

However, I give it up; Estelle and her attributes are altogether beyond my range and power of speech; you must try to picture her as best you can, natural, yet so unusual and *distinguée*! Imagination is of little help, you had to see her for yourself, catch the music and intonation of her voice, and hearken to her lightest word. She had the art of putting you at ease; a wall-flower came to life and was animated when Estelle glanced at it and spoke a word of comfort in the poor thing's ear.

Jeannie and Estelle together were a marvellous sight to see; as I so well remember the first time that beatific vision was vouchsafed me. It was at the University of Virginia when I was a callow student in college, unused to high society and not acquainted with bliss; up to that day I had never even had a glimpse of either of those two maidens who

were very celebrated then. As usual, I was in shadow under the arcade in front of my room on East Lawn, a worm of the dust, so to speak, yet not so lowly that I could not see a patch of blue sky far off in the distance and hear a bird chirping on the limb of a tree overhead. Jeannie and Estelle side by side passed by me that day, blonde and brunette, both erect and about the same stature, and each as shapely as if she had been carved by Phidias; I looked up and gazed with rapture, those girls lingered in my poor little head long after they turned the corner near the Rotunda and vanished out of sight!

It is ridiculous I know; yet let me try once more, this time by a kind of allegory, to give a notion of Estelle Burthe's distinction. Imagine you are in evening dress and sitting by the side of a fair companion in one of the boxes in the "horse-shoe" of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York; the overture has not begun, the lights are all ablaze, and you are staring through your prism-binoculars and surveying all the lovely women with their diamond necklaces and bare shoulders on display around that gilded arc; when suddenly by chance your eye is arrested by the sight of Estelle Burthe, a lady you never heard of before, but you see her now. She is not in one of the boxes; her dress is becoming and right every way, but rather simple; she is sauntering down the middle aisle in the orchestra intent on finding the seat that was reserved for her. She is plainly in focus in your glass, and you watch her every movement while she carelessly takes off her cloak, unpins her veil and removes her hat; poetry befits the occasion.

"Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes."

Instantly, you nudge your neighbour and whisper: "Look, who on earth is that stunning looking girl down there? She might be Queen Cleopatra!"

Estelle Burthe was like that; not that she was like Cleopatra (for I have my doubts about the Serpent of the Nile, but not a doubt in the world about Estelle), but because you could not fail to single her out in a big crowd as a personage not lightly to be passed over, some one you must seek out and know more about. By virtue of her qualities and accomplishments, her cleverness and wit, her cultivation and *savoir faire*, Estelle Burthe acquired and wielded a remarkable influence over Jeannie Abbot, who was indebted to her for much that was both useful and precious; yet with all their mutual admiration of each other and sincere fondness, the two girls, blonde and brunette, were as fundamentally different and distinct as their complexions. Jeannie,

if she had tried, could not be cynical; Estelle was rather shrewd than cynical; Jeannie looked up and aspired; Estelle was earth-bound even when she had an urge to soar. At least that is the nearest I can come, by way of analysis, to pointing out the gap that held them a little apart and (I think) widened more and more as they both grew older and went their separate ways.

In December 1888 Mrs. Burthe, a handsome woman still, married Dr. John W. Mallet (1832-1912), head of the department of chemistry in the University of Virginia and world-renowned in his special field; he was a widower then and lived with his unmarried daughter in the old brick house (now no longer in existence) between West Range and Mr. Thornton's residence on Monroe Hill. Estelle and her brother André accompanied their mother to her new home in Charlottesville and thereafter were members of Dr. Mallet's family. The intimacy between Jeannie and Estelle was closer than ever during the 1890's when the two girls were continually exchanging visits with each other. Nobody in the Mallet household took greater pleasure in Jeannie's society than Dr. Mallet himself, and in those years he and she got to be warm friends. This mutual relationship between the Bellevue maiden and her distinguished host was an *entente cordiale* that ever afterwards was for Jeannie a fond and proud recollection of the joyous days of her girlhood.

This chapter is too long already, and I must omit to tell about Louie Abbot and her younger brothers who were all fast growing up at Old Bellevue in the 1880's, especially as they will come into the story sooner or later, each in due season. Yet I must make room here to say a few words about little Emily who was the newest of all the "Bellevutii" (as I was in the habit of calling that tribe). I believe Emily got her first, maybe her middle name too, from Mrs. Matthews, an aristocratic lady in Georgetown, and an old friend of the Abbot family; and as I believe I have already remarked, Emily was distinctly Abbot rather than Minor. By the time I entered college in 1888, Emily was getting to be a big little girl and was nearly six years old; and, on my honour, she was pretty as a picture and getting prettier (and badder) every year. She was the baby and darling of the family and, besides, was much in evidence now all over the place. Aside from her outward distinctions, Emily Abbot would have been conspicuous by virtue of her pronounced proclivities and the fact that she was a very independent little lady and had a will of her own. She was a singular child on that account and different from her much older sisters. Alone of all the Abbot girls, Emily had no use for dolls and all that trumpery; I think she positively hated the sight of a needle and thread, and as

for mud-pies and sand-piles, she completely disdained them. Emily lived pretty much outdoors summer and winter both. If it was raining too hard to venture in the yard, she stayed under shelter of the covered porch in Siberia, looked up anxiously at the dark sky overhead and waited impatiently for the clouds to roll by; and if it rained all day without letting up, she put on her overshoes and a shawl, took her mother's umbrella, and ran to the stable as fast as her little legs would go, got up in the hayloft, found all the hen eggs, and peeped down at the colt standing by its mother in the stall below. There was always something to do and plenty of fun to be had in her wide dominions; for example, keeping up with the cows and horses, the pigs and the sheep, the dogs and the cats, the ducks and the turkeys, every single one of whom needed her attention not only weekdays but Sundays too. Leaving out trees that had to be climbed and the bird-nests that were due to be inspected, the cattle and fowls alone were enough to keep her busy from sun-up to sun-down. Emily was not a tomboy at all, she was Emily, and that was all there was to it. She knew her way not only to the barnyard and hogpen, but down by the ice-pond and over in the corn-field. Wherever Dolphin went, Emily trotted at his heels and more often than not ran ahead of him, for she liked to get in front and point the way; besides, Dolphin went at a measured pace and nothing could induce him to be in a hurry, while Emily, on the contrary, was bent on doing a good day's work. They never ran out of conversation; every subject that was mentioned (moles, grasshoppers, butterflies, whatever turned up) proved to be interesting. When they came to a fence, Emily insisted on climbing over it by herself; unless it was barbwire, and then she crawled under it and held up a loose piece to make a hole for Dolphin to scramble through. Occasionally (unless she was bare-footed, as she generally was in summer), one of her little shoes would fall off and be left on the other side of the fence; then Dolphin would reach back and pick it up with one hand and pick up Emily too under his other arm, and sitting on a stump with Emily on his knee, he would shake the pebbles from the shoe, put it back on her foot and tie the lace so tight that it was sure not to come loose again. The exploit that Emily loved best was to sit close to Dolphin on the single iron seat of the two-wheel hay-cutter—that was bliss! particularly if Dolphin let Emily hold the reins and guide the old horse round and round in the ever-contracting circle until at last he came to a full stop because all the tall grass was mown.

Emily never wore a pinafore if she could help it. Of course, on Sunday she had to put on a dainty frock tied with a sash—that was a nuisance that couldn't be helped; but just as soon as Sunday School

was over, Emily rushed back to Siberia and got in her overalls again, and sometimes got a whipping. I doubt whether Emily, as long as she lived, was ever really contented and at ease unless she had on trousers; I think Emily was more or less awkward when she was at a party with other girls and had to wear a dress. Frocks hampered her and restrained her; Emily never could bear restraint; Patrick Henry's slogan was "Liberty or Death!" and Emily was in full sympathy with that *motif*, but I believe she would have changed the motto to "Pants or Nothing!"

Dolphin has come into this story, where he has a right to be. He was an institution at Old Bellevue and the nearest thing to a bailiff on the place, though his official title I daresay was man-of-all-work. He was an important character and an exceedingly ingratiating one. I am bound to add a postscript to this chapter in his behalf.

Dolphin's real name (or whole and unexpurgated name) was Gustavus-Adolphus-the-Lion-of-the-North, neither more nor less. He was but one of an uncounted multitude of brothers and sisters (distributed all over Bedford County and even to the ends of the earth, as far as I know) who before the war were serfs or dependents of "old Mr. Callaway"; it was even whispered, *sub rosâ* or behind a palm-leaf fan, that old Mr. Callaway may have been their common sire, and in support of this scandal, it was pointed out that not only Dolphin but all his kinsfolk were light-coloured mulattoes. The evidence in the case was wholly circumstantial, yet not without plausibility. It was well known and within the memory of old people still alive that old Mr. Callaway flourished in his time and was the owner of a big plantation in the vicinity of Bellevue, and also that he was a man of considerable education and fond of books and had a whole set of the Waverley Novels; and certainly it was he, and no other, who had christened all these little mulattoes, urchins and wenches both, that kept being born on his place, and bestowed on them, one after another, the fantastic names of his favourite characters in history or fiction; such as Dolphin's name, for example, and Brian deBois Guilbert, Lady Jane Grey, Guy Mannering, etc., names borne by living creatures who were scattered now all over Bedford County. If it is true that old Mr. Callaway was indeed the one and "onlie begetter" of all this goodly company of genial and yellowish individuals, the only comment to be made is that he deserves to be ranked alongside of King August the Strong of Saxony who was reputed to be the father of 354 bastards.

Dolphin and his wife Maria (who long outlived him) were both indispensable in the *ménage* of Old Bellevue. Her function was mostly in the kitchen, particularly at those critical times when Old Man Polk complained of rheumatism in his "j'int's" and had to take a holiday

(which usually consisted of sitting, a month at a time, on a three-legged stool in front of his cabin until the "mis'ry" in his bones went away of its own accord). Maria's reign in the kitchen was announced by the sudden appearance at breakfast of "pop-overs" one morning, which were a welcome exchange for Polk's leaden rolls (Old Man Polk had been a good cook back in Mr. Holcombe's time, and was a good cook still up to a certain point, but he was getting old and had lost some of his cunning.) Occasionally, Dolphin took a vacation too, generally in winter-time when comparatively little needed to be done on the farm; and then he was wont to set out for Bluefield and the coal mines in West Virginia where wages were high and work was hard. Dolphin set little store by the high wages, and had an incurable prejudice against hard work, and consequently he was soon back at Bellevue again, much to the relief and joy of all concerned. At Old Bellevue he was overseer without being overseen. Dolphin was not particularly capable or efficient; inertia came near being his besetting sin; only, Dolphin was not prone to sin, his faults were congenital, perhaps traceable to Old Mr. Callaway (who, I fancy, was a likable chap). The good thing about Dolphin was that he was perfectly trustworthy and above reproach in his own province; yet best of all was his kindliness and unfailing affability.

Running over in my mind the various individuals I have hobnobbed with at one time or another in a long life, and leaving out those who were nearest and dearest, I am pretty nearly disposed to award the palm to Dolphin as the most agreeable and congenial of all my earthly companions; certainly he was one of the most entertaining. No wonder little Emily clung to him and preferred his society above all else that Bellevue contained. Dolphin's countenance was always lighted with a smile; he was ever ready to pause and chat with whomever happened to pass by, whether it was Mr. Abbot himself or "Miss Jeannie" or old Uncle Charles who was the gardener and deafer than a post. (I believe Dolphin distrusted Abram who was an itinerant preacher and a trouble-maker.) In fact, nothing suited Dolphin better than to lay down the shovel and the hoe and enter into a good long conversation concerning not only the weather but the state of the world and the plight of mankind; then it was that little gems of wit and wisdom fell from his lips naturally and casually; it might be just a homely retort to whatever led up to it, but it was pithy, and there was no more to be said. Of course, Dolphin, like Shakespeare, had "small Latin and less Greek," and yet his speech was somehow classical; I think his whole philosophy could be summed up in the words, *quieta non movere*.

CHAPTER III

Egotistical (1888-1893)

"Conceive me if you can,
A matter-of-fact young man,
An alphabetical, arithmetical,
Every-day young man."

W. S. GILBERT, *Patience* libretto

ALREADY we have lived through a score of years since starting forth on this voyage which I have called *The Abbots of Old Bellevue*. I had a presentiment all the time that I might get in trouble far out at sea, but I put it out of my mind and thought to myself, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Now the day has come, just as I knew it must come sooner or later; and then I would be covered with confusion.

The ship (to go on with my metaphor), as you may remember, weighed anchor, got loose from her moorings, and slipped out of the harbour gently, yet right merrily; the various characters on board, both old and young, began to come on deck, one by one (rather than "two and two," as in Noah's Ark, for I thought that procession was a little disorderly). Perhaps you or somebody else who took note of them may have counted them and rather rashly concluded that those above board were the entire company on board; for who would ever have dreamed that there was a stowaway down in the ship's hold who was deliberately keeping out of sight? a bashful fellow afraid to be seen, yet knowing that he could not remain in hiding?

Now when our ship is far out at sea, the culprit slinks on deck, and there is nothing to do but make the best of it and let him go along; for no matter how disagreeable he is and in the way, common humanity revolts against the impulse to toss him overboard where the sharks (who are not fastidious) would make quick work of him. You can imagine my chagrin when this newcomer's identity was revealed and he turned out to be *me*!

Now that the cat is out of the bag, I may as well make a clean breast of it. With a contrite heart let me confess that from the very beginning of this story I was reasonably certain that it would turn out to be a kind of autobiography; at the same time I knew that if that advertisement was announced in advance, the book would fall flat. I lacked the courage:

“The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.”

Besides, to do myself justice, the secret was not closely guarded. It is true Malvina was a ghost, but surely she divined the truth and knew that I would be in the story; for, you remember, it was at the start of the last chapter when she suddenly appeared before me, whereas, unless she was sure of her ground and knew what would happen, it would have been more appropriate, it seems to me, if she had waited to nod her approval until I really came on the stage, as I am about to do now.

“The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature’s priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.”

Shall I ever forget the thrill of my first year in college (1888-89)? I was a lean and callow youth, rather delicate in health and sombre in appearance, yet I did have a stout heart and good intentions on the whole. It goes without saying that I was ignorant and conceited; and even to this day I am conceited enough to believe that, with all my shortcomings, I was really a very agreeable and companionable fellow.

My father, who never left a stone unturned in my behalf, took pains to see me safely matriculated in the two schools of Greek and Mathematics and was confident that I would give a good account of myself by the end of the session; until then I was left to my own devices. Accordingly, when from time to time I was surfeited with the oats of Greek and Mathematics and felt the need of a well-balanced diet, I was soon wont to stray outside the pasture (there was no fence around it, egress was easy); and what was more natural or in a way more edifying than to find myself, less than a month after matriculation, on speaking terms at least with pretty nearly every desirable and eligible young lady within walking distance of my little tabernacle on Monroe Hill? Then (and for all I know down to the present day) a “pavilion” on The Lawn at the University of Virginia that was the home of a married professor just as likely as not contained also one or more of his *débutante* daughters; it was so usually the case that I sometimes thought it must be providential. I daresay that was one reason why The Lawn was by far the most popular place of rendezvous for the students, though, of course, its central location and historic associations may have been other factors also. To me it was like a Fair, and if I had named it, I believe I should have unhesitatingly called it the Fair Grounds, for there, if anywhere, the brave that are said to deserve the fair could be well-nigh sure to find their heart’s desire morning,

noon and night. An incidental advantage of this state of affairs was that, prowling about on The Lawn and getting attached to first one girl and then another, a good-looking student stood a fair chance of being invited inside the professor's house and not only getting on a friendly footing with the old gentleman himself and his family but also before long having access to the dining room. The pleasantest recollections of my college days are the enduring friendships I formed with elderly members of the faculty, often gentlemen of great distinction (like Dr. Mallet, for instance) whom it was a proud privilege to know, and yet who were easy to approach on account of their native simplicity and courtesy. The best part of my education was obtained in these private homes where I was put on my mettle socially, morally and intellectually and had to measure up to a high standard as best I could.

One of my favourite resorts was Professor Minor's cheerful and hospitable home under the arcade at the far end of East Lawn on what used to be called The Triangle.

In ancient times (and indeed down to the time of The Fire in 1895) The Lawn ended in an isosceles triangle which was a plot of grass bounded by two brick walks that issued from under the two opposite arcades and led to the two or three stone steps at the apex of the triangle; where the roadway used to be between the Ranges. The top step was a convenient resting place for the weary and forlorn by day and a romantic trysting place for the star-gazing and lovesick by night. Triangle, steps and roadway are all gone now, but could they be resurrected, they might have many yarns to relate! It was there on the top step that Raleigh Minor and his elder brother John sat one evening long and blissfully with Lucy Dallam from Paducah, Ky., between them, and unwittingly held each other's hand in Lucy's lap.

In view of the fact that Raleigh Minor was my best friend in college, it was natural enough for me to become intimate with all the members of his family, above all with his youngest sister Nannie Minor who was nearer my own age. Nannie Minor was literally as good as an angel, and I delighted to shock and bedevil her and got to be very much attached to her.

Mr. Minor himself was a very notable personage; above reproach, either in his class-room, where he reigned supreme, or under his own roof, where nobody ever questioned, or dreamed of questioning, his supremacy. How a human being ever reached such a pinnacle of exaltation is both a public and a private mystery to this day! He was not just merely a good man, a pillar of the church, and a great expounder of the Common Law, he was the Majesty of the Law, righteousness pure and simple. Mr. Minor's demeanour, dignified and courtly, was that

of a man conscious of his high calling and exalted station. His children worshipped and adored him, loved and obeyed him. Somehow I got in his good graces and on familiar terms with him; he was kindly and affable, and at heart I think he rather enjoyed coming down to my level.

The Minor household, when all were counted, including the "stranger within thy gates" (who is singular in the Second Commandment, but was usually plural in the census here spoken of), made a large population when all present knelt down for family prayers in the dining room immediately after breakfast. Mr. Minor was uxorious, for he was so fond of his wife that he never rested until he had had three of them one after the other. His eldest daughter by his first wife, Martha Davis, was Miss Mary Lancelot Minor (1840-1905), who was a confirmed old maid by the time I got to know her. The children of his second wife, Nannie Colston, were three daughters: "Mattie" Minor or Martha Macon Minor (1861-1897), Susan Colston Minor (d. 1937) and Nannie Jacquelin Minor (d. 1934), and two sons: John Barbie Minor, Jr. (1866-1952) and Raleigh Colston Minor (1869-1923). Mr. Minor's third wife was Miss Ellen Hill, a lovely, sweet old lady whom we used to call "Aunt Ellen." Another member of the family in 1888 (before and after) was Mr. Minor's niece, Miss Kate Minor (1850-1918), who had a flourishing school for children somewhere on the campus; she was a younger sister of Mrs. Abbot and was often at Old Bellevue for months at a time.

Before I left college Mattie Minor had married Conway Whittle Sams of Norfolk in 1890; and on or about Thanksgiving Day in 1894 Susie Minor became the bride of John Wilson who was a native of the state of New York and a graduate of the University Law School (as Conway Sams was also). After leaving college John B. Minor, Jr., lived all his life in Richmond and married, in 1907, Mrs. Arthur Johns (who was a sister of Carter Scott); his second wife was a widow also. Raleigh Minor, who soon got to be a professor in the Law School of the University of Virginia, married Colonel Venable's youngest daughter, Natalie E. Venable (b. 1868). Nannie Minor, who was plagued by poor health all the days of her life, never was married; at the time of her death she was one of the most beloved women in Richmond, noted all over Virginia for her good works and Christian piety (see Dr. Douglas S. Freeman's long editorial in the *Richmond News-Leader*, Jan. 1934).

After the lapse of threescore years or more, it is little wonder that the chronological order of that ancient time is more or less blurred in memory; it seems to me I can never be quite sure as to the precise year of such and such an event in my past life. As well as I can recall, it was at the outset of my second session in college, that is, in the autumn of 1889, that I began to be a pretty steady visitor in Mr. Minor's home and was no doubt duly classified in the social register

of that day as one of Nannie Minor's beaux. Soon after supper one October evening (I remember so well because it was then, as I see now, that predestination was already at work) I sauntered down the arcade to Mr. Minor's door and in less than a minute was there in the parlour in the midst of Mr. Minor's three daughters, Mattie, Susie and Nannie, and other gay young folks besides. How was I to know that Mrs. Abbot at Old Bellevue, whom I had never heard of up to that time, was the elder sister of that handsome lady, Miss Kate Minor, who was there in the room, and therefore, like Kate herself, the first cousin of each of the three giggling girls, although she was old enough to be their mother? At that time the thought of Mrs. Abbot could never have entered my head, she and Old Bellevue were as foreign to me as Queen Victoria and Buckingham Palace, more so indeed, for at least I had seen pictures of Victoria and Prince Albert (or was the man in the picture the Earl of Beaconsfield?).

A moment later I was being introduced to a comely and statuesque damsel, taller and bigger than any other lady in the room—who on earth was she, this stranger they called "Miss Abbot," and how did she get through the door? Surely she was not kin to the Minor girls, who were rather short and by comparison almost diminutive! Everything about her was different, as if she had come from Texas or from overseas. Her figure was superb, there was no other word; the reddish golden hair was glorious, again there was no other word. She herself, with her broad face, ruddy complexion and her joyous youth—was she a reincarnation of Dionysos's Ariadne? for she looked as if she might have led his revels.

As a matter of fact, this astonishing young lady was Loulie Abbot, then about 19 years old according to my reckoning, and actually the first Abbot, man or woman, boy or girl, I ever gazed upon. She bubbled over with mirth and good nature, her freshness and *naïveté* were charming. Loulie Abbot was handsome and striking-looking, no doubt about that; she was, so to speak, majestic; but for a girl and a sweetheart, she was simply too big. That was my verdict at first sight, and, devoted to her as I got to be, with more and more admiration of her beautiful qualities, it is my final verdict now sixty years after.

In Loulie's manners and demeanour there was no trace of either shyness or awkwardness that more often than not is to a *débutante* a thorn in the flesh; on the contrary, she was as natural and graceful, as unconscious and unaffected as the redbird who hops down from the bough of the mimosa hanging over my terrace and eats his lunch by the bird-bath. It was the easiest thing in the world to break the ice and be almost instantly on terms of good fellowship with this nice

country lass, so sparkling with vivacity and so accomplished in every way; and in less than a quarter of an hour she and I were exchanging volleys of boy-and-girl wit and bursts of laughter just as if we had grown up in adjoining back-yards together. She employed no art; friendliness was with her sincere and spontaneous; Loulie Abbot was like a bottle of champagne, good company at all hours of the day; nobody could help liking her or liking to be with her.

This particular evening, I fancy, was in a sense Loulie's *début* in cosmopolitan society; for just as Mr. Minor was firmly persuaded that the sun rose every morning for the express purpose of revolving around the great University of Virginia, so we, in our turn, took ourselves seriously and firmly believed we and our little *coterie* were certainly the most cosmopolitan group of young folks anywhere in the Western Hemisphere. At any rate, whether my conjecture was right or not, I soon found out that this tall and animated young lady had just arrived earlier in the day, fresh as a daisy, straight from the Peaks of Otter or, more accurately, though more vaguely, from a place in the country called Bellevue where there was a boys' big school (or a big boys' school, for I was mixed up about the order of the words); that it was Loulie's first long-dress visit to her sophisticated cousins at the University; and that she fully expected to enjoy every minute and would be glad if I lent a hand.

In the "gay nineties" Loulie Abbot had her own *coterie* of friends in Albemarle County besides her Minor cousins at the University of Virginia and frequented their homes; consequently, as I lived in Albemarle from 1888 to 1898 (except the session 1890-91 when I was in Richmond as a teacher in McGuire's School), I used to get glimpses of her from time to time in those years. Her particular friends at the University were Harrison Randolph and his two younger sisters, Mary Roscoe Randolph and Jeannie Randolph, both college belles, 1890-95. They were a delightful family of young people who had grown up in Charlottesville. Harrison Randolph, almost exactly my age, was a little red-headed fellow, gifted and brilliant in school and at college, and popular with everybody, old and young. From 1890 to 1895 he was instructor in mathematics under Col. Venable, who rated him very high and was much attached to him; and now (1952) he is president emeritus of the College of Charleston in South Carolina. His mother, originally Miss Bayard from Delaware, was a widow in 1890 and lived with him and her two younger daughters in a little house next to the home of Dr. Archibald Taylor (father of my schoolmates Fielding and Walter Taylor) and just around the corner (towards Fry's Spring) from Mrs. Cochran's mansion (now the Dolly Madison Inn). Loulie Abbot used to visit the Randolphs often until they moved away from Virginia in 1895; and Harrison and his sisters

were even more frequently at Bellevue. Mary Roscoe Randolph was Charley Abbot's first sweetheart, *e pluribus una*. Harrison Randolph and I were comrades in youth, who "parted ne'er to meet again," much to my loss and my regret. His sisters were a little younger than I was; I cannot remember ever being in their home, but I made up for it by going to chapel on Sunday and gazing steadily at Jeannie Randolph who sang in the choir, while Harrison played the organ (he was a great musician, and she was a great magician, if I am any judge of magic and can come under a spell). Jeannie Randolph may have sung divinely; my pew was as close to the choir as the usher would take me (poor fellow, I think he was jealous!); but "the eyes had it" and the ears were badly licked; I cannot remember ever having heard the tinkle or tintinabulation of Jeannie Randolph's voice (though I can believe it was angelic, yet it may have been disdainful), but one thing I know, that close as I was to her there at vespers, she in the choir and I in the pew, and steadily as I gazed, sitting, standing or kneeling, never to this day have I so much as touched the hem of Jeannie Randolph's garment. Methinks the Sorrows of Werther were naught compared to the sad regret of an old man with one foot in the grave!

No two sisters were ever more devotedly attached to each other than Jeannie and Loulie Abbot; they were both more like their father than their mother, and they had much in common; yet they were essentially different, both outwardly and inwardly. Jeannie was feminine to the core, perhaps her supreme charm, as it were, the secret and fountain of all her grace, was femineity, pure and crystal-clear.

"Femineity" is both an awkward and an ugly word, it seems to me, to denote the highest and loveliest of all human attributes, and "womanliness" is equally, if not more, objectionable and profane. Jeannie Abbot, as I keep repeating, was *sui generis, non pareil, je ne sais quoi*.

The right words for her are not in the dictionary; my private invention for the quality I am here trying to express is "Jeannie-sis," which has the same pronunciation as the title of the first book of the Bible, and perhaps one day it may get in circulation.

Loulie was womanly also and had a reservoir of the milk of human kindness, a well of tenderness and compassion; as I myself was soon to know by actual sounding and gentle experience. Yet, on the whole, it was plain to see that Loulie Abbot was planned for adventure more than for humdrum domesticity, and was, as it were, deliberately built for outdoor exposure. Her physique evoked my idea of Brunhilda, only, Loulie was Greek rather than Norse; therefore with that exception in mind, I turned for comparison to Diana, goddess of the bright sky; yet I knew that Diana was celibate and, according to all report, had no descendants. One day, gazing at Loulie seated in a side-saddle

on the back of her favourite mare, suddenly I thought to myself she is a replica of Diana Vernon in Sir Walter Scott's *Rob Roy* (a virgin, I hasten to add, who, as far as I knew, had no remote connection with Diana of the Ephesians previously mentioned). I am doubtful of all these images, especially as I never laid eyes on one of the originals; but if this book I am writing ever sees the light of day and gets printed and bound, here and now I beseech my literary executors to leave room for a full-page picture of Loulie by the side of her mare Nancy; for then spectators can judge for themselves whether Brunhilda or either of the two Dianas could hold a candle to Loulie Abbot of Old Bellevue.

In "the gay nineties" when horse-shows were all the rage in Piedmont Virginia, and glamorous Gertrude Rives on horse-back was in her heyday, Loulie Abbot likewise cut a glorious figure in sporting circles (and, undoubtedly, had a figure all her own that no man could rival, "no, nor woman neither", as I am sure Hamlet would have been quick to add, if ever he had seen it). This was the era when a colony of nice English folks, brand-new from the mother country, had come to dwell in Albemarle more or less experimentally and were much in evidence in all the county revels, fox-hunting, tennis-matches, private theatricals, and in "gentlemen's thirst-parlours," which was a polite name for ordinary saloons.

Spilled over from the British Isles, many of these newcomers in Virginia were "younger sons" who had to shift for a living wherever they could find it 'twixt Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strands. Ever since 1607, when Master George Percy on board of one of Captain Christopher Newport's three little ships stepped ashore at Jamestown, Virginia has been a favourite dumping place for superfluous young English gentlemen with scarcely a half-crown left in their purses. No doubt some of these fellows were ne'er-do-wells or even scape-graces, but as a rule they belonged to the gentry and acquitted themselves well on a foreign shore. Our English cousins who came to Albemarle and other parts of Virginia in the 1880's and 1890's were Britishers still and kept close together, but they mingled easily and naturally with the country-folk around them and were a welcome and colourful addition in the social life of the community.

Not many are still alive who can remember the Tuftnalls, Callbecks, Corbetts, Harris's, Woolnoughs, etc. who flourished in Albemarle two generations ago or the Diroms, Glenns, etc. who lived in Bedford about the same time, all of them natives of England; for by the time of the first world war nearly all of them had vanished from Virginia, and occasionally thereafter news came from this or that individual who was back home in "merrie England", and just as likely as not, the belated letter related the gallant death

on Flanders' fields of an English boy who was born near Ivy in far-off Albemarle.

In her early girlhood Loulie Abbot fell in with these Britishers in Albemarle county; the first acquaintance may have been at a horse-show at Keswick or even at Warrenton in Fauquier county. I fancy Mr. Tuftnall one day

Spied Loulie Abbot
In her riding habit,

saw that she was a girl after his own heart, and straightway got an introduction. Loulie herself was an anglophile, she knew English history by heart and had read every volume of Miss Strickland's fascinating *Lives of the Queens of England*; I myself once heard her defend the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII) who had a very unsavoury reputation in his youth. The actual fact was that Loulie and the Tuftnalls were birds of a feather and got to be hand and glove together, rode foaming steeds side by side, drove four-in-hand perched atop high-wheel vehicles (madder than Nero in the Coliseum)—over the worst roads imaginable and heedless of the clenched fists and curses of the farmers in the roadside ditches. Loulie led a fast life in "the gay nineties" and stirred up more dust in Albemarle than Tarleton's raiders and Jack Jouett put together ever did in Revolutionary days.

Pursuing Loulie Abbot on horse-back (more than I ever attempted to do in my prime), I have, as usual, gone far ahead of my story. We must go back to that evening when I met her for the first time in the midst of all that commotion in Mr. Minor's drawing room. Even so, and indeed before we enter the room again, I deem it best to pause at the threshold, in order to introduce Susie Minor who is the instigator of the hubbub inside that is plainly to be heard behind the closed door; for, while none of the Minor girls was boisterous or even frisky, Susie came nearer to that description than either of her two sisters. She was certainly a very animated young lady, and as for importance and influence in the University itself, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that she was the rival of the Chairman of the Faculty. Wherever there was a Church Bazaar, a Y.M.C.A. circus or a clever and decent Charade, *in esse* or *in posse*, you might be sure that Susie Minor was both patron and prime-mover. She was mighty good-looking and mighty good company too. I believe she had more animal spirits, more *vis viva*, than her brothers and sisters all combined. She and I were warm friends, notwithstanding I think she looked on me a little askance as one whose loyalty was not above suspicion and who did not have a clean bill of health; I always came short of being a confederate.

Susie Minor made no secret of her pure ambition to be a college belle on the highest level or at least high enough to be above reproach.

She had observed while yet in her teens that students in general, and hard-working students in particular, who burned midnight oil and were exemplary young men, eligible, so to speak, fairly flocked to places of public entertainment (that, Goodness knows, were few and far between in horse-and-buggy days); and she never forgot that first proposition in her plane geometry of byways and highways of boys on the march. As well as I could make out, her "object all sublime" was to emulate Petronius Arbiter and be a source or begetter of "innocent merriment." She had all the qualifications for her high calling: a real genius for inventing and producing recreation that was both wholesome and enjoyable, untiring industry, abounding zeal, consecration and authority. When Susie Minor put her shoulder to the plough, she left no stone unturned, the whole community was roused, and Susie let it be known, from the pulpit, in the *Charlottesville Chronicle* and in the *University Magazine*, that every able-bodied man, woman and child was expected to do his duty; in a word, as much as a month before the show was to take place Susie Minor was like Lord Nelson on the eve of Trafalgar. She used to say that Rome was not built in a day, and over and over again that the Pyramids of Egypt were there to this day because Egyptians were like brothers, and every man from Pharaoh to the lowest *fellah* on the Nile lent a hand and helped to drag the huge blocks of stone through all that sand and lift them into place.

Now that selfsame evening when I had the honour of being introduced to Loulie Abbot was a crucial hour also in the production of Susie's "Roman Triumph", which had been advertised for more than a month already and was due to be exhibited in two or three days. The "Roman Triumph" was a pageant and spectacle far beyond anything that had ever been seen in old Virginia since the battle of Yorktown; reporters for the Richmond and Washington newspapers tried in vain to describe it when it was fresh in memory; I dare not venture to do so again after the lapse of all the years since my student days. It turned out to be Susie Minor's *chef d'oeuvre* or "fifth symphony," so to speak; yet so ephemeral are the greatest deeds of mortal man or woman, who (save only me) is alive on earth today that can remember Susie's triumph? and how the welkin rang that day when the procession marched in pomp from the portico of the Rotunda, down the steps, and on The Lawn to the apex of The Triangle? Then Cecil de Mille was a bare-foot urchin just released from a pinafore nor had he ever dreamed of motion-pictures, much less of his own *Quo Vadis* and "The Greatest Show on Earth." Susie Minor, who preceded and long ante-dated him, lacked many of his most effective theatrical

properties; she had no elephants and buffaloes, no leopards and tigers, all alive and picturesque and at her beck and call; but what Susie needed in the way of scenery and material she supplied by her own genius and imagination. I saw her tableaux and heard the shouts of the populace; I lived to see de Mille's *Quo Vadis* too and read about it in the *New Yorker*; and I am here to say that the "Roman Triumph" was by all odds the greatest show on earth. Before Susie Minor had so much as begun to equip a single centurion in all that host of *dramatis personae*, she had been at pains to study Lemprière's *Bibliotheca Classica* (or dictionary of the ancient world) literally from cover to cover; Rome from Romulus and Remus to the Age of the Antonines was in her bones and on the tip of her tongue; "the gorgeous East" and grim Carthage too were before her eyes; and she had threaded her way through the three parts of all Gaul and penetrated even to Britain perhaps as far as Stonehenge; she could tell at a glance the difference between Titus Labiénus, who commanded the Tenth Legion, and Vercingetorix, who was great Caesar's thorn in the flesh. Chock full of accurate and trustworthy information, Susie Minor was prepared to pick out with an unerring eye the Charlottesville citizen (for example, Mr. Lewis Hanckel) who most closely resembled Hannibal, and by the time she had found the suitable materials at Miss Oberdorfer's shop on Main Street, cut out a Carthaginian uniform and sewed it together, and finally arrayed the chosen vessel in it, I pledge you my word there was Hannibal as lifelike as when he came from his mother's womb, only a big fellow now and far more authentic than Madame Tussaud's wax effigy.

There never was any question about Hannibal's apparel and manly appearance; yet Dr. Heath Dabney, who was an unimpeachable authority on History, complained bitterly that there was no justification for his appearance at all in a Roman Triumph. This dispute was a sore subject all the rest of that session; as well as I remember, Miss Susie stood her ground and used to say that to her way of thinking, a Roman Triumph without Hannibal was as unthinkable as a full moon without the man in it.

Of course, I was not a competent critic of Susie Minor's works, yet even I had some little misgivings with respect to the details of some compositions; much in the same way as a layman may venture to point out defects in Michael Angelo's "David." My friend Julian Wells from Charleston, S. C., who lived next door to me when I roomed on Monroe Hill, had an humble part in the Roman Triumph. He was not conspicuous, and I doubt whether the ordinary spectator noticed him at all in that big procession, yet I waved to him as he strode past me and called out from under the arcade, "Julian, Julian, what art thou?" He cupped his two

hands in front of his mouth as if to guard the secret from any ears but mine, and I caught the word that issued from his lips; all he said was, "Eunuch!" To this day I believe it was gross injustice to Julian Wells; I think he was miscast.

In viewing a Roman Triumph the spectator should come prepared to behold some poor wretch or other whose abject plight will open the bowels of compassion, a captive king, a weeping maiden, a wounded soldier. I suppose I have a tender heart; though Alexander the Great was one of my favourite heroes in boyhood, I remember well it was as much as I could do to keep from sobbing aloud when I read about

"Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate."

Therefore, you may imagine the sympathy I felt when I gazed upon Zenobia in Susie Minor's Roman Triumph! Verily, weighed down with diamonds and loaded with chains, I believe she was the most woe-begone sight that was ever seen, before or since, on The Lawn of the University of Virginia.

I must admit that readers of this story have a right to sigh and think that a dismal prospect lies before them unless the *tempo* quickens, for it is only too true, not an inch of progress has been made since this chapter opened. Yet how could I help being carried away and diverted by the recollection of that famous Roman Triumph, all the gaiety of the victors and all the woe of the vanquished? As far as this narrative is concerned, there has not yet been a rehearsal of that pageant, it is almost a whole week before the real performance, it is still the evening of Loulie Abbot's arrival at "Uncle John's", and I cannot remember whether I have already mentioned that she had come for the express purpose of being Queen of the Amazons. I must remind you of the scene of confusion in that crowded parlour when I happened to "drop in" (as we were wont to say when we came to spend the evening from supper to bedtime, with or without any expectation of cakes and ale); everybody was talking at once; not a single seat was vacant; tables, chairs and sofas were piled up with robes and habiliments; it was hard to avoid stepping on the theatrical properties scattered about in heaps on the floor, swords and pikes, helmets and shields, sceptres and truncheons. Susie Minor was here, there and everywhere, distributing implements and tools, scissors and knives, needles and thimbles, tinsel and tissue-paper. She never once forgot her manners and duties as hostess; she paused *en passant* and held out

her hand to me, but only two fingers. I was aware that I had no business on the premises; I remembered that just a day or two ago, when two or three were gathered together under the arcade within earshot of the Minors' open windows, I had foolishly boasted that no power on earth could make me don a toga or throw a leopard's hide carelessly over my bare shoulders. No wonder Miss Susie (who of course had overheard) greeted me a little coldly and, as it were, suspiciously. She despised a marplot; a Laodicean, who was lukewarm, was unpleasant enough, but a wolf in sheep's clothing ought to be driven out of doors; Susie was not quite sure whether I was the one or the other; in either case she would have preferred that I had stayed at home and minded my own business. I was a little mortified by her coolness, but I had no notion of absconding.

On the contrary, I was already engrossed in a logomachy with Loulie Abbot; here was a new kind of girl with repertoire and repartee both, a real novelty on The Lawn. I was just beginning to find out her mission. Whether by special delivery letter or instantaneous telegram, she had been summoned from her nest at a place called Bellevue (which might have been in the West Indies for all I knew): "Come over into Macedonia and help us!" The message was like that. However it was worded, Loulie responded with alacrity, put on her hat, caught the first train for Charlottesville, and arrived soon after breakfast; and had been busy as a beaver ever since, making her costume with the help of Susie and her minions. By supper-time it was nearly finished, trimmed with burnished gold, spread out across the counterpane of the bed in her room upstairs, and ready to be tried on for a first inspection and all the little amendments and finishing touches that have to be made before a young lady's new garment is pronounced to be perfect.

Of course, everybody, including myself, was eager to have a pre-view of the Queen of the Amazons arrayed in all her majesty. Susie herself escorted Loulie upstairs and not only helped her to change her dress but made her let down her lovely hair that fell, like Lady Godiva's, below her knees. She wore a breastplate that was a match for Achilles' shield, a bronze helmet was on her head, and in her right hand she held a sharp-pointed spear long enough, if only it had been strong enough, to pierce the "tough bull-hide" of a wild boar in the forest of Ardennes. Had a real, honest-to-Goodness Amazon stood beside Loulie Abbot that evening in Mr. Minor's drawing-room, the poor thing would have blushed for shame and fled through the front door to the Ragged Mountains to hide her diminished head. I know I blushed, not from shame, but from sheer admiration. I had read about

Amazons without much curiosity, never dreaming any one of them would ever come my way or even cross my path. Just a few minutes ago I had stood in the presence of this tall and comely country lass and been a little bewildered and fascinated too by her poise and perfect simplicity; now here she was again arrayed as an Amazon Queen, six feet high in her sandals, and higher still with that big helmet on her head, and, *mirabile dictu!* in all the plumage of her down-spread hair, armed to the teeth withal. It was as much as I could do to keep from falling on my knees and begging her to spare my life.

From that hour I knew in advance that Loulie Abbot was destined to be the *prima donna* of Susie Minor's Roman Triumph.

However, time was flowing past, and much was yet to do; other costumes had to be designed and made; other aspirants, male and female, were waiting to be metamorphosed into ancient scamps and vixens, Medes and Persians, Hittites and Mesopotamians. We could not sit there and stare with delight at Loulie Abbot all night long.

Besides, one essential item still remained to be added to Loulie's gown; it was a *sine quâ non*, the badge of an Amazon, so to speak; yet it was a puzzle and a stumbling-block to all the scribes and chief priests assembled that evening to iron out the minutiae of dress and accoutrements. In order to be right and proper, Loulie's long-flowing robe needed to be trimmed all around the bottom with a gilt border of Wall of Troy *appliqué*, and the difficulty was to obtain a pattern. Needless to say, I was completely stumped; I did not understand a word of all that was being said. Loulie said it was a pity she had not been notified as to what was needed before she left Bellevue, because ever since she was knee-high to a duck there had been a Wall of Troy beneath the wooden mantelpiece in the back parlour, and it would have been the easiest thing on earth for her to have made a rough drawing of it on a big sheet of wrapping paper; and then I was more confused than ever. Everybody was downcast, nonplussed; at one time it almost seemed as if there was nothing to do but to send Loulie back home to Bellevue and, if necessary, fetch the mantelpiece itself; and then it was that I rallied and brought my mind to bear on the subject. Ever since Loulie came downstairs and entered the room in all her glory, my enthusiasm for the Roman Triumph had been rising steadily like a thermometer on a hot day in August. Inwardly I decided that if a Wall of Troy was all that was needed to put the thing over and make that pageant a howling success, I myself would procure it, even if I had to go to Monticello and steal it under the eye of old Mrs. Levy; I recalled that Sir Galahad had gone in quest of the Holy Grail without ever having seen it or even knowing what it looked like. By

that time I was beginning to have an inkling of the business; I knew that the thing they were after was a pattern of something. I rose from the lowly cushion on which I had been crouching and bowed to Miss Loulie, I daresay I put my hand on my heart; with the utmost composure I told her that by to-morrow I would obtain a pattern of Wall of Troy if there was any such thing to be found in Albemarle, and put it in her lap. Without waiting for a reply, I strode from her presence, picked up my rather disreputable hat on the hall-table, and went out into the darkness of the night. Standing near the centre of gravity of The Triangle on The Lawn, I looked up at the starry sky; it was nearly midnight, the Great Bear was in the place appointed for that hour. I needed guidance and turned to look at the north star before going to my room (which was just a few yards away). "What in the hell is a Wall of Troy?" I murmured softly, wistfully, gazing steadfastly due north. I went to bed in perplexity, fell asleep, and got up early next morning. I had no thought of going to lectures that day. Immediately after breakfast I repaired to the Library, which then, and for many years afterwards, was an humble, rather solitary sanctuary in the gallery ("whispering gallery") of the Rotunda. Whether Mr. Baker, who had lost his leg in the civil war and had to go on crutches, was Librarian then or Mr. Fred Page, who I know succeeded him, I cannot recall; to each of them I was indebted for many favours in my college days.*

Well (to make a long story short, as my custom is), the Librarian unearthed for me a pile of old portfolios, atlases, etc. heaped up in a dark corner and laden with dust; I daresay they came originally from Monticello and had not been molested since the day they were dumped there on the floor. It was just possible that a Wall of Troy lay hidden in one of those ancient repositories; I sat down amongst them and laboriously began to examine each in turn. Sure enough, in spite of bookworms and cobwebs, and by dint of much searching, I found at last, folded in a volume of beautiful drawings, a large pen-and-ink delineation of Wall of Troy, and treasure trove it was to me! I borrowed the precious volume, dust and all; it was heavy to carry, but I took it down-hill to Olivier's bookshop, purchased from Mr. Bruffey behind the counter at least a yard of transparent oil-paper, and, lying flat on my stomach on top of the counter, painstakingly traced over the entire pattern with pen dipped in India ink. Before the clock on the Rotunda struck noon, I had restored the heavy volume to its lowly

* Mr. Baker was the father of Morton Baker who, according to my recollection, was a teacher at Bellevue one session in the 1890's and was one of Loulie Abbot's beaux.

place on the floor of the Library (where I suppose it reposed in comfort until the Alderman Library was built). I hastened thence to my room, 34 East Lawn, took a bath, brushed my clothes and brushed my hair (all needful operations and the least I could do after being on such terms of intimacy with those old tomes in the Library and being smeared too with Mr. Bruffey's coal-black India ink); and then, with my oil-paper copy rolled up like a diploma and tied with a purple ribbon in one hand and a walking-stick in the other hand, I sauntered down the arcade to Mr. Minor's front door and rang the bell. I could hear "Uncle Alfred," the grey-haired old butler, shuffling along the hall on his way to open the door, but that was the only sound inside where all was hubbub the night before. The door opened, I could see the parlour was empty, and Uncle Alfred, as if to bar my entrance, announced that the young ladies were all upstairs; which was his way of saying that by this time I ought to know the shop-hours. I brushed past him and called upstairs: "Tell Miss Loulie here's her Wall of Troy!" Instantly, chamber-doors flew open, low, angelic voices floated down the steps, and before I knew what had happened, both Susie Minor and Loulie Abbot were standing there before me, all in a flutter—they must have slid down the bannisters, but if so, it was in a moment when my eyes were closed. I remember the scene indistinctly, yet I am positive both girls clasped my hands, and that by itself elevated my pride to a pitch like that of Malvolio. I never was more stately. Susie begged me to stay to lunch, and I declined; I said I was in the devil of a hurry, and I shouted back over my shoulder, as I strutted away, and flourished my cane, "Farewell, dear hearts, for I must leave you now; Maggie Mason in her dog-cart is waiting for me in my alley yonder!" (The alley-way that led up from East Range to Colonel Venable's pavilion or, what was practically the same thing, to the back of my room on East Lawn.)

Now I have reached the end of a long story; it must be perfectly plain why the title of this chapter is "Egotistical." Yet after all, this recital is not so much vain-glorious as it is just another instance of the well-tested fact that truth, though crushed to earth, comes out at last. Undoubtedly, the heroine and bright particular star of the Roman Triumph was Loulie Abbot; she stood at the head of the procession and was the cynosure of every eye; she outshone Hebe Harrison (if indeed Hebe was there that day, for now, when I come to think of it, that Bird of Paradise had already been wedded to Upton Muir, the first of her three bridegrooms, and had flown with him to Kentucky). As for me on that gala occasion, it is not a matter of importance either

now or then; I was nowhere to be seen unless you chanced to saunter down the dim arcade on West Lawn past the habitation of "Dismal Jimmy" (such was the hapless sobriquet of Professor James Mercer Garnett, though it might have been applied to me that day, "a thing of shreds and patches," leaning like the "maiden all forlorn" against the white-washed pillar in front of Professor Garnett's door). To all intents and purposes, I was a complete nonentity, and I inwardly resented my insignificance. There in the shadow, amidst the shouts and applause that rent the air, I muttered in the form of a crude syllogism: without me, no Wall of Troy; without Wall of Troy, no Loulie Abbot as Queen of the Amazons, creating all this furor; the conclusion being that but for me, the Roman Triumph might have turned out to be a flat failure. So saying, I took out my watch, saw that I still had time to walk to "Clermont" and get there in time for supper, and proceeded accordingly. Seated at the table opposite Maggie Mason, I recovered completely, for she had the knack of putting me in a good humour.

Next day, without my knowing it, Loulie Abbot, at the height of her fame, went back home to Old Bellevue. As soon as I heard of her departure, I had another fit of blues, which was probably dispelled by the same remedy I had resorted to the evening before. Loulie made a big hit during that short visit to her cousins on The Lawn and got compliments from the whole community enough to turn her head; yet as far as I know, that was the first and last time she ever slept under "Uncle John's" roof. During the next five or six years, until long after I had left college, she frequently visited other homes in Albemarle and was known pretty widely all over the county; but I seldom caught sight of her, and then only for a few minutes at a time. We were like two minor planets each going round and round in its own orbit, with irregular conjunctions at intervals about as far apart as lunar eclipses. Nevertheless, there was a mutual attraction, a secret fondness for each other, and though other walls may have divided us, Wall of Troy remained a bond of union.

The impression Loulie Abbot left upon me in consequence of our brief collision was akin to the impact of a powerful breeze puffed full in my face over the tops of the Peaks of Otter (to which she had affectionately alluded in trying to make me understand where Bellevue was on the map).

To this day the Peaks of Otter are inseparably associated with all my fond recollections of Loulie; they and Loulie were like Siamese twins as long as Loulie lived. I can see her now as she

used to sit on the front porch at Old Bellevue, hands folded in her lap, and gaze wistfully at those mountains she had known from childhood and loved so well.

I took in at first glance that she was whole-souled, open-hearted, quick-witted, high-spirited, and extraordinarily handsome too; only, about two sizes too big as compared with the little maidens of Lilliput with whom my lot had hitherto been cast. I took a fancy to her from the start, put her on my visiting list, and had every intention of making further investigation. Alas! as too often happens in this vale of tears,

“The best-laid plans o’ mice an’ men
Gang aft agley.”

Nearly a whole decade went slowly past before I pursued my study and found out that Loulie Abbot was worth far more than any fleeting wind blown from a mountain cave, sweet and refreshing as such a zephyr can be when ozone in the air is like a boon from heaven; for when at last I came to know her well and intimately, the riches of her heart and mind were for me priceless and inexhaustible.

As well as I remember, it was that same Indian Summer (1889), not long after Loulie’s triumph and departure, that I met her father and mother for the first time also; little dreaming how close and dear (like Loulie herself) they would be to me in years to come. Mr. and Mrs. Abbot were at Mr. Minor’s house for a short visit, perhaps just for the week-end (though it seems to me week-ends did not cut any ice in Virginia until the Ford car revolutionised all our ways for weal or woe); and as a matter of course, they were promptly invited to dinner at Colonel Venable’s next door, not only because they were very eminent visitors, but above all for “auld acquaintance” sake and ancient ties of friendship.

Mrs. Venable (formerly Mrs. Thompson Brown, *née* Mary Martha Southall, 1834-1920) was my Aunt Mary; she and Lucy Ridgway Minor Abbot were friends from girlhood. One of Mr. Abbot’s pupils in Charlottesville (as has been mentioned) was Colonel Venable’s son Francis Preston Venable (d. 1934), afterwards Professor of Chemistry and President of the University of North Carolina. (Frank Venable was the choice of many members of the faculty for first president of the University of Virginia.)

That session (1889-90) was the year when I was Colonel Venable’s private secretary (and unofficial instructor in mathematics) and in that capacity had my meals in his house; thus I enjoyed a high privilege and a first-rate restaurant at the same time. Accordingly, when Mr. and Mrs. Abbot came to dinner, I was on hand for the

same function and had the honour of being introduced to them. All I knew in advance about the distinguished guests was that they were Loulie Abbot's parents, and that Mr. Abbot, so elegantly groomed and emphatic in speech, was the famous Principal of Bellevue High School. Mrs. Abbot I could not place at all and certainly did not take in that she was the great Mr. Minor's *bonâ fide* niece: she seemed to be very pleasant and affable, but what I remember best is that she wore a bonnet that I thought was rather old-fashioned and out of date. I daresay she asked me some questions about my father and told me how frequently she used to spend the night in my grandfather's home that was one of the landmarks of Charlottesville until it was pulled down and General Lee's equestrian statue was erected on the site. However, I remained very much in the background and never put in a word in the animated conversation around that bountiful table. Like "old time religion," the victuals were good enough for me, and if that day I heeded a single individual in the dining room more than another, I daresay I kept my eye most of all on the butler, ebon George, who was subservient to Aunt Mary but sometimes double-crossed me as being a hanger-on and superfluous poor relation. Cantey Venable, middle one of Colonel Venable's three daughters, an exceedingly intelligent and alert young lady, sat next to me at the table, and we conversed together in whispers between mouthfuls. Every now and then I pricked up my ears and listened to the repartee and salvoes of the big guns at the other end of the table, without being particularly attentive. I noticed that Mr. Abbot was rather aggressive when it was his turn to put in a word, and it seemed to me he was too dogmatic. While I was not prepared to say "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell," it is not unlikely that I did murmur some judgment like that, half playfully, in Miss Cantey's wide-open ear. When Mr. Abbot laid down a proposition, he scowled in conclusion and looked around at his audience; and then I was glad that I was at the far end of the table with a conscience void of offence.

In justice to Mr. Abbot, it is only fair to say that his conscience was void of offence also; he was without guile and had no malice. It never entered his head to be rude or unmannerly.

Mr. Abbot was a man accustomed to authority at home and determined to maintain it abroad. His company manners were not different from his ordinary manners; he was never two-faced and adaptable. His real difficulty was that he was transparent; that is a virtue and at the same time a liability. It exposed him to ridicule.

Mr. Abbot laid himself open to criticism without being aware of it. For example, if Colonel Venable or, for that matter, Grover Cleveland himself (for whom he had the sincerest admiration) was

present and mispronounced the word "décade" (with the "e" long instead of short) or accented the wrong syllable in "decádence"), Mr. Abbot, who on such occasions was no respecter of persons, deemed it to be his bounden duty to point out the offence then and there. He tried to be as gentle as possible, and doubtless would say in conclusion, "My dear sir, we all know that to err is human; go, and sin no more!"

Long before I ever knew Mr. Abbot, my uncle, who was a prominent lawyer in Charlottesville, related an amusing anecdote about him. He and Mr. Abbot were old friends from youth. My uncle made a speech at a meeting of the Virginia Bar Association at the White Sulphur Springs. Mr. Abbot was in the audience on that occasion and enjoyed my uncle's speech so much that the first thing he did on returning home to Bellevue was to send him a postcard of congratulation. He appended a postscript somewhat as follows; "By the way, my dear sir, that passage you attributed to Julius Caesar actually fell from the lips of Marcus Brutus, chief of Caesar's assassins." My uncle kept this card as a souvenir, and chuckled when he showed it to me, saying, "Abbot is a school-master, in school and out. The other day at the White Sulphur I overheard him telling Judge Robertson that 'páriah' was not a rhyme for 'María' ! "

A stranger meeting Mr. Abbot for the first time was apt to go away with a totally wrong impression of him; he might think he was a pedant and a bully, whereas he was neither. It takes time and study to analyze our fellow man, even though he is Simple Simon.

Unfortunately, first impressions that are never corrected by a second imprint can be the bases of estimates and judgments that often enough are wide of the mark. For instance, I recall a cheerful day outdoors when I was sitting with a company of ladies and gentlemen around Mr. Minor's front door. One of the persons present was a prominent citizen of Danville, Va., a man much older than I was, widely known as "Boss" Harrison. That was the first and only time I ever saw him; whether it was on account of his nickname, his big talk, or his big feet or all in a lump, I took a strong dislike to him. Yet he was held in high esteem not only by his close friends but by those who were far better qualified than I was to have an opinion one way or the other.

As I have said, Mr. Abbot was open to inspection, inwardly as well as outwardly. The warts were all on the surface and obvious at first sight, but the longer you looked at them and the plainer they were, curiously enough, the less they mattered; the metal itself was sterling. Now that is a certificate of character few men live to obtain; it does not condone the blemishes, it does not wipe out the spots, it merely outweighs them completely.

I came away from Aunt Mary's dinner with rather less dyspepsia

than usual and in perfect good humour; I thought no more of Mr. and Mrs. Abbot; if I had any hard feeling, it was all meant for the butler; I opened a volume entitled *Vibratory Motion and Sound* (signifying nothing, though it was a bugbear and a thorn in the flesh) and tried hard to establish the connection between that oracular text-book and the lecture in Senior Natural Philosophy I had heard that morning from the lips of Professor Smith (to whom in my ignorant adoration I had erected an altar inscribed "To the unknown god"). Gradually as I sunk deeper in that book, Aunt Mary's dinner-party faded from my mind; and it was years afterwards when I was transported to Old Bellevue before the recollection of it came back to me, nearly as dim then as it is now.

My second year in college (1889-90) was a time of wonder and a time of anxiety also. Without premonition and naked as a new-born babe, of my own accord I had plunged rashly, head foremost, so to speak, into what was for me at that time an entirely new world of study and adventure, the wide domain of natural philosophy; and was both bewildered and fascinated. Ignorant and lacking guidance, I undertook the uphill task of trying to graduate in the two schools of physics and chemistry in one and the same year. It was too late to turn back after I once got started; the least I could do was to turn aside from "Calico" (which was the disrespectful name we used for what our fathers gallantly called "the fair sex") and be a probationer on the portico of the Temple of Science and devoted to my high calling. Figuratively speaking, I fell prostrate at the feet of Sir Isaac Newton (whose name Professor Smith pronounced with the same awe and obeisance that were manifest in his *ex cathedrâ* salutations to Jehovah); and if I ever once rose from my knees that whole year, it was a transient change of attitude and doubtless due to circumstances beyond my control. That act of worship was a turning point in my career.

However, other cares occupied me at that time also. I was even more devoted to my father in Richmond than I was to Sir Isaac Newton up there on the top rung of the ladder of science. My father's health broke down and he had to retire from active work. These domestic affairs weighed heavily on me in the critical years of my apprenticeship in the Temple of Science, the years of "plain living and high thinking," of consecration and hard labour. Youth is not the bed of roses it appears to be in retrospect over the long trail of time in the rear.

The little family that had flourished in Richmond a score of years or more (ever since my mother's wedding-day in 1869 in her

father's home in Norfolk) pulled up stakes and moved to Norfolk in 1890; and thereafter that ancient port was the home of my father, James Cocke Southall (1828-1897), my mother, Eliza Frances Sharp (1846-1919), and my sister, Evelyn Henry Southall (1873-1924), who remained single. Evelyn died in the midstream of life, yet lives still in my heart and fond recollection, a charming lady all the days of her life. Father, mother and sister, each a notable human being once upon a time, all lie buried side by side in old Elmwood Cemetery. (See *Virginia Mag. of History & Biography*, Vol. 45, 294-299 and 301).

When was it, that day long, long ago when dear Jeannie Abbot sallied forth from Old Bellevue "in maiden meditation fancy free" and, as luck would have it, hove in sight above my horizon for the first time? I have gone back to that day many and many a time since then, yet, strange to say, have never been able to fix the date, memorable as it was, and historic too. My firm belief is it was *Anno Domini* 1890, perhaps six months or more before Mattie Minor's wedding in October.

Mattie Minor married Conway Whittle Sams of Norfolk, and I know Jeannie was at that wedding and doubtless was a bridesmaid. I was not there but was in Richmond, a greenhorn teacher in McGuire's School after its removal from Gamble's Hill to the corner of Monroe Park on Belvidere Street. I was not very attentive to my post but was mighty attentive to Sally Randolph all that year (1890-91). She died of typhoid fever at Mr. Minor's house, June 1891, just after the Finals at the University. Her blossom-time was short, but oh! how sweet and lovely Sally Randolph was, who ne'er forgot shall be!

As in Loulie's case several months before, Jeannie had come on a visit to her Minor cousins (and doubtless to Estelle Burthe also, who by this time was a full-fledged college belle and a live wire in Dr. Mallet's home); but unlike Loulie, Jeannie came noiselessly and, so to speak, subtly; she was pure dynamite. How was I to know she was charged like a Leyden Jar and at least twice as dangerous?

I like that simile; only, Jeannie's voltage was much higher than the capacity of any Leyden Jar in Professor Smith's laboratory in the bowels of the earth at the bottom of the old "Annex" building. I was familiar with that ingenious apparatus and quite used to being shocked by it. In those primitive days when the dynamo was still in its infancy and rather clumsy, pretty much all the electricity we knew about was electrostatics (of the hair-raising variety that stemmed back to ancient Greece). Our main text-book was Cumming's *Theory of Electricity*, a gruesome volume, in which the leading actor, as I recall it, was a Leyden Jar (sometimes several of them in series); on the other hand, the word "current" was a *hapax legomenon* in those pages, if indeed it occurred even once.

I came into Jeannie's presence without previous warning; if I had any armour at all, it was the breastplate of innocence which I wore day and night (just like the corset I have on now), and, needless to say, it was wholly unsuited to the encounter. No sooner had I entered the room and stood face to face with Jeannie Abbot than I was bowled over. A Japanese wrestler never executed a neater trick of subversion! My recollection is that I found a chair and sat there stunned for an hour at least; for all I know, Cupid was hiding behind the chair and splitting his sides with suppressed laughter; I sat there wrapped in my cloak of innocence. I never suspected that I had been dealt even so much as a flesh-wound; as I have said, I knew I was stunned and maybe in a coma; I did not dream then or until long afterwards that I had had a knock-out blow.

According to my experience (which is quite wide and varied), the act of "falling in love" in dead earnest is, as a rule, not nearly so quick and sudden as that phrase seems to imply; the acceleration is usually much slower than that of an apple dropping to the ground from the limb of a tree. I am willing to admit that the transaction is a steady downward pull that never lets go until the bottom is reached, and to that extent it is like the force of gravity; but whereas the fall of an apple to the ground takes only a second or two, falling in love may take several years before the operation is thoroughly completed. Whether Ovid or any of my predecessors has ever noticed this particular peculiarity in *The art of love*, I know not, for I am not in the habit of reading the learned works of writers on that subject; at any rate, my comments concerning the difference between the fall of man and the fall of an apple are original and the result of my own study.

Here I am tempted to relate an incident in my life that really has no connection with the episode of my first encounter with Jeannie Abbot; yet by way of allegory the two adventures, different as they are from each other, have a close resemblance.

A singular thing happened to me once in the midst of a violent thunder storm. A large company was at my house for dinner, I got up from the table and rushed upstairs to close a window over the iron radiator in my dressing room, in order to keep out the rain which was coming down in torrents. Just as I had succeeded in my purpose, a flash of lightning and a simultaneous burst of thunder leapt from the dark cloud over the house-top and seemed to hurl me to the other side of the room. I was completely stunned by the shock, but quickly recovered, went downstairs, and half-jokingly reported that I had been struck by lightning. Everybody was very serious; that last outburst had been too close to be comfortable. When the storm subsided and we had finished the dessert, the guests rose from the table in a gay mood. My nearest companion put his arm around me, and said jocularly, "Perhaps you were struck by lightning; I smell brimstone this instant." Another friend

called out from the sitting room, "Look, see here what's happened to the big fire-place!" A pile of chimney-bricks were strewn over the hearth, soot scattered over the matting. I hurried upstairs again to investigate the bedroom and the hearth up there that was connected with the same chimney. There was a hole in the side of the house big enough for a horse and wagon to come through; tiny holes were drilled through the wall and wainscoting into my dressing room next to the bedroom; telephone wire and electric light wire were scattered over the floor. The bolt of lightning had done its work, and some fraction of it had indeed passed through my body from head to foot.

A stroke of some kind (I know now, but did not know then) passed through me like lightning that day I stood in Jeannie Abbot's presence for the first time in my life.

Dear Jeannie Abbot, who ever beheld thee for the first time, and did not pause and wonder? Thou didst dawn upon my sight

"Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

I cannot remember one word of the conversation that ensued; yet I remember well enough that I strove to be equal to the occasion, knowing I could not equal her in any way under the sun. I put my best foot forward and, I daresay, was ludicrous enough, as young collegians are wont to be, uttering first one platitude and then another and giving myself airs like Robin Redbreast when he plumes his feathers in front of the fair one on the limb above him; yet I could never reach Jeannie Abbot's level.

As I have said, that brief hour in her presence is all too vague for reminiscence. Besides, I was dizzy, and when at last I withdrew and got back to my own little chamber just a few doors away, I changed to my dressing-gown, sank down in my sleepy-hollow chair with the lapboard in front of me, and, just as if nothing had happened and it was an ordinary evening, I went on burning the midnight oil. I plunged into work. For all I know, that may have been the night of one of my hardest tasks or, strictly speaking, one of several strenuous nights in succession, when the particular business on hand was the derivation of the quartic equation of Fresnel's wave-surface according to the Undulatory Theory of Light. The first step in that grand enterprise was to eliminate Jeannie Abbot from my system; and it is strange how I did it, not knowing what the ailment was or even that I was ailing at all. I attributed the dizziness to "dyspepsia," which was the name of a disease that pestered me all the days of my youth. (Old Dr. Skelton in Richmond, who was our family physician, gave it that name, long

before I went to college, and it went by that name ever afterwards.) When a rat has been poisoned by arsenic, instinctively, without a moment's delay, he rushes off in search of water, and if he finds it in time, he may recover and be a fairly good rat for a long time to come. I cured my dyspepsia, dizziness or whatever it was by a strong dose of Fresnel's patent medicine, went to bed soon after midnight, slept as peacefully as Sir John Falstaff, and rose next morning feeling rather jaunty; and immediately after breakfast I went back to "hunting the snark," which was my playful name for the pursuit of physics and keeping in Professor Smith's good graces. I suppose fair Jeannie Abbot went back to Old Bellevue or she may have tarried a day or two longer with Estelle Burthe; at any rate it was a long time before our orbits intersected again. She was not out of my system; on the contrary, she abided there from that day to this, but for the time being I ceased to be dizzy. The proof that she was lurking around and creating a disturbance in my bones was sometimes very plain to me; for example, one day when Nanny Minor and I were strolling together towards the cemetery, as was our wont, I blushed and said quite casually: "What ever became of that Miss Jeannie Abbot? You know I took a fancy to that girl!"

Lines of force as in a magnetic field instantly stretched between me and Jeannie Abbot whenever I was near enough to see and feel her presence; and I believe now (though it never would have occurred to me then) that from the very beginning there was a natural and mutual attraction. To a certain extent I was at a great disadvantage in this interplay. This fair and radiant maiden was two or three years older than I was, and ever so much more mature, better educated and altogether wiser than the callow youth who sat beside her in Mr. Minor's drawing-room, probably discoursing about Browning, Schopenhauer and persons and things that were far over his head. I must have quickly realised that I was no match for her and abandoned the chase ere it really had begun. During the next two or three years before I left college, we saluted each other perhaps once or twice like ships that pass in the night and yet are loath to part. As I look back on that session 1889-90, and recall first Loulie, then her father and mother, and last of all peerless "Miss Jeannie" herself, four notable Abbots of Old Bellevue, each of whom in succession rocked my little boat and then passed on, all within a short span of my early college days, it seems to me now, predestination was already beginning to be manifest, little as I pieced together the isolated phenomena at the time.

Bill Abbot (Wm. R. Abbot III, called "Willy" at home), eldest of the three Abbot boys, had been a pupil in his father's school seven years

before he came to college in 1890-91. His first session was the year when I was a teacher back in McGuire's School in Richmond, and consequently Bill and I did not get acquainted with each other until the following session 1891-92 when I returned to the University to continue my studies and was an embryo instructor in physics. He and his boon companion "Ollic" Catchings (another old Bellevue boy, son of Congressman Oliver Catchings of Mississippi), according to my dim recollection, had jointed the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity their first year in college, but Bill did not go well in harness, he did not like "entangling alliances," and for some reason or other he promptly seceded from this society, much to the consternation of his club-mates. Bill was absolutely independent and hewed his own way.

You could tell at a glance that Bill Abbot was a chip of the old block, manly and rugged like his father. The unevenness of his features, the singularity, almost uncouthness of his countenance, was what made him so good-looking and so engaging. He did not court popularity; on the contrary, popularity sought him out and was a favour he could not avoid. It seemed to be thrust on him. You hardly ever saw him on the campus when he was not surrounded by a group of subalterns who looked up to him and were his faithful and worshipful followers, glad to be seen in his company; for Bill Abbot was a natural-born captain, a man's man, as masculine through and through as his darling sister Jeannie was lovely and feminine. His real interest and his real triumph was in the arena and on the athletic field. There he was in his element and shone in his true colour, the observed of all observers, a gladiator by choice, a champion by acclamation. In his day, and long afterwards into the reign of Dr. Alderman, the overlord and arbiter of Athletics in the University of Virginia was Dr. Lambeth; the first time Bill Abbot played second-base on the 'Varsity Nine Dr. Lambeth hugged him to his breast and loved him evermore.*

Bill was no book-worm. I doubt whether he ever burned a drop of midnight oil in his student's lamp, except perhaps the night before examination when he was consumed by remorse and remembered his sire. The old gentleman dearly loved his first-born son and admired his prowess, yet he was disappointed in Bill's scholastic record, which I suspect was not much to be proud of; yet all I know for a fact is that in his last years in college (after my time) Bill abruptly ceased to gnaw at the liberal arts and science and was a full-fledged law student in the

* That was the famous team that won renown at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. All the players were stars: "Cap" Smith, Murray McGuire, Bill Abbot, Lee Marshall, Lee Thurman, and others of that ilk. Breckinridge Robertson was manager and Dr. Lambeth coach and high priest.

dominion of great-uncle John B. Minor. I know also that in due course (1895) he got his law-degree and a few years later was a promising young lawyer in Bedford City.

He and I liked and admired each other and were close friends without being intimate. Our tastes and pursuits were different, I was several years older and, besides, was nominally a member of the faculty, albeit on the lowest rung of the ladder, and that was a slight barrier between us. I was condescending to Bill, and Bill was respectful towards me.

It was a pleasure to be a listener when Bill Abbot engaged in an argument and upheld his side of the case, whatever the subject might be. He stuck to the point at issue, refused to be drawn into irrelevant discussion, and scorned to take an unfair advantage of his opponent. By the vigour and clarity of his mind he usually came off victor of the contest. The exhibition of skill and honesty in debate is one of the surest tests of a man's ability and character both.*

By good luck Charley Abbot, the elder of Bill's two younger brothers, came to college at the beginning of my last session (1892-93), and by good luck also he and I sat side by side in Col. Peters's Senior Latin Class and, almost like Siamese Twins, were the star-pupils that year; only he was a Freshman while I was a Senior, a classification that did not use to exist in Mr. Jefferson's "academic village." The chief difference between us as well as I remember was that Charley was young and docile, whereas I was old and cocky. He could obediently translate Latin *quominus* in Col. Peters's jargon "in order that whereby not", whereas I balked at that extravaganza of speech and tried to get around it. (Even Dr. Gildersleeve, whose English was usually as good as his Greek and Latin, was flabbergasted by *quominus*, for he renders it "that thereby the less," which seems to me to be no more elegant than Col. Peters's version.)

Outside the Latin class, Charley Abbot and I seldom came in contact. He lived somewhere below House E in Dawson's Row and was engrossed in study; for recreation he sat at the feet of Miss Mary Roscoe Randolph, Harrison Randolph's older unmarried sister, and steadfastly gazed in her eyes. Both were places of good report but off my beaten track. Except by way of Livy and Tacitus, Lucretius and Catullus, our paths in college did not often intersect. I knew that he

* This was a trait or a talent that not only Bill but all his brothers and sisters inherited from their father. Mr. Abbot's candour and deportment in serious controversy might well be copied. He listened patiently to every word spoken in rebuttal, brushed aside what was irrelevant, and freely conceded ground that was untenable. If he was vanquished, he admitted defeat. It was this outstanding veracity, this trustworthiness, conspicuous in each of his children, that elevated the Abbots above ordinary people.

was one of the most lovable fellows on earth, and I knew also that, like Bill Abbot, he was Jeannie Abbot's brother; but it never occurred to me then that Charley Abbot would one day be to me as Faithful was to Christian in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, my true brother as long as he lived. *Ave atque vale!*

CHAPTER IV

The Forest of Arden (without Rosalind), 1893-98

"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."
GRAY'S *Elegy*.

IN MY day the "Finals" of the University of Virginia began with the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday and ended with the Final Ball in the Rotunda Wednesday evening which lasted until dawn Thursday morning. Wednesday morning was a long and solemn function in the auditorium of the old "Annex" behind the Rotunda where in the august presence of the Board of Visitors and the assembled Faculty the good and faithful (like myself) were awarded their prizes and diplomas amid the shouts of the populace and to the tune of "Jemima's a Daisy" played by the Charlottesville Band with *abandon*. Then the audience, already reduced to stupour, was incontinently left to the tender mercies of the Alumni Orator. He was a highly distinguished gentleman who had spent a whole year preparing that oration and was as determined as Marc Antony over Caesar's dead body to unburden himself of every syllable of it. Long before the worthy man got to his peroration, his hearers had begun to melt away like snow in April; those who still sat upright in their seats were hardened fossils whom not even the angel of death could exterminate. The absconders were mostly youthful dissenters without any sense of decorum who had risen from their benches at an outburst of eloquence, couples of unblushing boys and girls, elbowed their way to the nearest aisle, and joyfully disappeared through the wide open door far to the rear. By one o'clock Wednesday afternoon the Lawn which had been thronged with men, women and children was as desolate as "a banquet hall deserted;" and "The Finals" of that session had passed into history.

By sunset I had said a fond farewell to the last one of my comrades and was solitary in my room next door to Col. Venable's pavilion. "Calico" (that is, woman) was beneath my notice; mine was not "a light, fantastic toe," and the thought of the Final Ball that night never entered my mind. I was meditating. Perched on the curved lid of my Saratoga trunk, with my chin in my hands, I was dependent on Special

Providence and asked myself quite seriously, Where do I go from here?

At least a month before the end of the session I had resigned my rather uncomfortable post of Instructor in Physics, being determined not to linger another year in the lap of *Alma Mater* on the pretext of being a post-graduate student. I argued that the kindly old lady had done all she could for me. I was averse to going to seed, as it seemed to me was the usual fate of a young instructor or fledgling who stuck close to the nest. Now I had come to the parting of the ways, yet had no plans and indeed did not know where I was to get my supper that evening; for the boarding-house had closed for the summer after breakfast. I was despondent.

There was a knock on the open door. A genial looking gentleman outside peered in the room and asked if I could tell him where Colonel Venable's house was. He said he was invited there to supper. I got on my feet and escorted him to Aunt Mary's door where she herself was standing at the moment to welcome him; for he was late already. She introduced me to her guest and, luckily enough, invited me to supper too. It was Special Providence, just what I had been hoping for.

Special Providence was a subject of debate in the 1880's and 1890's. I remember reading an article written by Archbishop Frederick Temple (1821-1902) in which the learned prelate took exception to the belief in Special Providence and disturbed many orthodox Christians. The bishop was an austere man who did not suffer fools gladly. The story was that a presumptuous fellow, who had a slight acquaintance with him, met him on the street one day and button-holed him. "Bishop," said he, "I have an aunt, an elderly lady, who lives in a suburb of London and has a job in town. Not once in thirty years has she ever failed to catch the 8:10 express every weekday, until last Friday when something unusual detained her, and she got to the station a minute late, the train had come and gone. That day for the first time in her life the fast express was derailed, 29 lives were lost! Don't you call that Special Providence?"—Dr. Temple glared at him a moment, wrenched himself loose, and ejaculated: "Humph! don't know your aunt!" and passed on.

The middle-aged gentleman whose acquaintance I made that evening was Captain Vawter, Superintendent of the Miller Manual Training School of Albemarle in the so-called Ragged Mountains about six miles from Crozet; without doubt one of the most intelligent, capable and dynamic personalities with whom I ever came in contact before or since. Yet he was a modest man withal, not given to blowing his own trumpet; on the contrary, we had to coax him to tell about his own exploits and the truly extraordinary accomplishments of his organisation of the first school of its kind anywhere in the South. I listened

intently to his story and from the outset conceived a high opinion of his genius and enthusiasm; which was more and more confirmed afterwards when I got to know him intimately. I think it must have been midnight when the company present that evening consented to let Captain Vawter go home.

The upshot of that conversation so far as I was concerned was that in less than a week I was offered the post of instructor in mathematics and physics (made vacant by the resignation of William J. Humphreys, who was afterwards very renowned) and by the advice of Col. Venable and Professor Smith was persuaded to accept it. It never occurred to me then that I would stay five years (1893-1898) at the Miller School. According to my recollection the salary at first was \$700, which subsequently was raised to \$900.

Taking everything into account, including the necessity of earning a livelihood, I believe I made a wise decision. In Captain Vawter's administration the Miller School was a unique and enlightened institution, and afforded me an opportunity of private study and individual development that was very unusual, doubtless such as I could not have obtained anywhere else. It was splendidly equipped, and I was given *carte blanche* to do pretty much as I pleased and carry out my own ideas. I was youthful, enthusiastic and ambitious; at the same time I was foolish and inexperienced. Some of my blunders were rash and inexcusable. One of them I remember to this day with more amusement than contrition. Through Mr. Yancey, the treasurer and book-keeper, I filed an order for a quantity of mercury for my laboratory to be purchased from Messrs. Eimer & Amend in New York, who supplied me and Tinsley (head of the Chemistry Department) with chemicals and glassware. My intention was to have on hand a reasonable amount, a dozen pounds or so, of this useful material, but by some inexplicable error the actual order turned out to be for a really prodigious quantity. Sent by freight in a huge iron jug, the size of a carboy, it was as much as all the man-power of Crozet could accomplish to lift this burden into the Miller School wagon. I daresay I had more mercury in my laboratory than there was altogether in the state of Virginia. It cost a big sum of money, and I ought to have had a good scolding. Another one of my follies was the construction of an insulated brick pier that ascended from the ground through the top floor of the two-storey laboratory building and was not subject to the tremours of the building itself. It was a square-yard in cross-section and would have answered the purpose just as well if it had been hollow inside, but I made it solid and used enough brick to build a whole house! That was very stupid; nevertheless, the physics laboratory I built at the

Miller School, with the help and expert advice of my colleague Charles Hancock (who was afterwards a distinguished professor in the University of Virginia), was, I believe, the most ingenious and best equipped workshop of the kind anywhere in the South at that time. It was my *chef-d'oeuvre*, and I have often wondered what became of it.

The Miller Manual Training School of Albemarle, founded for the education of poor children in the county of Albemarle, was delightfully situated in the heart of the Ragged Mountains on a tract of 75 acres of land; about six miles south of the Chesapeake & Ohio railway-station at Crozet. The school was connected with Crozet by a good macadam road. Handsomely endowed (for those days) by the will of Samuel Miller (1792-1869), the institution was built and organised in the 1880's and was a flourishing establishment in the 1890's, thoroughly up to date, with an enrollment of 500 pupils of both sexes. The entire population, including teachers, employees and servants, must have been close to 700 inhabitants.

The fountain-head and prime mover of this little community was the Superintendent, Captain Charles Erastus Vawter (1841-1905), a native of southwest Virginia, then (1893) at the zenith of his activity and renown. He was a pioneer in the field of industrial education in the South; his genius was equal to his enthusiasm. The Miller School Board was composed of John M. White (1846-1913), Judge of the Superior Court of Albemarle, U. S. Senator Thomas S. Martin (1847-1919), and Professor Francis H. Smith (1829-1928) of the University of Virginia; each of whom deferred to Captain Vawter and was guided by him in all their transactions.

Captain Vawter himself was the leading member of the Board of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg (closely associated with J. Thompson Brown of "Ivy Cliff" in Campbell County, a near neighbour of the Abbots of Old Bellevue); and several of the most important members of the faculty of that college were Miller School graduates.

If I am not mistaken, the first turbine water-wheel for the generation of electricity was the one installed in the power-plant of the Miller School by Captain Vawter's son-in-law Stonewall Tompkins (afterwards professor of Electrical Engineering in Clemson College).

Captain Vawter was a staunch Methodist, and that was another tie between him and Professor Smith. I remember that they were both delegates from Virginia to the Œcumenical Council of the Methodist Church that was held in Washington about 1896 and shared the same room in the hotel. On Sunday every pulpit in the city was occupied by a visiting clergyman; Captain Vawter and Professor Smith took great pains to learn the programme for that day, morning and evening, and ascertained where they were likely to hear the most eloquent sermons. They sat spellbound Sunday morning in the audience of a great preacher from Scotland; that same evening in another church they heard identically the same sermon, word for word, from the lips of an Australian clergyman

of equal renown! Captain Vawter, who had a high sense of humour, was fond of relating the story of this singular coincidence, but neither he nor Professor Smith ever succeeded in finding out whether John Wesley or John Bunyan was the original source of the blessed gospel that was proclaimed twice on the same day from two different pulpits in the city of Washington.

The inhabitants of the Miller School, white and black of both sexes, nearly all of them under the sod now, even my pupils who were not far from my own age, comprised among them a few of the staunchest friends I ever had; first and foremost of all Charles Hancock, Miss Bessie Fleet and Miss Moore, three of the salt of the earth. Others whose memories I cherish still and whom I must not omit to mention by name were Miss Lena Tucker, Miss Evelyn Hill, Mrs. Levin Powell (*née* Evie Magill), Dr. Smith (the school physician), "Colonel" Herring; my pupils Roy Smith, Wills Johnson, William Rasche and Heath Lewis (who is the only one still alive, as far as I know); Captain Vawter's trusted man John Jackson and my own "valet" Abe Lincoln. There are others besides that would be added to this list if only I could remember their names after sixty years.

The disadvantage of the Miller School was that it was off the beaten track and more or less out of the world. As far as my scientific work was concerned, it was like being in the Forest of Arden. I was side-tracked there, and in seclusion. Had I waited for deliverance, I might be there today except for my worthlessness now. I needed contact with my fellow-workers in Physics, and I needed advice and co-operation. My accomplishments at the Miller School (of which I am proud) were the result of my unaided effort. The lone pilgrim who seeks to climb the steep ascent to Parnassus has a hard road to travel and encounters many a pitfall that might have been avoided. Often during the long time I was stranded at the Miller School I hoisted a signal of distress and hoped for succor that never came. Nevertheless, I believe I gave a good account of myself, and when I came to be pitted against competitors at the Johns Hopkins University, my *Selbststudium* stood me in good stead.

All the time I was at the Miller School, and indeed long afterwards, dyspepsia was my stubborn and inveterate foe; nothing hampered me as that did. I was powerless to overcome it. I came to hate the sight of the big dining room where five or six hundred hungry men, women and children ate three meals a day with impunity and with an appetite like that of Oliver Twist, amid the deafening clatter of knives, forks and china and incessant chatter. The food was plentiful and not unsavoury, but the mere fact that every boy and every girl was supposed to eat on the average nine turnovers at breakfast and gulp down as many glasses of milk was calculated to make my delicate stomach dizzy; and

at dinner when the odour of garlic settled down in that restaurant like a London fog in Piccadilly, my dizziness then was close to vertigo.

Midday dinner at the Miller School was a festival of gladiators. My seat was at the principal teachers' table for males only, presided over by the chaplain of the school, Dr. J. William Jones. He was a corpulent man of prodigious girth on the order of Sir John Falstaff when it came to eating and drinking. It was his business to say grace or "ask the blessing," as he expressed it; and then it was as if all the earth sat silent before him. It was a solemn moment long drawn out, a time for rebuking the heathen. The speaker closed one eye tight, while the other half-open eye roved over the table and got a clear notion of the *menu* for that day. The loud Amen came abruptly like a pistol-shot at the onset of a football game. Dr. Jones seized his fork, leaned over the table, and harpooned a breast and a drumstick in the platter of fried chicken, it was a double-play before the rest of us realised that the game had started. Instantly this sport provoked my dyspepsia; the most I could do at that meal was to nibble sullenly on a pone of cornbread. As soon as I rose from the table, I hastened to my private room on the main floor around the corner from the spacious dining-room and tried to calm myself with a copious dose of bicarbonate of soda.

One of dyspepsia's meanest stratagems is a rear action that produces back-ache. It seems to me I have never ceased to have back-ache since the day I was born. I daresay it was this sore affliction that made brave Achilles sulk in his tent and refuse to join in the battle. The longer I sojourned in the Ragged Mountains, the worse my health got to be from year to year. Dr. Smith, the school physician, was a kindly, sensible and competent man; so I resorted to him. He said that I led too sedentary a life, and that what I needed was outdoor exercise. "You ought to ride horseback," he urged. "Look at me, I'm never off my horse from morn to night, except when I dismount to put a thermometer under a patient's tongue or go indoors to eat a hearty dinner. A man on horseback heeds dyspepsia no more than he notices a fly that lights on his cheek!"

I took Dr. Smith's advice and hired a nag next day from a farmer who lived near Batesville and bought a pair of corduroy breeches at the country-store close by. Nearly every afternoon, unless it was raining or snowing, I went for a ride. Often I was accompanied by Miss Adams, a handsome, athletic girl from Massachusetts, who taught calisthenics in the girls' school and had a horse of her own. My steed was a frisky little mare that couldn't bear to stand still when she had on her bridle. She knew all the roads in the county. The instant I got

on her back and put my feet in the stirrups, away she went in a fast trot, taking the first road that took her fancy. I was no more to her than John Gilpin, rather less, for I wore no wig and carried no ballast. We never passed the open gate of a neighbour's yard without entering and dashing round the driveway. At the front steps she paused a moment, stood on her hind legs, and saluted her friends on the porch or at the window; then she trotted through the gate again and caught up with Miss Adams about a hundred yards ahead on the highway. It was all very stimulating and exciting, but by the time the sun went down, I was in no mood for supper. That trotting mare exercised my dyspepsia without exorcising it. I was plucky but not lucky; at the end of a month or more I told Abe to take the mare home to her owner and tell him I had had enough. Dr. Smith was disappointed. "That's a curious type of dyspepsia that's got hold of you," he said to me sympathetically; "I expect you'll have to go to New York and see Dr. Van Valzah."—"Who is he?" I asked.—"The greatest stomach-specialist in the United States," Dr. Smith replied, unconsciously making the sign of the cross in deference to this supreme being. I began to believe that Dr. Van Valzah was my only salvation.

The Gay Nineties, except that they did go out in a blaze of glory, were, generally speaking, not gay for me. *The Sorrows of Werther* were no worse than mine in that mournful decade when I was the victim of three disasters in quick succession, each of which was felt to be a mortal blow at the time. In the early summer of 1891 I stood with bowed head in Hollywood in Richmond beside the open grave of beloved Sally Randolph and, forlorn and heart-broken, wished that I was dead. Six years later one memorable dark evening in the front yard of old "Eastern View" in Fauquier County, Evie Randolph, Sally's younger sister, a charming but a cruel lass, incontinently "kicked" me, then went into the house and went to bed. That ignominious episode took all the wind out of my sails; yet worse was still to happen. In less than a month afterwards, my beloved father died in Norfolk (September 1897); that was "the most unkindest cut of all," for I loved and admired him more than any words can ever tell. He was the prince among all the princes I have ever known on earth. By the time he vanished from my sight I was like a burst drum and had no spirit left, nothing left but everlasting grief and incurable dyspepsia! The session of 1897-98 was without doubt the unhappiest year of all my days on earth.

In old Virginia the Gay Nineties had been ushered in by a wild-cat land-speculation, as crazy and unsubstantial within its limits as the famous South Sea Bubble that burst in England in 1720; though I sup-

pose those who paid the bill were mainly gamblers outside the state. In Piedmont and in the Valley "magic towns" sprang up overnight, so to speak; in each instance the outward and visible sign was a brand-new shingle-wood "hotel" in the midst of kerbstone streets and lamp-posts that marked off city-lots for sale. The peaceful and innocent little town of Liberty ten miles west of Old Bellevue was renamed Bedford City without any plebiscite that I know of; and Salem, the modest seat of a Lutheran College, not far from Roanoke, was, I believe, intended to be New Jerusalem. However, all these paper-towns went up in smoke in the direful panic of 1893; the "hotels" that never had any guests were the only vestiges left; some few of these dilapidated old buildings survive today as the dreary symbols of ancient folly. Who would ever have dreamed that Bedford City just missed being the Pittsburgh of the South?

The bubble had burst ere I graduated from college, and if I mention it here, it is merely to point out that in 1893 Virginians were poorer than ever. Whatever the Gay Nineties were, they were not "flush times" in old Virginia. For a young man, as I was then, it was hard to make a living, and downright foolish (it seemed to me) to think of having a wife and supporting a family.

Nevertheless, as I see by referring to my old Miller School expense-book (which I found up in the attic the other day), the big item of my little budget in those days was for Wedding Gifts, outlays that as far as I could see at the time would never bring me any dividends. I remember distinctly being a lowly guest of honour at Miss Susie Minor's wedding which took place in her father's home 22 November 1894. The lucky bridegroom was John Wilson, a native of the Hudson Valley in New York and a distinguished graduate of the Law School of the University of Virginia; but what makes me remember that brilliant occasion so vividly is that lovely Jeannie Abbot was one of the bridesmaids and absolutely peerless in her graceful gown with its accordion-pleated skirt. Yes, I got another glimpse of her that day and was fascinated. It was a public occasion; yet amid all that throng I felt and knew that I was in the presence of the Queen of Hearts,

"a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight."

Jeannie took me by the hand and led me to a far corner, where we sat down and had a short *tête-à-tête*. She said she was glad to see me again, and that speech enraptured me. What I ought to have done was to kneel at her feet and implore her to marry me then and there. She might have consented; the clergyman was there in the next room with

his Book of Common Prayer, the leaf was turned down at "The Solemnization of Matrimony;" we could have been man and wife in ten minutes, assuming that nobody raised any objection. The idea (I am ashamed to say) never crossed my mind; and if it had done so, the probability is I would have returned to the Miller School and, like the wedding guest in *The Ancient Mariner*, got out of bed next morning "a sadder and a wiser man."

It was on that occasion that I learned the sensational news about the escapade of Bill Abbot and fair Lucy Lewis: they had eloped the first day of August that year without a cent in the world and gotten married somewhere between Charlottesville and Washington! Billy was a law-student, and he knew exactly how to get the license and comply with all the legal formalities; besides, he had prowess, a virtue I lacked entirely. Naturally, this famous exploit created a big commotion at the time not only at Old Bellevue but in Lynchburg also, for Lucy was the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Lewis of that city. At peaceful Bellevue Bill's telegram announcing the deed of matrimony came like a clap of thunder from the clear sky and was received with consternation and incredulity. Mr. Abbot retired to his study and wept, refusing to be comforted. It shocked him to believe that his eldest son was guilty of such insubordination and had publicly flouted his authority. However, soon afterwards when the penitent culprits appeared before him and begged forgiveness, his wrath melted and turned to joy. Bill came home not only with his blooming bride but with his coveted law-degree also; and he and Lucy Lewis, happy as two turtle-doves, settled down in Siberia in pure connubial bliss, where Bill and all his younger brothers and sisters had come to life, each in turn. There too, ere I myself ever beheld Old Bellevue, the first three of Lucy Lewis's "jewels" were born in quick succession, all boys to begin with, namely: William R. Abbot IV, John Lewis Abbot, and Lucien Minor Abbot. Lucy Lewis was a complete success from the start, recognised immediately to be both an ornament and an asset. Bill was no lover of books and was certainly not cut out for a school-teacher; but he was zealous, efficient and level-headed in all his undertakings. From 1894 until Charley came home from college he was his father's useful coadjutor in the management of the school. I believe it was in 1897 that Bill hung out his shingle in Bedford City as attorney-at-law and for several years used to ride daily on his bicycle from Siberia to his office and back again.

During my long exile in the Ragged Mountains I was almost completely cut off from Vanity Fair and was not even an onlooker, much less a participant of all the merry-making that I knew must be going

on pretty much as usual in the high society I used to frequent. However, the Miller School was close enough to the University of Virginia for me to keep in touch with the festivals and funerals in that community. Shall I ever forget that doleful and anxious Sunday in April 1895 when we heard over the wire at the Miller School that the Rotunda was on fire?

From all I could ascertain the merriest place on earth between 1893 and 1898 was Old Bellevue in Bedford County. Captain Vawter's private secretary in the latter part of that period was a young society-man about my own age by the name of Charles Thomas, who used to irritate me a little by boasting of his having a standing invitation to the Bellevue house-parties, at least two every year, when Jeannie and Loulie Abbot were the renowned hostesses. He and I had little in common, but we encountered each other nearly every day; and it was mostly from him that I used to hear of the jolly times at Bellevue. From 1890 to 1898 one of the three Abbot brothers was at college, usually two of them each year, and during the holidays they were wont to bring home with them their choice companions, who went on picnics with the Abbot sisters. You can see for yourself how romantic those house-parties were! If I had not been so obviously unromantic, I might have been invited too; in fact I was invited once or twice but was too torpid or too dyspeptic ever to accept.

The principal one of all the guests was Dr. Mallet's charming step-daughter, Estelle Burthe, Jeannie Abbot's boon-companion. She was not only blithe and debonair, she was contagious and made you want to dance a minuet and

"trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe!"

When she appeared, Mr. Abbot got frisky; he leaped from his chair, put his arm round Estelle's slender waist, and waltzed in front of Mrs. Abbot, who was convulsed with laughter. "You had better call Archie," she would shout to him, "and let him supple up your knee with Sloan's liniment!"

In addition to Estelle Burthe, the usual and most welcome guests at a Bellevue house-party in the 1890's were: Mary Stuart Smith and her sister Rosalie Smith, the two daughters of Professor Francis H. Smith; Harrison Randolph (U. Va. instructor in mathematics, 1893-95) and his two sisters Mary Roscoe Randolph and Jeannie Randolph; Spottswood Taylor, who was a great favourite; my old college-mate, Jim Corbitt (U. Va. instructor in physics, 1891-98, and graduate of the Law School, 1899); Evie Kean, daughter of "Cousin Addie Kean,"

who was the second wife of Mr. R. G. H. Kean of Lynchburg; Gertrude Howard, niece of "Cousin Sue Blackford" in Lynchburg, and a particular friend of Loulie Abbot; and, no doubt, others also whom I cannot recall at the moment.

These young folks were all celebrities in their day and deserve more notice than merely to be called by name.

Mary Stuart Smith, a cripple from childhood, yet famous for her wit and vivacity, was always the life of the party, the promoter of mirth, the organiser of charades, and the inventor of games. Her shouts of laughter could be heard all over the house, alas! also her shrieks of agony, for they said she was never free from pain day and night. When the pain was past endurance, they lifted her up tenderly, put her to bed, and tried to soothe her to sleep; and even then her cheeks would be stained with tears and her little fists clenched tight. She would rally next day and lead the revels again. Her spirit was indomitable, but the frame was too fragile. The end of the century was close at hand, but Mary Stuart Smith did not live to see it. She vanished from earth, and the house-parties at Bellevue were never the same again.

Harrison Randolph and his two sisters moved away from Virginia in 1895 and, as far as I know, were never afterwards at Bellevue where they used to be so high in favour. Gifted and renowned, Harrison is an old man now in Charleston, S. C. His sister, Jeannie, widow of Bernard Harrison, died at her home in New Jersey in the summer of 1953.

James H. Corbitt (1869-1945), who for nearly a dozen years before his death was a useful member of the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia, was a man of high intellectual ability. I knew him well when we were in college together, but hardly ever came in contact with him after 1893. While I was at the Miller School, he developed into being a beau and a sportsman, a side of him which I had never seen. Imagine my astonishment one afternoon when I was taking a walk on the Miller School Highway and Jim Corbitt dashed past me driving a coach-and-four; he had on a coat of many colours; a Tyrolese cap with a feather in it concealed his bald head. Jim was so intent on his horses and the vehicle was going at such a pace that neither he nor Loulie Abbot who was sitting beside him recognised me at all. So when Jeannie Abbot wrote me in June 1896 and invited me to the house-party at Bellevue that summer, I declined and gave as an excuse, playful and spiteful both, that, considering the state of my health, the doctor himself told me that it was inadvisable for me to take "the risk of being eclipsed by Chevalier Corbitt."

Quite naturally, Gertrude Howard, a famous beauty, quickly married a rich husband, a congressman from Pennsylvania and disappeared from the house-parties at Bellevue in a blaze of glory. Pretty girls in Virginia (e.g., Irene Langhorne *et id omne genus*) were fast workers in the Gay Nineties. Gertrude Howard and her first cousin Emma Gildersleeve, daughter of Dr. Basil L. Gilder-

sleeve (1831-1924), the great Greek and Latin scholar, were scarcely more than *débutantes* when, almost simultaneously, both of them plunged into matrimony and Wall Street. When Emma went into her father's study and told him what she and Gertrude had "gone and done," Dr. Gildersleeve, taken by surprise, but never at a loss for a witty rejoinder, laid down his book, patted his daughter's head, and said meditatively: "Well, my dear, that is one way of getting even with the Yankees!"

Another frequenter of the Bellevue house-parties in the late 1890's was Frank's friend Luke White from Alabama, who married one of Bishop B. D. Tucker's daughters and was many years an Episcopal clergyman in New Jersey.

After Susie Minor's wedding a whole year went by before I laid eyes again on fair Jeannie Abbot; for all I knew she might have spent that year in Europe. She had a way of coming into my mind when I sat alone in my room in front of the fire and, pipe in mouth, gazed up at the ceiling: she was always dressed in that grey gown with the accordion-pleated skirt and was mighty bewitching. Yet she seemed to be looking past me. "Pshaw!" I murmured, as if I was really speaking to her and she could hear me, "you are nothing to me, and I am nothing to you." With that I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and took up my book, Mascart and Joubert's *Electricity and Magnetism*, the first volume of which was lying open on the table beside me.

I think it was the next day (possibly the day before Thanksgiving Day 1895), a note came from Estelle Burthe, who at that time was nearly a complete stranger to me: "It would be so nice if you would come to dinner to-morrow evening at seven o'clock. You will need no other inducement when I tell you that Jeannie Abbot is here for a short visit." I went from the post-office at the Miller School to the telegraph-office next door and wired Estelle: "Barkis is willing."

I was agitated. I had never been inside Dr. Mallet's home where Estelle lived with her mother. I stood in awe of him, for, much as he was admired, he had the reputation of being an "austere man." The thought of sitting down to dinner with an F.R.S. made me nervous; on the other hand, the thought of sitting at table next to Jeannie Abbot exhilarated me. I parted my hair in the middle, I put on my patent-leather shoes that creaked and cracked, I sprinkled cologne on my handkerchief, I sallied forth, and at the appointed hour there I was standing at Dr. Mallet's front door. I looked down the long brick walk I had ascended; I whispered to myself, "Be bold; be not too bold," and rang the door-bell.

Dr. Mallet himself came to the door; he grasped my hand and gave me a cordial welcome. Estelle, who was just behind him, greeted

me as if I was Prince Charming and was doing her the greatest favour. Then Jeannie came forward and I bowed before her. "I declare, Miss Jeannie, every time I see you, you are lovelier than ever!" (I had practised that speech coming up the brick walk.)—"And every time I see you, you are a bigger liar than ever!" she replied. I appealed to Estelle: "Why do ladies try to crush Truth to earth, knowing all the time that Truth can't be squelched?" Then we entered the drawing-room, and I was introduced to Estelle's mother, the second Mrs. Mallet. She was handsome, tall and stately; she was French and as foreign to me as the Czarina of Russia. She spoke English with precision, yet with a disdainful accent. I lifted her hand to my lips and said inwardly: "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell!" She and I exchanged very few words, but I stood on guard all the rest of the evening.

Five persons in all, we took our seats at the table, Dr. Mallet at the head and his spouse opposite him at the other end; my place was next to Jeannie who sat at Dr. Mallet's right hand and was hail-fellow-well-met with him; and Estelle was on the other side directly opposite me and took care to see that I lacked for nothing. It was an elegant dinner, formal, yet not too formal (after the manner of my boldness, which, by the way had evaporated). I never imagined a more genial host than Dr. Mallet was; he was not only civil and courteous, but he was in high spirits also, a good talker himself and a good listener too. Jeannie Abbot was his favourite guest; he and she liked and applauded each other. Estelle, who was famous for her good manners and *savoir faire*, did her best to draw me out and show me to advantage, but she had a hard task that day. Contrary to all my intentions, I was sullen and dumb, Goodness knows why! Her mother at the foot of the table may have been my evil genius. She scarcely took a dog's notice of me, but she disapproved of the "dock-tore's" vivacity and rebuked him for laughing so spontaneously and being so undignified. He and Jeannie were boisterous; they asked each other conundrums and made up limericks about "a girl from Nantucket" who turned up at last in Natchez "all covered with scratches." Jeannie turned to me and said: "Why don't you help me? He wants to know what provisions I would take with me if I had to cross a wide desert." Neither she nor I could think of a proper answer on the spur of the moment. We gave it up, and then Dr. Mallet asked gravely: "Miss Jeannie, did you never think of the sand which is there?" Jeannie exploded with delight, while I looked puzzled. Estelle whispered to me across the table: "Sandwiches," and I smiled faintly. I contributed my mite: "Of course," I said, "the sand which is there would be a great help, but even so, it might be well to take a goat along for butter!" This rather feeble rally

on my part was about the only plus-mark to my credit that entire evening. Mrs. Mallet, who was obviously bored, signaled to the butler to get past the desert and bring on the dessert. Estelle poured out a glass of claret and handed it to me across the table. I lifted it to my lips, then looking gratefully at her, said: "God bless you, Miss Estelle! Accustomed as I am to dine every day with Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, you may imagine the delight it is to be sitting opposite you at this table and eating angel-food cake."—"The delight is mutual, I can assure you!" was her reply. We drained our glasses in a heartfelt toast to each other.

In the midst of that galaxy my candle burned dimly. Dr. Mallet, Estelle Burthe and Jeannie Abbot were stars of the first magnitude; even Mrs. Mallet, by her good looks, her poise and self-assurance, had a lustre of her own. There is no embarrassment so uncomfortable as that of being a damper in an assembly of good company. When the hour came to bid adieu, I was glad to get up and go. Fair Jeannie accompanied me to the front door. It was raining a little, and Jeannie offered to lend me her umbrella, not much bigger than a parasol. "No," I said, pushing it aside; "I never would send it back, I'd keep it to make me think of you. As soon as I reach West Range just across the road, I'll be under shelter. Weather is never propitious when you and I meet!" I pulled up my coat-collar, gazed fondly in Jeannie's eyes, then turned and fled down the long brick walk. She held the door open to let the light shine on my path; there was another lamp at the gate, and I waved Goodbye when I stood under it. Nearly three long years went by ere I gazed again in those blue eyes!

It is an ill wind that blows no good. Unlucky as that evening was for me, it had one good consequence. Thereafter as long as he lived, Dr. Mallet was my ally and staunch friend. It was enough for me to be attached to Jeannie Abbot, of whom he was so truly fond. We were solid friends without being intimate, as we might have been if we had been nearer in age. The friendship of Dr. Mallet was something to be proud of.

Next day when I got off the train at Crozet, Abe with the buggy was there at the station to meet me. Just to see him was enough to put me in good humour, for he was the fountain of good humour; cheerfulness radiated from his smiling countenance like sunshine from a babbling brook. In all my travels by land and sea I have never met with a human being that was so overflowing with the milk of human kindness. Practically all the years I was at the Miller School Abe waited on me day and night and was my faithful and devoted henchman: *valet*

de chambre, janitor in the laboratory, bodyguard, and the one and only companion I could not do without.

I have not a single tangible memento of Abe, not even a kodak picture; but I have never forgotten his face. I remember still the soft tone of his voice and the loud outbreak of his laughter, both so musical; best of all I remember the delightful chats we used to have in my room after supper when I sat comfortably in my big arm-chair in front of the fire while he stood by with his elbow on the mantelpiece and entertained me with his flow of wit and humour.

Abe was a stout mulatto boy, over 21 years of age I suppose. He was born, I believe, on the mudbanks of Mechum's River; his whole name (they said) was Abe Lincoln, but nobody ever could vouch for his origin or previous existence. He appeared at the Miller School one day and was hired; by good luck he was instantly attached to my service. Without doubt he had the widest face, the biggest eyes, the flattest nose, the thickest lips, and the reddest gums of any living creature I ever came close to in this world; the *tout ensemble* was as charming as the countenance of Mona Lisa. Now and then, not often, Abe had a quarrel with one of the other male servants on the place, and then his lip curled, his jaw set, and suddenly he was ugly past belief and was really dangerous. He was a powerful fellow, slow to anger, but when it came to fighting, he could be as furious as Othello.

Abe was master of the wardrobe and guardian of all my earthly possessions. It was in the big wardrobe in my spacious room that I hung the suit of clothes that I didn't have on my back, and it was there too on the floor that I kept about half a bottle of corn whiskey for use whenever I feared I might be catching a cold in my head. Abe's honesty was unimpeachable; I believe Caesar's wife was not more absolutely trustworthy. Liquor and tobacco, he told me, were perquisites; he gave me to understand that those two articles were just as much his as mine, and that if I desired to keep them intact for my own use only, the safest way was to put them in the bank. Long before breakfast he came into my room, made the fire, heated a kettle of water and stropped my razor. The last I saw of him that day was late at night when he tiptoed past me sitting at my desk in the centre of the room under the chandelier; first, he would put my midnight supper on the bureau, a plate with a biscuit and thin slice of ham and a tall glass of rich milk; then he would turn down the cover on the bed and put my slippers in reach; and as he went past me on the way out, he was careful not to come too close lest I might suddenly stick out my long leg and try to trip him.

At the Miller School Abe and I were in perfect unison. He left

nothing undone for my comfort and enjoyment. He pressed my pants, blacked my boots, and cut my hair; he was at my beck and call at all hours; most of all he was such good company and so endlessly entertaining! When I left the Miller School, I left Abe too and lost sight of him. From that day to this I longed to see him again. I have searched for him recently all over Albemarle. Strange to say, no trace of him remains. I am afraid Abe died of grief and loneliness. If I knew where his grave is, I would set up a stone there and write on it: *Hic jacet* as charming a fellow as ever drew breath.

Some days ago I was up in the attic rummaging amid a heap of old letters that were full of chatter once and might come to life again if only they were opened by a pious hand and perused by a friendly eye. I was prepared to fulfil both requirements. I leaped with joy when I came to a big envelope, yellow with age and already beginning to crumble, for it was marked on the outside in faded ink, yet perfectly distinct: "J.O.A.: Miller School, 1896-97." Inside was a parcel of five letters, four of them in their original stamped envelopes addressed in my handwriting to "Miss Jeannie O. Abbot, Bellevue, Bedford Co., Va." The fifth letter, luckily enough, was from her to me—how well I remembered it, and the delight I took in opening it nearly threescore years ago!

Here out of pure good-will I pause a minute, in order to caution any other ancient mariner who, like me, cherishes a fond recollection of the gallant youth he used to be once upon a time: unless, dear friend, you are fortified in advance against chagrin and mortification, forbear to read now the composition you wrote then! These old letters of mine, not altogether without merit and real sincerity, show unmistakably that then I was a shallow coxcomb, pedantic and conceited; and why Miss Jeannie Abbot, who was very fastidious, didn't toss me and my letters both out of the window, is an added proof of her clemency and Christian charity.

Technically, I was at large in 1896-97, free to come and go wherever I pleased, but actually I was already a captive bound. That is the principal evidence that comes out clearly, it seems to me, in this old parcel of Miller School documents. By that time, whether I knew it or not, my compass-needle pointed steadily toward one lodestone, and no other; and the name of it was JEANNIE ABBOT.

She had written and invited me to the house-party at Bellevue, and held out as an inducement an eligible heiress, a young lady about my own age, who was to be one of the guests and who, in addition to all her other charms, was the owner of seventeen houses in Georgetown. Jeannie wrote that it was the chance of a lifetime, a real bargain

like McCreery's January sale of linen. "Don't you know," I replied, "'riches I hold in light esteem,' and that all I want in this world is a cottage by the sea, a sweetheart on my knee, sipping tea? If ever I come to Bellevue, it will be for the sake of its native beauty only, of which I have already had adumbrations and even premonitions." The truth was, I had a previous engagement in Norfolk and was obliged to decline Miss Jeannie's cordial invitation. That first of all my letters to her (dated 9 June 1896) concluded rather cryptically if not passionately: "Yours affectionately—aye, and more than that!"

For not going to Bellevue I gave as an excuse that both pairs of trousers had patches in the seat and I was really not presentable in public. Jeannie wrote back that she could purloin a pair of her father's corduroys for me warranted not to wear out at the place mentioned.

A somewhat similar proposal was made by a member of the diplomatic circle in Washington, a charming young married woman so new to this country that her English was still French. She was urging a naval officer about her own age to attend a ball, notwithstanding he had already written a note declining the invitation. "I can't," he protested, "I have burned my bridges behind me."—"Oh," she replied, "I will lend you a pair of Henri's!"

The short correspondence ceased as abruptly as it had begun; it was eighteen months before I heard a word from her again. About three weeks before Christmas 1897, writing to Charley Thomas to invite him to Bellevue for the holiday, Jeannie sent me a polite little message, which he repeated to me. I wrote a few lines on the two sides of a slip of note-paper and enclosed it in Charley Thomas's letter in reply. This "postscript" to his letter is the third of the four letters I wrote at the Miller School; it is undated but must have been penned on or about 6 December 1897; it is scarcely worth quoting, yet the following extract shows that the prospect of a happy New Year for me was pretty dim:

"I am fast going to seed in this infernal wilderness, and God do so to me and more also if I abide here longer than the end of this session!" I added that it was rumoured that she was "soon to take the matrimonial plunge." "For Heaven's sake!" I exclaimed, "don't do anything as rash as that without first consulting me. Promise me that!"

You may not believe it, that impudent little "postscript" smuggled inside Charley Thomas's envelope went to Jeannie's heart. The proof of it is the quick answer that came and is extant today in her handwriting—the one really precious letter in the parcel I found up in the attic,

nearly the first of all her precious letters. Her brother Charley was as learned and pedantic as I was. I found out she got him to help her compose the first part of that letter which was not in her vein at all, more Latin, French and German than English. She seized the pen towards the end and wrote lucid English; it was a gift she had for knowing the right word and uttering it just as it leaped to her lips. It embarrassed her, she wrote, to invite me again to a house-party at Bellevue, for I always found some flimsy excuse for not coming, but this time the invitation came from her father and mother, from Loulie and Charley and all the denizens of Old Bellevue.

It embarrasses me too to have to tell that the last of the five letters in that old parcel is another long rigmarole such as I was wont to scribble *ad nauseam*. I believe Jeannie washed her hands of me completely after that, and it was nothing but God's mercy that ever restored me to favour. When Christmas came that year and I had no plans and no compass, I was like a derelict far out at sea.

During all my long sojourn at the Miller School I spent nearly every evening from supper to bedtime alone in my chamber deep in study and dead to the world. My light was the last to be extinguished at night in all that big building. It was a bright electric globe suspended by a long cord from the centre of the high ceiling and hung down low over the roller-top oak desk that stood in the middle of the floor with its back to the fire-place and screened me from the blaze that burned there in winter. My seat when I was hard at work was in a swivel-chair with a cushion in it, where I was within reach of both the desk and the low revolving book-case that contained my whole library of English, French and German scientific books. It was easy to pick up the particular volume I happened to need at the moment. The tall window in the front wall was directly behind my chair a considerable distance away (for it was a large room); on one side was the big double bed with the sheets turned down and my slippers on the floor beside it; the bureau stood in the corner on the other side, and there on top of it was the tray with the bread and ham and a glass of milk to eat before I undressed and went to bed. No raven

“Perched upon a bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door”

broke the silence of my steadfast toil. If the clock ticked on the mantelpiece, it was not audible where I sat; if a fly buzzed and lighted on my nose, I was too absorbed to brush it away. Yet if I leaned back in the chair and looked up at the ceiling (probably thinking of Jeannie Abbot and how beautiful she was past imagination), the rusty iron

spring might give a little squeak that sounded like "Ouch!" and remind me to be sure and tell Abe in the morning to put a drop of oil on the sore spot.

It is singular, the way a trivial little incident gets fastened in the memory and sticks there a whole lifetime, absolutely indelible, as clear and vivid after more than half a century as if it had happened yesterday. One evening sitting at my desk as usual, I was annoyed by a slight noise that kept recurring at short intervals. Each time it sounded like the impact of a small marble that had rolled off the desk and dropped lightly on the carpet at my feet, and for quite a while I could not account for it at all; until at length, turning my head towards the bureau, I witnessed the game that was going on behind my back. A mouse in front of the bureau, ignoring or unaware of my existence, was persistently leaping from the floor as high as he could go, falling back headlong each time, in the vain effort of scrambling on top of the bureau and getting a comfortable nibble of my sandwich. I watched this exhibition with much amusement, until, catching sight of me, the little rascal scurried away under the bureau, where I hope he had a supply of arnica to rub on his bruises.

For some reason or other that little circus is associated in my mind with the first inauguration of President McKinley, 4 March 1897. If the two events were coincident in time, they were so wide apart in every other way that they could not possibly be connected; but sometimes memory has a queer trick of focusing two totally disparate pictures on the same background.

All that I know for certain is that ere President McKinley had had time to get comfortably settled in his new home in the White House, inside information came to me of Miss Natalie Venable's approaching nuptials, information that had been kept a carefully guarded secret for more than a year. In 1897 Natalie was in seclusion in the country, apparently out of mischief for the first time since the onset of the gay nineties; though that is mere conjecture. About 1895 Colonel Venable had relinquished his post at the University of Virginia and found a retreat for his old age at "Layton Stone" near Remington in Fauquier County. It was from there that my dear cousin-in-law to whom I was so fondly attached wrote me, confidentially and ebulliently, that she was about to turn over a new leaf and was soon to be married. I received the news with incredulity at first, for I was accustomed never to believe a word this damsel uttered on the subject of her flirtations. Her beaux, I believe, organised the first labour-union that was ever formed in the South, yet they never could squeeze Miss Natalie into paying them higher wages than they had been getting year after year.

Her business affairs were in such a tangle that all I could do was to look on and wonder how she would come out in the end.

"Promise me," Natalie wrote in the round Spencerian hand-writing she used in diplomatic correspondence, "promise me you will come to our wedding, for you are Raleigh's best friend you know, and mine too."

That is how I found out that Raleigh Minor was the winner of the steeple-chase after all. The very last time I had seen him, not more than a month before, he had told me with the dolefullest countenance that he did not stand the ghost of a chance. I remember his exact words: "Hampden and I are at the foot of the class," he muttered. ("Hampden" was our mutual friend, John Hampden Chamberlayne Bagby, 1867-1934, first editor of the *University of Virginia Corks and Curls*.) I was sorry for Raleigh and offered him the best advice I could think of at the moment, Sir Walter Raleigh's advice (assuming that Sir Walter was his ancestor and it would have more weight coming from him):

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?"

Why don't you pull out old man? There are other fish in the sea, I daresay just as good as Natalie to eat and far less poisonous. After all the good life is a quiet and a single life."

Raleigh said maybe I was right, knowing all the time he was cock of the walk, yet had to walk a chalk line and do as he was told. Natalie would not permit him to boast in public.

The wedding day drew nigh, 7 June 1897. Less than a week before it arrived, an earthquake shook the Miller School, frightening me and all the countryside. I wired Natalie next day (1 June): "The whole creation groaneth! You and Raleigh are disturbing the globe." They had gone too far; it was idle to try to stop them. I attended the wedding. Joe Dunn, my old college-mate, who a year or two before had married Martha Southall (Raleigh's old sweetheart), was the officiating clergyman; he had just begun his ministry and was almost as much a novice as all the rest of us were at that wedding, including the bride and groom. No wedding ever took place without a hitch, but the little wedding at "Layton Stone" was as smooth and canny as any I have ever witnessed. The bride looked as innocent as the apple in the Garden of Eden, the groom had the air of Alexander the Great, and I as on-looker was, if not an ornament, as good a side-show as you are likely to see at a country-wedding in Virginia.

It was near the end of the session when I went back to the Miller

School next day, lonely and forlorn. According to the little expense-book I kept at that time, I spent all my money in those days at Keller & George's jewelry store in Charlottesville, buying wedding-gifts for pretty girls who were being snapped up like hot waffles on a grid-iron. What was going to become of me? and would I ever be rid of dyspepsia?

At that time the condition of my health, which went from bad to worse with every passing year, was not only a source of great annoyance but also a subject of grave concern. I did not know what else to do about it except to take Dr. Smith's advice; which was to go to New York as soon as school was out and tell my tale of woe to Dr. Van Valzah, the great physican who (they said) could make an old stomach good as new. I had not a doubt in the world that the good man would take every penny in my purse, but a new belly was a consummation devoutly to be wished and worth whatever it cost.

Accordingly, about a month after Natalie's wedding, I arrived in New York one Saturday evening and early Monday morning was standing timidly on the brown-stone steps leading from the pavement to the front door of the three-storey house that was Dr. Van Valzah's residence and office also. The nurse opened the door and led me inside. Dr. Van Valzah, she said, was in Vienna and would be absent all summer; however, his partner, Dr. J. D. Nisbet, who was equally competent, was taking care of his patients. The result was, I stayed in New York a little over a fortnight (10-26 July 1897) and was his trustful patient all that time.

Dr. Nisbet was then in the prime of life, perhaps fifteen years my senior, and distinguished already as the author of a medical treatise on the stomach and its ailments (I forget the title, but I suppose it was simply *De Bello*). He was courteous and genial also, and when I found out that he was a native of Charleston, S. C., and not just a cold-blooded yankee, we soon got to be quite intimate. "Quit worrying," he said to me at our first interview, "worry is the handmaid of dyspepsia. All we have got to do is to get inside that stomach and find out what's going on down there." He raised my spirits and inspired confidence.

His procedure was quite simple and novel, and seemed to me sensible and scientific also. Regularly and punctually at 9 o'clock every morning except Sunday, I came by appointment to Dr. Nisbet's office and was conducted to a little private room off to one side, where I sat down at a table and ate a prescribed breakfast that was deliciously cooked and as appetising as could be. Every morsel of food had been painstakingly weighed beforehand. After breakfast I sat by the open window and read the *New York Herald* from the first page to the last, including the "Personals" where "Lonesome" implores "Nellie" to

return "and all will be forgiven!" At the expiration of an hour and a half I was summoned to the laboratory downstairs, where Dr. Nisbet, with his apron on, was holding a test-tube over a Bunsen burner. Then the contents of my stomach, the portion of breakfast that was still undigested, was drained out (through a rubber siphon that I was made to swallow) and carefully analysed. That was what Dr. Nisbet meant by "getting inside the stomach." He told me I showed distinct improvement from one day to the next and gave me a prescription to have filled at the corner drug-store. The last day of all when he told me I was cured I clasped him round the neck. His bill was exceedingly moderate, under sixty dollars (three dollars per visit and about fifteen dollars for various items). I never saw Dr. Nisbet again, never even heard of him from that day to this. I believe he was a good doctor, and I have no doubt he cured many other patients. However, ere I reached Virginia, dyspepsia came on board the train and sat down in my stomach, just as if he was going back home too. I was as bad off as ever. The summer of 1897, and September when my father died, and the dreary winter that followed, surely they were the darkest days of my life!

One of Dr. Nisbet's patients was Dr. Woodrow Wilson who used to come from Princeton about twice a week, and then he and I had breakfast together. He was rather gloomy, it seemed to me; he hated the thought of having to swallow that rubber siphon, and never could get the knack of it. The trick was to start right at the first swallow, then the tube went down automatically.

It was that summer in New York that I saw the first public exhibition of two toys that had just been invented by Thomas A. Edison, the "vitascope" and the "eidoloscope," as they were called, which were the forerunners of motion pictures. I had seen Edison's phonograph five or six years previously. Edison was clever and quick to develop new ideas, but he was not a "wizard" in the sense of being the original conceiver of his projects.

When I wrote Jeannie Abbot in December 1897 that I was "going to seed" at the Miller School and was well-nigh desperate, it was only too true. I was determined to wrench loose from that predicament even if I had to start life all over again. I had very high testimonials from the members of the faculty of the University of Virginia and from other eminent individuals all over the state, but when I entered the lists and applied for the chair of mathematics in the University of Missouri or for the chair of physics in Washington and Lee University, I found that these credentials as to my character and ability were not sufficient: the successful candidate had a higher degree and a larger experience, I was left in the lurch. I made up my mind to go to Johns Hopkins University and spend at least a year of post-graduate study under the

supervision of Professor Henry A. Rowland (1848-1901), famous all over the world for his brilliant researches in physics. The result was that after a short correspondence with Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman (1831-1908), first president of Johns Hopkins University, I was appointed a fellow-by-courtesy of the department of physics for the session 1898-99; which was a nominal post of some little distinction with the perquisite of not having to pay tuition-fees (amounting, I guess, to about a hundred dollars).

I remember so well my last day at the Miller School in the middle of June 1898. My few belongings were packed and crated, ready to be shipped to me by freight towards the end of the summer either to my mother's home in Norfolk or to my new residence in Baltimore wherever that would be. I had told all my friends goodbye: Miss Bessie Fleet, Miss Moore, Miss Lena Tucker, Charles Hancock, and a dozen others to all of whom I was much indebted and fondly attached; and last of all I went to my laboratory to take leave of it. It was the pride of my heart, the joy of my life; I could not bear to part with it. What would become of it and all my precious devices after I was gone? I sat down on a front bench in the lecture-room and sighed; Captain Vawter came in and took his seat beside me. We recalled the years we had spent together and all that we had accomplished. He said he would never find a teacher to take my place; we clasped hands and said farewell.

A year or two afterwards I saw Captain Vawter once again, one evening in Judge White's new home in Charlottesville (which, I believe, was the first residence to be built on Locust Avenue). It seems to me I noticed then that he had lost a little of his vigour. Captain Vawter was still in his early sixties when he died in 1905. He was earnest and sincere, far-sighted and wise, and thoroughly competent. It was a great gain to me to come in contact with him in my youth. I cherish his memory with admiration and affection.

Abe drove me to the station at Crozet and helped me to get on the train with my bundles. He was black, and I was white; else, we would have embraced each other. If ever we meet in heaven, I shall embrace him there; and beg him to wait on me again. I believe Abe died and went to heaven long ago. I have searched, and searched in vain, all the way from Charlottesville to Staunton; not a trace of Abe is anywhere to be found. Yet he lives in my heart to this day.

CHAPTER V

Man Overboard! (August 1898)

The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day.
The Knave of Hearts,
He ate the tarts—
And then was easy prey.
Mother Goose (adaptation)

MR. AND MRS. RALEIGH COLSTON MINOR did not stay long on their honeymoon. In less than a month after their wedding they came back to their birthplace in Charlottesville and went to housekeeping in a brand-new two-storey frame house on 14th Street just opposite Mr. King's greenhouses and flower-shop and within a stone-throw of the C. & O. R.R. overpass-bridge that crosses Main Street near the entrance to the University. With Cora to wait on them and do the cooking, it was a heavenly place, as I can testify; for Raleigh and Natalie were without doubt the two most hospitable human beings on earth in the latter years of the gay nineties; Cora, the big, handsome mulatto girl, was notoriously the best cook in town; and I was at loose ends and often in need of shelter and three meals a day. For three summers in succession, from 1897 to 1899, whenever I happened to be in Charlottesville, I went straight from the railway station to this true lovers' nest; Cora opened the front door for me and took my carpet-bag to my room upstairs that was always in waiting; and Natalie, without pausing to untie her apron, rushed from the sitting-room and clasped me in her arms. To this day I never pass that house on 14th Street without wishing to go inside and look in every nook and corner that once I knew so well; yet it would be wholly different now without Raleigh, "Natejus" and Cora; even Locksley Hall was not the same place "sixty years after".

In those ancient days Raleigh, who was at the height of his glory and on the road to fame, took compassion on me. Connubial bliss was his favourite theme; his nickname for me was "melancholy Jaques," and when I cried out petulantly, "Man delights not me—no, nor woman neither!" he called me an incurable hypochondriac. I had to look up the word in the dictionary to be sure that it was not an insult

or at least not so offensive as to make me leave his bed and board and put up at the Clermont Hotel—which would have been a terrible alternative. Luckily, “Natejus” (that was my pet-name for her) intervened: “What a delightful word for our letter-game!” she exclaimed; and so we played “logomachy” until bedtime; which consisted simply in making as many words as each of us could spell with the letters of “hypochondriac.” She always licked us unmercifully in this contest and in every other game. I told her what Herbert Spencer said to his opponent who outplayed him at billiards: “Sir, a man who plays billiards as you do gives evidence of a misspent youth!”—“No,” was her retort; “it just shows that I am naturally smarter than either of you two or both put together!” It was a fact; Raleigh and I had not only to submit but admit.

Where I was, and what I was doing the first half of the summer of 1898, I have no way of telling now. My little expense-book, which was a kind of diary also, ends abruptly on the last day of June when I was in my mother’s home in Norfolk and apparently had just finished reading Mrs. Humphry Ward’s latest novel “*Helbeck of Bannisdale*” (which everybody was reading at that time). Nearly all of the patriotic young Americans of my age were in General Shafter’s army in Cuba and fast getting to be heroes; while all I was thinking of was whether I could pass muster with the post-graduate students in Johns Hopkins University. I did not have to go there until October; which was still a long way off. Summer in Norfolk is long drawn out, perhaps I had a notion it might be cooler in Charlottesville, though the difference is scarcely greater than that between the frying-pan and the fire; whatever the reason was, the fact is that about the middle of August I was in Charlottesville eating Cora’s good waffles for breakfast and playing logomachy with Raleigh and Natalie practically every evening; comfortable and happy as a single man can be at that time of the year in Virginia.

Poets go into raptures over April, May and June, and are dumb when they come to August; although for me August is the most romantic month of the year, and if I were a poet, I should never get tired of singing about it. I know that by August “the good old summertime” has worn out its welcome and has got to be a nuisance; people wipe the perspiration from their brows and tell each other the nights are getting cooler; zinnias do their level best to take the place of roses; but as a deed of loving kindness it is hard to stand up for August. Last summer I cursed it myself when for longer than a week the mercury rose to a hundred degrees and even higher every day in succession.

Yet what is more grateful and cheerful than the cool day that some-

time comes towards the end of August and seems to be the harbinger of zestful autumn? It was one morning like that in August 1898 soon after breakfast; Natalie was upstairs giving the baby his bath (the same C. Venable Minor that is now a leader of the bar in Charlottesville and a pillar of the church); Cora was singing and washing the dishes in the kitchen; Raleigh had gone to his lecture (it was nearly the end of the Summer Law School); and I, pipe in my mouth, was sitting alone out on the porch, watching Mr. King across the street sprinkling water on his wilted plants that no deed of mercy could ever bring to life again. The day was bracing, my stomach was at peace, I was in high spirits and in the mood to go for a long walk. I got my hat and stick and sallied forth; I even tried to hum "Annie Rooney." I entered the grounds of the University and climbed the long hill to the Rotunda; I stopped in front of my old room on the Lawn. All the pavilions on that side had new occupants. "Reddy" Echols lived in Colonel Venable's house; Minor Lile in Professor Minor's old home. I rather hoped my old room would give me a nod of recognition. The Lawn that day was dead as Hector, and I thought to myself as I crossed to the other side: "It's just what happened to stout Ulysses when he came back home to Ithaca; nobody took a dog's notice of him." I went down the alley between Colonel Peters's pavilion and Noah K.'s and remembered how often Delia Page and I used to stroll that way on the road to the cemetery.

I came to the end of West Range and followed the paved walk that went past Dr. Mallet's wide front yard. I paused involuntarily at the little gate and thought of that night, nearly three years before, when I stood in the rain at that very spot and looked back up the long brick walk at the motionless figure of graceful Jeannie Abbot silhouetted in the open doorway of the lighted hall. I had fumbled in the dark trying to find the gate-latch, and no wonder; for now in daylight I could see that it was not a gate at all but a kind of V-shaped stile and that all that needed to be done to get on the other side of the fence was to enter it and twist half-way round on your heels. Perhaps the stile was an invention of Dr. Mallet's? or was it something he remembered when he was a boy in Ireland? Just then Estelle's little dog (named "V-H" after Virginia Harrison who gave her to Estelle) came bounding across the lawn intent on knowing who I was and what business I had there so soon after breakfast; she halted a few yards away, wagged her tail and barked without ceasing; as much as to say, "Why don't you come in, mister? It's such a fine day, and we could go for a romp!" I thought of Mrs. Mallet and nodded my head; I may have quoted Bishop Randolph and answered, "Not today, thank you."

Everybody in Virginia has heard the story of Bishop Randolph's remaining seated in his pew in church when the visiting evangelist asked everybody present to stand up who wished to go to heaven. The preacher, not knowing who he was, went up to him: "Surely, brother," he pleaded, "you wish to go to heaven?"—"Not this evening, thank you," Bishop Randolph replied politely.

Suddenly, "V-H" turned and scampered up the hill, my eyes followed her. Did they deceive me? Was that lady who emerged from behind the crêpe-myrtle bush, that vision with the red rose in her golden hair, was she Jeannie Abbot in flesh and blood?

Jack, be nimble,
Jack, be quick,
Jack, jump over the candle-stick!

She waved towards me, she was coming to meet me! Even then I didn't jump over the fence, I was not that nimble, but I went through Dr. Mallet's stile with as much agility as if I had been acquainted with it all my life. I met her halfway up the walk, and all out of breath as I was, exclaimed, bowing low: "The Queen of Sheba and King Solomon in all his glory!" I lifted her hand to my lips, and we greeted each other with mutual delight. Jeannie led me to a secluded spot, a bower under the trees out of sight of the house; two rustic arm-chairs were there with cushions in them, placed side by side *tête-à-tête* fashion: "It is as if you had been expecting me," I whispered as she sat down in one and I in the other; "this is worth coming a thousand miles!" "V-H" was dejected. She found a place for herself on the soft turf, sat on her haunches a minute or two and looked inquisitively at each of us alternately; then she stretched out her forepaws, put her nose between them and soon was fast asleep. According to her notions it was an ideal day for a romp, but in dealing with human beings (she seemed to say) one never knows what their humour is.

"Have you rounded the Cape of Good Hope?" Jeannie asked me. "You know you wrote me you were going to elope".—"I don't remember telling you that," I answered. "I certainly never hinted that I was going to leave you."—"How could you leave me when you were not with me?"—Instantly I was sacrilegious: "Lo, I am with you always," I said softly.

That was the style of the conversation we carried on under the trees. Of course, I played on her feelings. I can't remember the words that were spoken, but they were tender, nice to utter and sweet to hear. Like Desdemona she listened not only to my tale of woe but to my romances of derring-do also; for I lied that day without ceasing, it is the way of a man with a maid.

Yet, as I recall it, most of the time I was speechless and sat there in dumb admiration. I gazed in those deep blue eyes and watched the soul that came to the window and looked out at me. It was Jeannie's soul more than all her other beauty that held me spell-bound then and ever afterwards. She did not hide her feelings, her highest charm was her heartfelt emotion and her perfect sincerity.

The sun climbed higher in the sky; had I been Joshua, I would have held it back. It was past the meridian when Estelle came outdoors and joined us; it was lunch-time ere I knew it. Estelle greeted me cordially and begged me to stay to lunch: "How nice it is to see you again! Think of your being in town and our not knowing it. I have been looking for Jeannie all morning." "V-H" had pricked up her ears before either Jeannie or I had heard Estelle's footsteps; now we were all standing and she was prancing around us, delighted to know that it was lunch-time. I had no idea of staying for lunch and was not dressed for company. I whispered in Jeannie's ear, "I can never repay you for the joy you have given me this day. I'm coming again to-morrow." Instead of going home for lunch, I went without it except for a milkshake which I got at Chancellor's drugstore. It was late in the evening when I turned up at Raleigh's in time to dress for dinner.

When Natalie asked me where I had been all day, I replied gaily, "Oh, just cruising round the Cape of Good Hope." Natalie put her arms akimbo and laughed in my face: "You look like a sailor!" said she, pointing to my muddy shoes. "I met Mrs. Mallet on the street a half-hour ago, and she said you had been having mumps with Jeannie Abbot. You can't hide from me. Haven't you lived long enough to know that I'm *hic et ubique*?"—"You can't tease me," I retorted; "if you want to know the truth, I wasn't having the mumps at all, though I might have taken the smallpox if I had seen Mrs. Mallet; I was flirting with Miss Jeannie Abbot, and now I am positive, she's by far the nicest girl that's been in Virginia since Pocahontas, and you can tell Raleigh I said it."—"I suppose that's meant to be derogatory?" Natalie said, putting her arms akimbo again.—"No," I replied, "I said the 'nicest girl', I expressly did not say the prettiest or the cutest or the rottenest. Besides, in conversation present company is always excepted."—Raleigh entered the room at that moment. "There's Abraham," I said; "put your head in his bosom!" And that's what Natalie did before my eyes. She pointed at me from this safe retreat: "Think what he's been doing all this heavenly day: cruising round the Cape of Good Hope!"—"I might have been doing it for a whole week," I muttered, "if some Good Samaritan had had the kindness to tell me Miss Jeannie Abbot was in town."

Friday, 19 August 1898, was a memorable day and a turning-point in my life, when, like Saint Paul, on the road to Damascus, I was "caught up to the third heaven," and sat face to face with sweet Jeannie Abbot of Old Bellevue in a corner of Dr. Mallet's yard "(whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth)." I know I put out the light and went to bed that night in a kind of ecstasy; and there in the dark, looking up to the ceiling until I fell asleep, I kept repeating the sonorous lines:

"Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicæan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore."

I believe I never stirred all night, for when I waked in the morning, there I was flat on my back with my arm behind my head and those same magic words still on my lips. "Helen" was clearly a misnomer for Jeannie, but "those Nicaean barks of yore" remained more or less vague in my mind—evidently they were picturesque and very beautiful, and I thought to myself, I must look them up after breakfast in Raleigh's ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

I got up early, bathed, and put on all my clean linen and fine raiment; shuddering to remember how I must have appeared yesterday in corduroy breeches and that faded old straw hat. The new day was warmer, and from the upstairs window I could see Mr. King letting down the awning over the door of his flower-shop across the street. He and I were old friends; many a nosegay he had made me from the time I entered college and, like a bee, flitted from one "rose-lipt maiden" to another. I glanced at my watch, it wanted a half-hour before breakfast, and Natalie had not yet gone downstairs; it was the opportune time to confer with Mr. King on the subject of nosegays. Lean and lanky as we both were, his tiny "office" (as he called it) was not overcrowded with just us two standing up in it. "Good morning, Mr. King," I saluted him; "I know this is a bad time of the year in your business." I paused and looked at him wistfully, while he nodded his head sorrowfully. I took hold of the lapel of his thread-bare coat: "But," I continued earnestly, "you are an artist, and this is no ordinary occasion. I'm expecting you to outdo yourself. You know Miss Jeannie Abbot—it's a bouquet for her!"—Mr. King exclaimed quickly: "I should say I do know Miss Jeannie Abbot and Miss Estelle Burthe too. Taking flowers to them is like carryin' coals to Newcastle!" (I marvelled at his education, and he repeated the simile to make sure that I

felt its force.) However, he promised to do his best and have the flowers ready for me by ten o'clock; and he was as good as his word.

The only other thing that remained to be done after breakfast was to get Natalie to tie my cravat. "There now," she said, giving it a finishing touch; "you look like a blend of Little Lord Fauntleroy and Washington Crossing the Delaware, stylish and heroic too."—I wiped the crumbs of a biscuit from my lips and, looking at her gratefully and fondly: "Natejus," I said, "you have just a smattering of history. The man you see before you is Don Quixote, and he is going to kiss you, willy-nilly, for tying his cravat!" and I did it then and there, before she could call to Raleigh descending the stairs and monarch of all he surveyed at that moment. He entered the room, surveyed me from head to foot, and said: "Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads."—"Your husband is under the delusion of grandeur," I said to Natalie. "He thinks he is Agamemnon!"

The instant it was ten o'clock I rose from my seat on the porch and went upstairs to take another look at myself in the mirror; there was nothing more I could do except to press down the "cowlick" in my hair and sprinkle a little more cologne on the linen handkerchief that peeped conspicuously from the breastpocket of my blue serge suit. I pulled on my gloves, put on my new hat, took up my cane and bunch of flowers and started on my way. "Charge, Chester, charge!" I heard Natalie shout after me as I turned the corner.—"Suppose Jeannie is not there—suppose she has gone for a drive on the nine-mile circuit!" I thought to myself as I crossed the Lawn. "I'll hang myself on Dr. Mallet's lemon-tree; she'll find me dangling there when she comes home." I wondered if "V-H" would recognise me in my new attire. I was nervous, yet confident too.

All went well that blessed Saturday morning, just as it went the day before. "V-H" met me at the stile and welcomed me as if I was the nutmeg of delight; and a moment later I was standing once more in fair Jeannie's presence, in the bower beneath the trees. The two chairs were in the same place, only now a little table had been put by hers to hold her work-bag and embroidery-things and also the big Leghorn straw hat that was so becoming when she put it on her head and tied the ribbons under her chin. The lovely frock she wore was made of white muslin with red polka-dots ("dotted Swiss," I believe they called it), a fairy-like gauze that floated in front of her as she got up from the chair and came to meet me. "Oh, I am so glad to see you again," she exclaimed; "you know I was afraid you were not coming, for that's the way you have of doing, appearing all of a sudden for a day and night, and then vanishing for two or three years! And you

have brought me these lovely roses that are not the last roses of summer at all but fresh and fragrant as 'the darling buds of May;' you must have plucked them from your own garden!"—"No," said I, "they were born and bred in Mr. King's greenhouse. The roses in my garden are a new variety, not yet in bloom, and I daresay they will be named 'Jeannie Abbot' in remembrance of you,"—She giggled: "You're mighty gallant this morning, and mighty spick and span too. Let me pin this rose on your coat; then King Solomon will be really in all his glory."—She was so close, so radiantly fair, I longed to embrace her then and there, but my arms hung straight down and I stood firm in my patent leather boots. I said simply: "My *rôle* today is Don Quixote; it suits me better. Besides, King Solomon had a beard, which would be in my way."

Just then a servant came with a bowl of water to put the flowers in (Jeannie must have summoned her without my noticing it); we took our accustomed seats and Jeannie resumed the occupation with her embroidery. The piece she was doing was a wreath of pansies in silks of many colours on a light-brown linen cloth; the place where she was plying her needle was stretched smooth and tight by a light wooden hoop about six inches in diameter. How deftly the needle went in and out as if it knew its own business and needed no guidance! Jeannie paused and held the cloth in the sunlight for me to see and admire. I did not have to be a connoisseur to be aware that I was viewing a consummate work of art; Jeannie had a rare hand at needle-work and was a genius for colour-matching. The only word I could think of to say was "Exquisite!" which was appropriate enough, only it is one of those words that are kept in stock to be used when a fellow is at a loss for the right word. I could expatiate a little after Jeannie told me she was making "a blotter" for Estelle's Chippendale writing-table upstairs in her room. "I am trying to finish it before going back to Bellevue," she added. I took the cloth in my hands and admired the embroidery more and more the more nearly I examined it. "A blotter!" I ejaculated, incredulously. "Do you mean that these flowers are to form the border of an ordinary sheet of blotting paper—and get all spattered with ink?"—Jeannie sighed: "Here, give it back to me; I knew you would say something like that, you are so matter-of-fact, so practical, so scientific. No—don't look on the wrong side where all the knots are tied and the ends of the silk not even clipped! That's like looking under a rug and finding all the trash that is meant to be hidden. Give it back to me this instant! I was going to make a blotter for you, but it will be many a Christmas Day before you ever get it."—"O Miss Jeannie, please do," I pleaded; "it will give me so much

pleasure, but I tell you now, I shall never put the work of your hands on my desk where ink and elbow-grease will tarnish it; I'll put it under glass and inscribe above it in gilt letters, *Hoc fecit pulchra Jeannie Abbot, A. D. 1898.*"*

Jeannie laughed, but folded the linen over the skeins of silk in her lap and stuffed the embroidery in her work-bag. "You know I read once," she said pensively, "that Napoleon had 'a noble carelessness' that was the real key to his character. I have liked Napoleon ever since, for I think he must have been like me." This was said in jest, yet in earnest too, and was typical of the noble carelessness of her way of speaking without weighing her words or toning down her exaggerations. You had to catch her meaning and fall in with it. Jeannie Abbot had the art of stimulating conversation; yet often enough I lacked the wit to give a Roland for an Oliver.

To me and to her other admirers (especially to Dr. Mallet, as I so well remember) Jeannie's playful extravagance of both words and deeds was one of her greatest charms. A single instance will suffice to exhibit this prominent trait of her character. I believe I have already told of the time in her youth when she fell under the spell of Rev. Dr. McKim's preaching in Lynchburg and made up her mind to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil. She came home to Bellevue, took out all the dresses in the wardrobe and all the jewelry in the bureau and spread them on the bed; for Loulie and whoever else happened to be within call to help themselves and choose what they wanted.

This anecdote illustrates not only Jeannie's impulsiveness but her generosity also. If you admired the ring on her finger, she would take it off, give it to you, and insist on your taking it. I have seen her do this very act.

A pretty little gilt-edge book had fallen from her work-bag and was lying on the table; I reached over her lap and took it in my hands. "*Palgrave's Golden Treasury*," I said, reading the title on the cover; "I might have guessed it, for I have a copy just like it, only yours is new, and mine is worn and about to fall to pieces."—"That is the 'Second Series' ", Jeannie answered, "published less than a year ago, thirty-six years after the original *Golden Treasury* which comes down to Wordsworth about the middle of the century. This new volume begins where the first left off and is dedicated to the memory of Tennyson. Besides him it includes the two Brownings, Matthew Arnold and all the later Victorian poets except those that are still alive."

I believe that was the first time Jeannie and I ever talked together

* In imitation of *Hoc fecit Wickham*. The word *pulchra* was superfluous and could have been taken for granted; but I inserted it so as not to leave any doubt that *Jeannie* was nominative, not accusative.

about books; and I know that day was the first day I ever read aloud to her, as I did so constantly in the years that were yet to come. Jeannie was abreast of modern literature, English, American and foreign. She was certainly one of the earliest Virginians ever to have a copy of Palgrave's "Second Series;" whereas I, for example, did not know of its existence until that day in Dr. Mallet's yard. Two of the chief exemplars in this anthology of mid-Victorian English verse were Arthur O'Shaughnessy (1844-1881) and William Barnes (1801-1886), whose names I had never heard before, but who were Jeannie's favourites next to Robert Browning (1812-1889). The latter was the modern poet who ranked highest in Jeannie's affection, far above Tennyson, whom she rather disparaged, though she appreciated his metrical skill and recognised his undoubted genius. Browning stirred her soul to its depths. She knew almost by heart and comprehended nearly all of the shorter pieces in the volume of selections from his poetical works which she took with her along with her prayer-book and hymnal wherever she went. To me at that time (August 1898) Browning was a closed book.

Jeannie was her own path-finder in the world of literature; in that realm she strayed away from her father and followed her own instincts. A writer (like John Milton, for instance) who did not touch her heart had no place in the little bookcase in her room at home where she kept her treasures. I myself never saw her girlhood library, but I know it contained Browning's complete works in five or six volumes, Carlyle's *French Revolution* (if not *Sartor Resartus* also) and, above all, an American edition of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. Other writers who were dear to her in her youth and ever afterwards were Bagehot, Emerson and Arnold. She was familiar with all the English novelists from Sir Walter Scott and Jane Austen to George Meredith and Mrs. Humphry Ward, but she loathed Dickens. Whether she had come in contact with Turgeniev, Dostoievsky and Chekhov as early as 1898, I am not sure, but I know she preferred the great Russian writers of fiction to those of any other climate. Shakespeare, of course, was in a niche by himself; she knew every line of *Hamlet* and could quote long passages of *Antony and Cleopatra*, which she had heard her father read aloud ever since her earliest childhood.

I believed I was well-read and a connoisseur of literature until I came in contact with Jeannie Abbot, but after that I furled my flag and marched under her banner. I did not have her insight and originality, I was swayed by the critics and accepted their authority; whereas Jeannie did not heed them at all, but knew what she liked and disliked. To her, style and cleverness were secondary, sincerity and truthfulness were primary.

I glanced through the pages of the little volume I held in my hand and had a knowing air. "Is it possible," I asked, "Palgrave has left out

Landor's *Rose Aylmer*? that 'night of memories and of sighs I consecrate to thee.'"—Jeannie was a little crest-fallen: "You're right," she admitted, "it certainly should be there, and it isn't. But never mind, please read aloud that piece of O'Shaughnessy's called 'Keeping a heart'; let me find it for you, for I marked the place."

So the rest of the morning was spent: I read aloud from the book, she listened intently and did her embroidery; and ever and anon we looked at each other fondly. When Jeannie said she enjoyed my reading and told me that I shed light and made her see new meanings that were not there before, I glowed with pride: "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed!" I wished I could lean over and kiss her; I believe I could have done so with impunity. The poetry in that little book seemed to me exceedingly beautiful; "V-H" lay fast asleep at my feet; the air that summer day was soft and soothing;

"And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!"

No wonder that again, just as the day before, I was "caught up to the third heaven" and was in a trance!

However, as luck would have it, the time came when "V-H" sat up and yawned, and then I knew it was lunch-time and the hour had come for me to go. I closed the *Golden Treasury* with a sigh, I put my hand on my heart and said: "Verily, yesterday and today are two days of my life long to be remembered" (a prophecy which has been fulfilled to this day). "May I come again on Monday?" I asked wistfully and hopefully.

It was Jeannie's turn to sigh: "I'll be gone then," she said in a low voice; "I'm going back to Bellevue Monday. I came to stay a week, and now I've stayed two weeks—and I'm glad I did!" I had risen to go, but at those words I sank back in my chair, dumbfounded; in other words, I dropped out of "the third heaven" and fell to the ground all in a heap: "You mean 'gone'—what will become of me?" I looked at Jeannie helplessly.—"Why don't you come and go with me?" Jeannie murmured in my ear. "Oh, it would be so nice if you would! and everybody at Bellevue would be so glad to see you! I told Mother long ago I was never going to invite you to Bellevue again—*she* could do it, but *I* wouldn't—and now I have broken my word!"

By this time "V-H" was on her feet, wagging her tail, looking alternately first at Jeannie and then at me; but now she fixed her gaze on me and barked: "Say yes, mister! Tell her you'll be glad to go to Bellevue with her." I could make out distinctly what her advice was. I got up and looked at my watch: "When does the train leave Monday?

If I am going to join you then, I haven't a minute to lose now. I must find Aunt Hannah and take her my washing."—Jeannie clapped her hands: "He's going, 'V-H', he's really going! Won't it be jolly? But there's no need to find your washerwoman," she said, turning to me. "Washerwomen are as plentiful at Bellevue as blackberries in June. The train leaves around ten o'clock, it's that slow 'accommodation' that stops at every cross-roads; we'll get to Bellevue late for dinner, but they know I'm coming, and they'll save dinner for me, and there'll be enough for us both."

Gaiety took the place of the heart-ache I had felt a moment before. "Onward, Christian Soldiers! All aboard for Bellevue!" I shouted, holding my cane to my shoulder and marching up and down. However, I insisted that I was bound to get hold of Aunt Hannah without a moment's delay: "You see I know the necessity better than you do. Farewell, dear heart, for I must leave you now!" Without another word, and heedless of the torment of my patent-leather boots, I strode down the long brick walk on my way to Hannah's, if haply I could find her abode. "She lives somewhere on the outskirts of town," I said to myself cheerfully as I crossed The Lawn, "no doubt my clothes are hanging on the line, and I shall recognise them when they come in sight."

That day it did not occur to either Jeannie or me (and indeed not till long afterwards) that we were heels-over-head in love with each other.

CHAPTER VI

A Sentimental Journey (22 August 1898)

"I like to see it lap the miles,
And lick the valleys up;
And stop to feed itself at tanks;
* * * * *
Then chase itself down hill
And neigh like Boanerges."
EMILY DICKINSON

IT WAS already past noon that warm summer day when I parted from lovely Jeannie Abbot in Dr. Mallet's yard. My heart beat fast, I trod on air, notwithstanding my patent-leather boots pinched my feet and the waistcoat under my jacket was tight and uncomfortable. The after-glow of her radiant presence went before me, the blue eyes, the golden hair, the dotted-Swiss muslin gown tied with a ribbon round her slender waist. I hurried across the sunlit Lawn and paused in front of the Rotunda to get my breath and take my bearing. What was my errand, where was I bound? All at once my mind cleared, I glanced up at the big dial; it was nearly one o'clock. "Yes," I murmured, "I'm on the way to find old Hannah, my washerwoman, but 'tis best to go home first, pull off these shoes, and get out of this corslet that is crushing my ribs. Natalie's Cora will know where Aunt Hannah lives." No sooner said than done; ten minutes later I was back at Raleigh's upstairs in my room and had on my old shoes, thank Heaven! when Cora tapped on the door and told me lunch was ready.

Raleigh and Natejus were seated at the table when I entered the dining-room as gay as a troubadour and gulped down a glass of cold tea. "Happy warrior," quoth Raleigh, "what's the news from the front?"—I tried to be nonchalant, picked up a buttered hot biscuit and began to munch it enjoyably. "Haven't you heard it?" I replied; "it must be all over town by now. In brief, I, even I, *moi qui parle*, have been nominated and appointed to escort Miss Jeannie Abbot back home to Bellevue early Monday morning! and now I've got to find old Hannah and get her to wash and iron all my soiled linen and bring it back to me Monday before breakfast, even if she has to stay at home from church all day to-morrow."—Raleigh looked at me affectionately: "Old Sir Richard, caught at last! God's will be done!" He clasped his

hands as if he was saying grace.—Natejus dropped her knife and fork in her plate and stared at me; she was sympathetic. “Goodness gracious!” she exclaimed. “Raleigh, how can you make light of his plight? Can’t you see, Jeannie is taking him alive and squirming to her cave on the Peaks of Otter?”—“I’ve never been there,” I replied ecstatically, “but I hear they are the most delectable mountains in all Virginia.” I turned to Cora who was handing me a plate of biscuits fresh from the kitchen, delicious as she knew how to make them: “Tell me, Cora, where does Aunt Hannah live?” I asked her. “I haven’t a moment to lose.”—Cora said, all she knew was, “Miss Hannah lived somewhere by the railroad track, ’cuz she’s always talkin’ about pullin’ the chillun off the cowcatchers, but,” she added, “’taint no use your tryin’ to find Miss Hannah, I ‘spec’ she’s on her way here now with your wash on her head, she always comes Sadday evenin’ and gits her dinner in our kitchen.”

In old days the shops kept open all day Saturday and did a thriving business. I had plenty to do down town all that afternoon in preparation for my excursion to Old Bellevue; first of all, I had to consult William Wood about my wardrobe.

Long prior to the gay nineties, and long afterwards too, indeed as long as William Wood lived, the firm of J. B. & W. H. Wood on Main Street in Charlottesville was the leading emporium for men’s clothing and a haberdashery more or less well known all over Virginia and throughout the South, inasmuch as its reputation was spread far and wide year after year by students of the University of Virginia who were in the habit of dealing there. William was the younger brother of J. B. Wood and, strictly speaking, the junior partner, but publicly and actually he was the chief. Nobody ever thought of entering that store except on purpose to see William Wood himself and be waited on by him. He was young and handsome, agreeable and ingratiating, and as a salesman I believe he had no equal.

I suppose it is apochryphal, as nearly all good stories are, but it used to be told that on one occasion a widow came into the store to buy a suit of clothes for her husband who had died the day before and was to be laid out in his coffin. William condoled with her and persuaded her to buy two pairs of pants!

William Wood and I were old friends. I daresay it was he who sold me my first pair of long trousers years before I came to college; and I know that after I left college I used to come to Charlottesville chiefly in order to get William Wood to measure me for a new suit of clothes. One thing that endeared him to his customers in addition to all his other virtues was that he never even distantly alluded to what they owed him.

I did not have to explain my errand that Saturday afternoon; William divined that I was going somewhere out of town in good society and was in need of raiment of all kinds. The preliminary conversation was mostly about the weather and town-gossip, but while it was going on, William spread his wares on the counter for me to admire and choose. There were ever so many cravats for one item, "rich, not gaudy" (William said in an aside, for he had Shakespeare on the tip of his tongue in dealing with a customer of superior education); but there were all kinds of other articles also from socks and night-shirts to tennis-racquets and blazers. William said a customer who was a man of fashion like me was a great help in his business; that one man with my taste and sense of propriety was worth more to him than a hundred New York drummers telling him what the latest styles were on Fifth Avenue. So saying, he proceeded to lay aside one article after another that he knew was the right thing for me, while all I did was to nod approval of each item. The pile grew to be so high that William paused and looked at it thoughtfully. "You know," he said, a little dubiously yet firmly too, "I expect you'll have to have an extra suit-case;" and presto! as if by magic, the suit-case leaped from the shelf behind him and fell wide-open on the counter. William laid my purchases in it one by one and filled it to the brim, then he pulled down the lid and clamped it. "Couldn't fit better if it had been made to order," said he, patting it tenderly. "Do you think you might need a light overcoat?" (he pointed to a garment hanging over my head) "Last week Frank Abbot was in here from over yonder by the Peaks of Otter, and what he wanted most of all was that light overcoat. These cool nights in August it comes in mighty handy if you happen to be caught outdoors up there in the mountains and have a long ride to take to get home. Do you know Frank Abbot, Bill Abbot's youngest brother? He's since your time in college."

It was the only occasion in my life when I looked at William Wood with suspicion. I had never seen Frank Abbot and did not know that there was such a person in existence. Why was William talking to me about him? Did he know I was going to Bellevue? I had not told him my itinerary. One or two of the Abbot boys, Bill, Charley, and Frank, had been in college every session during the past seven or eight years, and I might have known that William Wood had come in contact with each of them in turn; for sooner or later he was sure to have dealings with every student who had a predilection for Arrow collars and hole-proof socks which William always kept in stock.

Instead of pursuing the subject of the "light overcoat," William wrapped my bundles and then handed me a little printed folder:

"Better put that in your pocket," said he; "it can't do any harm. It's the new time-table of the Virginia Midland Railway, or Southern Railway, as they call it now, just out. At least it does tell you the hour when you can be pretty sure the train will *not* be at the station in question."

I gathered up my parcels and went across the street to Ferguson's barbershop, to get my hair cut; but to this day I am in the dark as to how on earth William found out that I was going to Bellevue. He was one of those clairvoyants who know what is going to happen without having been told beforehand. He didn't worm the secret out of you, but he guessed it correctly. Strictly speaking, William Wood does not belong in this story, in the list of *dramatis personae* his name would not appear. Nevertheless I spent with him a long time of one of the most momentous days of my life. Much that I choose to relate is not germane and far from interesting. Who cares to know that on my way home that Saturday just before dark I stopped in at Huyett's grocery on Main Street and purchased two cartons of Huyler's candy, one for dear Natejus and the other to curry favour at Old Bellevue? or that with all my bundles, more than I could carry on foot, I rode uptown in the one-horse street-car and arrived in time to confer with Aunt Hannah about my washing? These are details that like everything else that day loom large in my memory and intrude on this page by virtue of having escaped oblivion like the length of Cleopatra's nose.

Sunday was a long day of impatience such as Christmas Eve, but Monday dawned at last. I suppose Julius Caesar would have written in his diary, *Veni, vidi, vici*, but the entry in my little red-cover expense book, just as laconic, is more modest; all it says is:

"22 August 1898. Went to Bellevue with Miss Jeannie Abbot." Not another word!

If today by good fortune the Archangel Gabriel, looking down on me here at my desk from his window in heaven, and being filled with compassion, were to call through his trumpet and say, "Poor old man, of all the days thou hast lived on earth, choose the one thou wouldst rather live over again, and thy wish shall be granted!"—if, I say, Gabriel himself, out of a clear sky, were to offer me that boon, I might be at a loss what day to choose of many happy days of my life. Yet feeling as I do this moment when I am writing this chapter, I believe I should unhesitatingly wish most to repeat the August day when Jeannie Abbot and I, side by side, rode on the train from the "junction" in Charlottesville to the "junction" in Lynchburg and thence to the "Switch" at Old Bellevue, the first time in my life I ever landed there.

Estelle Burthe took Jeannie Abbot to the Union Station about ten o'clock Monday morning, and they were there already, a heavenly

sight to see, when I arrived on foot with my two satchels. The little bobtail train, locomotive and three coaches, was late as usual, and we had plenty of time to spare. Sol was riding high in the sky on the way to meet Virgo in the Zodiac, and was on his good behaviour, not so piping hot as was his wont to be at that season. Just the same, Estelle kept shy of him under the pink parasol that heightened the colour of her cheeks. The two tall girls in white shirt-waists and blue serge skirts, with sailor hats tilted on their heads, were like beautiful princesses who greeted me as if I was the Earl of Essex; as indeed I might have been, had I worn knee-breeches and been beribboned with sash and garter. Jeannie gleamed with delight and exclaimed: "Oh, this is the greatest good luck, your going to Bellevue with me today. You can read aloud to me from that little blue book of poetry in my bag, for this is an accommodation train that stops at every little wayside station and loiters all day long; though I must admit it makes a heap of fuss as it meanders along at its lazy pace." Estelle complimented me on my elegant apparel and admired my brown linen suit, as yet unsoiled and unrumped. She pinned a zinnia on the lapel of my coat: "There!" she said, taking a step backward and scanning me from head to foot, "you look like Oscar Wilde."—"Then William Wood has played me false," I stammered, "for when he made this outfit, he assured me I could easily be taken for Richard Harding Davis. Escorting Miss Jeannie to Bellevue, I wish I was Alcibiades, but that is out of the question and beyond my highest endeavour." So saying, I put my best foot forward and, like Malvolio in the play, assumed an air of authority and command. I called the porter, and, without addressing him as "Sirrah," bade him keep a watchful eye on our luggage and see that all was in readiness for our embarkation; but what I did unceasingly was to gaze at Jeannie Abbot with unfeigned admiration. I was fascinated by the little red belt that went round her waist and was no more than half the length of my arm as well as I could estimate. She was the Gibson Girl of the gay nineties in all her peerless splendour, in all her matchless charm! I whispered in her ear, "Today is the pinnacle of my glory!" She smiled and sighed.

The by-standers on the platform (ticket-agent, baggage-master, policeman, porter, news-boy, mountain-lass with babe in her arms, and country-bumpkin by her side), not one of them wasted a look on me, though I did have to move away from the baby who tried to pluck the Tyrolese feather from my brand-new straw hat (one of those flat cylinders men used to wear in the summer-time all over the United States). The baggage-man, who had been lying flat on his back alongside Jeannie's trunk on top of the hand-drawn station-wagon, opened

his eyes, sat up, and listened intently; while Estelle was lamenting how dull and lonesome she would be when Jeannie and I were *both* gone. The agent rose to his feet, spat forth a "chaw of terbacker," and pulled the wagon about a couple of yards farther down on the platform, muttering to me in passing, "She's at Rio now." (Rio was naught but a wooden shed and bench two or three miles up the track, where the accommodation train, which stopped at nothing, used sometimes to pause to let a passenger off or on.) Suddenly, from afar a shrill whistle rent the air, and instantly everybody was alert. Jeannie and Estelle hugged and kissed each other, the baby waved goodbye to all and sundry. Five minutes later far up the track the locomotive hove in sight and seemed at first to be standing still, though as a matter of fact it was slowly and majestically approaching the platform where we were. It had come stealthily, but now the clanging bell, rocking to and fro, proclaimed its arrival and at the same time its speedy departure in order to make up for lost time. Naturally enough, the commotion on the platform got to be louder and louder as the three coaches, jostling one another, gradually came to a standstill. My own excitement was absurd; I compared it in my mind to the frenzy at the Duchess of Richmond's Ball the night before the Battle of Waterloo! There was some excuse for that exaggeration: the locomotive ("engine" we called it), puffing and snorting louder than ever, had halted directly opposite me and was sending forth a cloud of steam and a torrent of lava. The engineer, a big fellow with a smiling countenance, keeping hold of the lever with one hand, looked out of the cabin-window and grinned towards me. It was uncanny, and I am sure now he was thinking what was in store for my clean linen suit (and Jeannie's shirt-waist too with its braid of embroidery down the row of pearl buttons) ere he hauled us that day to the round-house at Monroe which was the terminus of his chore. (Monroe was the last station in Amherst County before crossing James River to the Union Station at Lynchburg.)

Except for the mother and baby who got on at Charlottesville and one or two passengers who were on the train already, according to my recollection, we had the whole coach to ourselves all the way to Lynchburg. It was filthy and malodorous, the matting on the aisle was stained and worn, the benches and window-sills were laden with cinders, everything you touched left a black smear upon you, the water in the cooler was tepid. The coach was simply vile, yet for me it was paradise. The conductor was without doubt the pleasantest man I ever met except another conductor I got to know afterwards in Alabama; and he was fascinated by Jeannie. The coloured porter was exceedingly solicitous and attentive. He made us stand up in the aisle

while he swept and scoured the floor between and underneath the two benches turned towards each other, one for us to sit on side by side and the other for our luggage; he brushed and wiped the seats and promised to bring us some ice-water. Yet after all it was Jeannie who wrought the miracle and made every mile of that journey a joy instead of a plague, as it certainly would have been, had I been alone. Cinders and soot were our worst enemies, against them we contended in vain; yet by the aid of newspapers spread in our laps and over our bundles we defended ourselves as best we could, laughed and said, "In God we trust!" Now and then I stood up in the aisle, trying not to touch the furniture, and shook the ashes from me, like a dog drying himself after coming from a pool of water. Jeannie was competent and resourceful; her bag contained innumerable perfumes and ointments which she distributed lavishly over both of us. I was complacent and comfortable. I know I would not have changed places that day with Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, the hero of the sinking of the *Merrimac* in Santiago Harbour; who that summer (or soon afterwards) was being kissed by every pretty girl who crossed his path.

The Baby four or five seats behind us had whooping-cough, as was the habit of babies on trains in Virginia ever since I could remember; and Jeannie, good Samaritan that she was, was filled with compassion. She was tempted to go back there and offer to hold the baby in her arms in order to give the weary mother a temporary respite; but I, with my usual selfishness, restrained her. "What will become of me?" I asked plaintively.—She said, "Never fear, I am going to stay here with you."—"Evil, be thou my good!" I murmured blasphemously and contentedly.—"I suspected you were Satan, now I know it!" Jeannie laughed and said: "When I was a little girl not more than ten or twelve years old and used to say the Lord's Prayer every night before getting in bed, the line I repeated most fervently was 'Deliver us from Eva!'" That is how she happened to tell me the story of Eva Callaway, a young lady who dwelt at Bellevue several years with Mr. and Mrs. James W. Harris when they had charge of "the boarding department" of the School. Eva was pretty and giddy. She flirted with the boys, and that was sinful. No wonder she was held up to Lucy and Jeannie Abbot as the embodiment of Evil, and no wonder Jeannie believed she was specially named in the Lord's Prayer as somebody to be shunned.

Miss Eva Callaway, daughter of Mrs. Harris, probably about sixteen years old, was still a school-girl and was studying English Grammar. According to Jeannie, that performance invariably took place at the edge of the steps on the back porch where Eva sat in

a rocking-chair and could both see and be seen by any of the boys who happened to be loitering between Siberia and study-hall in the Palais. The book was open in her lap; the lesson was a kind of catechism with question and answer to be learned by heart. Eva rocked gently to and fro in her chair and in a low tone everlastingly repeated this refrain:

“What’s a noun?—A noun’s a name.—
What’s your name?—Eva Callaway.”

So we whiled away the time, never for an instant at a loss for pleasant conversation. What Jeannie said lingered and was stored in memory; what I said was like chaff that is blown away by the wind. She talked and charmed; I prattled and purred.

All the way to Bellevue I was studying the primer and learning the A B C’s of my beautiful and mysterious companion, never dreaming that that was a labour of love that would take a life-time and not be finished then; for Jeannie Abbot (I was beginning to see) was as mysterious and inscrutable as that imaginary entity in Algebra defined by the equation $i^2 = -1$, and certainly far more graceful and lovely to my eyes than any surface I had ever read about in Salmon’s *Geometry of Three Dimensions*. The only conclusion I could come to was that she was transcendental, but words and classifications were futile, and afterwards when I consulted an encyclopaedia, it was only to be told that, “Between transcendental and transcendent Kant drew a distinction,” and I was more at sea than ever.

The handbag that Jeannie carried was a symbol and a witness of the “noble carelessness” which (the reader will remember if he or she has finished reading the last chapter) was one of the traits of which she herself was proud. Every article, big and little (provided it was not too big), that could possibly be needed on a summer-day in August, was to be found in that receptacle. It did not seem to be heavy, for she carried it conveniently on her arm; yet I suppose the last thing Jeannie did after eating breakfast at Dr. Mallet’s was to hasten back to her room upstairs, stand in front of the mirror on the bureau and pin her hat at the right angle, and then dump the entire contents of the little top drawer, higgledy-piggledy, into her hand-bag held open to receive them. They were her *lares et penates* which she took with her on all her expeditions. She knew them all, little pawns as well as higher pieces, and could distinguish them by touch with her eyes shut. And so on the train, no matter what particular article was requisite at the moment, all she had to do was to thrust her hand in the cornucopia and instantly draw it forth, be it ribbon or necklace, hair-pin or breast-pin, phial of soda-mints or bottle of smelling-salts. Like all her other

accomplishments, this legerdemain (as I called it) was simply marvelous.

I think it was from that hand-bag (somewhere near "Nelly's Ford" in Nelson County where Mother and Babe got off) that Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* peeped out at me, as if to propose my reading aloud; but I nodded my head. I was not in the mood on that bob-tail train for anything as tame and mediocre as English Lyric Verse: I had two things to think about and they were plenty: Cinders, which were horrid, and Jeannie Abbot, who was lovely.

As the old hymn saith:

"The race is not forever got
By him who fastest runs,
Nor the battle by the fellows
Who shoot the longest guns."

Had I been the real, authentic Young Lochinvar, doubtless I might have stretched forth my little finger and lightly touched the bare part of Jeannie's half-gloved hand: it certainly was a big temptation. Thank Goodness! I kept my head and held my hand; otherwise, Jeannie might have screamed (though, to do her justice, I don't believe she would), the conductor and the porter might have put me off the train, and I might never have laid eyes on Old Bellevue! My feeling at the time (and it hasn't changed now in all these years) was that tactics that may have been good and successful in Scotland a century ago were (to say the least) dubious in Virginia in the gay nineties. I bided my time, long time as it was. My *rôle* was that of Fabius Cunctator, more safe than heroic.

Natalie's Cora had been kind and thoughtful enough to put a parcel of her own "beat biscuits" in my satchel, each with a slice of good old country-cured ham inserted between its buttered halves; and from a band-box that carried some head-gear including the Leghorn bonnet, Jeannie produced a bottle of Monticello claret, a corkscrew, two napkins and two clean tumblers. I called the porter, and he brought a pile of crushed ice—Goodness knows where he got it! Quick as lightning, Jeannie concocted two dew-frosted "sangaree's" (she called 'em; they certainly were delicious, with nutmeg sprinkled on top—she must have had a grater in her handbag). And so we had quite a nice little lunch with fresh newspapers spread over our knees to catch both crumbs and ashes—somewhere on the road to Monroe. It was there that we parted from our spiteful little locomotive that had heaped us with the lava of Pocahontas coal all the way from Charlottesville and got a new machine to pull us across James River bridge into

Union Station at Lynchburg; and it was there at Monroe that I noticed the change in Jeannie's demeanour, not in her demeanour towards me but in her attitude to the public.

Hitherto she had been meek and modest and had kept in the background, leaving me to transact whatever business was necessary, to give directions and issue orders to subalterns all along the route; but now she herself took command as one who was familiar with the surroundings and accustomed to receive homage. She had an air of authority and was really dictatorial. In that territory, including Amherst and Campbell, Old Bellevue was almost as renowned as it was in Bedford, and Jeannie was like MacGregor with his foot on his native heath. She summoned the polite conductor and revealed her identity and our destination. We had to get on another train at Lynchburg, and she charged him the instant we reached the old down-town station to communicate this information to the agents of the Norfolk and Western Railroad and tell them not to fail to reserve two seats on their westbound train No. 3 "for Miss Jeannie Abbot and her escort." The conductor bowed obsequiously, and backed away from her presence, promising faithfully to obey her instructions. The porter flourished his whisk-broom and played a tune on my back; he brushed Jeannie more gently and took his tip apologetically.

A few minutes later there we were standing on the platform of the crowded station waiting, as was everybody else, for the arrival of the fast express that goes all the way from Norfolk, Virginia, to Columbus, Ohio. It was past 2 o'clock and the train was expected to come any minute, as come it did at last, a long, proud train with day-coaches and Pullman coaches too, a crowd of passengers to get off and a crowd to get on. The powerful locomotive could hardly bear to stand still. The handsome conductor, watch in hand, was impatient too; the burly coloured porter by his side caught sight of Jeannie and knew her instantly; he picked up our luggage and took it inside the coach, and the conductor himself ushered us to a front seat that he had reserved. There was scarcely standing-room in the aisle, and we were lucky to get two seats together, luckier still if one of us did not have to sit next a woman with a goitre on her neck nearly as big as a cantaloup. However, now we had only fifteen miles to go to the first stop, which was not a scheduled stop at all, the Switch (as it was called), which was the station for Old Bellevue. As the train got to going at full speed, and the wheels rolling past the joints of the rails were humming contentedly, "Tik-tok, tik-tok, tokka, tokka, TOK!" (which, according to Edward Lear, is the refrain of a railway carriage in glad career), I hated to think I was nearing the end of my ride with Jeannie.

Strictly speaking, the Switch was not a station at all but a long siding directly in front of the Bellevue store, where west-bound No. 3 waited for eastbound No. 4 to pass it on the single track, supposing No. 3 reached there first (or *vice versâ*). If there was any real station at all, it was at Goode not quite a mile west of the Switch. When Mr. Abbot himself was on the train or any member of his family, it stopped at the Switch, to let the distinguished party get off (or to get on too, if said party signalled for that purpose). The Switch may not have been on the map or in the time-table, but nevertheless for one reason or another it was an important place and an integral part of Old Bellevue. The store was there on a level with the track, and Mr. Barnard who kept the store and lived in it with his wife was postmaster, ticket-agent and agent of the Southern Express Company all combined, just about as useful and influential a citizen as there was in those days anywhere in Bedford County. He was a modest man withal; except for his cap with a visor, which he put on when he heard the train coming, you could not have told by his dress that he was different from ordinary folks who lounged in the store. The store was a favourite rendezvous for white and coloured who dwelt in its vicinity, especially for the schoolboys.

Old Bellevue itself was on the top of the hill less than a quarter of a mile from the Switch, with which it was connected by a straight wagon-road cut deep in the hillside and also by a gravel foot-path high above the road; along which I used to go and come many a day long, long ago. Now scarcely a vestige is left of the Switch and the store, the road and the path—or of me too!

Looking out of the window, Jeannie pointed to the mountains towards which we were going at nearly forty miles an hour. She was proud of her own country and said a little condescendingly: "You have never been in Bedford before. It always seems to me the Blue Ridge is bluer and higher in Bedford than in Albemarle."—I, who was used to the Ragged Mountains, stood up for Albemarle, and said in jest: "All I know is that in Albemarle the railroad goes under the mountains rather than even trying to climb over them; and, besides, I have always heard that the Blue Ridge, and the Valley too, petered out at Roanoke just a little way beyond the Peaks of Otter. What Bedford's famous for all over the globe is Miss Jeannie Abbot; and what makes me forever immortal is that once in my life I rode with her all the way Thomas Jefferson used to ride on horseback from Monticello to Poplar Forest."—"I'll show you his route on the map when we get home. It was much longer than the way we came on the train," Jeannie said, taking no notice of my compliment, but showing off her geography; and here the dialogue was cut short.

A shrill whistle rent the air; it was a salute to West's Crossing. As the train glided round the bend past the ice-pond, Jeannie shouted:

"Look! There's Bellevue on top of the hill, I believe they are waving to me from the back porch!" By that time I was on my feet and could not see through the window where she pointed. The air-brakes screeched, the coach throbbed, and I nearly lost my balance when the train came to a sudden halt, and we were actually at the Switch! There was Mr. Barnard with his cap on his head and the populace at his heels waiting to welcome and embrace us. The locomotive panted; evidently eastbound No. 4 was behind time that day, as it was apt to be more often than not. The porter let down the steps and deposited our bags and bundles in a heap on the ground; while far ahead Jeannie's trunk came tumbling from the baggage-car. The courteous conductor helped Jeannie to descend and "yanked" me behind her with much less ceremony. Staying to get his tip, the dignified porter had to run to catch the coach already rolling past us. The handsome conductor waved adieu until the train was out of sight.

"Where is Dolphin?" Jeannie exclaimed, looking around her. "Oh, here he is!" Dolphin, hat in hand and face wreathed in smiles, was standing directly in front of her. The hair left on his head was smooth and greyish, his clean-shaven cheeks were tinged with pink; he was an elderly mulatto with the air of a polished gentleman. "Howdy, Miss Jeannie! I sho is glad to see you back home again. 'Taint rained a drap since you lef'! Them all your things?" he asked, pointing to the pile of luggage. "Seem like you come back with mo' than you tuk away."

Jeannie introduced me to Dolphin, and that was the beginning of a long friendship. He had brought Jeannie's horse and buggy to the station to meet her, but neither he nor anybody else was expecting me. Jeannie had written her mother that I was coming with her, but, as might have been foreseen, the letter was in the mail-pouch that had just been thrown off the train along with the battered little trunk. We took the mail to the house with us in the buggy.

My First Sight of Old Bellevue

"This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."

SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*, I, 6.

NOW THAT Jeannie was at the Switch with her vassals all around her, she trod "with footsteps firmer" and was more than ever like the Lord of Burleigh. Without waiting for me or Dolphin to help her, she climbed into her buggy, took hold of the reins, and bade me mount and sit beside her; just as I had been doing all day with so much satisfaction and pure enjoyment. The horse looked round inquisitively, seeming to wonder who I was. When he snorted, *Cur hic?*—the first question the pupil is asked on entering a German University—, I blushed and hung my head. Dolphin piled our luggage in the back of the "swank" little vehicle (all except the trunk which he was going to take in a wheelbarrow); Jeannie flourished her whip; and off we started, not very briskly, for the horse knew that the hill was steep at first and he would have to go in a walk most of the way; besides, he wanted his good friend Dolphin to catch up with him. Even so, we were not long in coming to the brow of the hill where the road was nearly level; and then I got my first view of the School immediately in front and saw also the lofty Peaks of Otter waiting far away for the slowly descending sun to come and set between them. We drove past the Inkstand and the Palais, the humblest and the tallest of the school-buildings; and the yard-gate stood wide open to receive us. I believe I did not cast a glance at Siberia on my right, for my eyes were fastened on the big house in the grove of trees, the two-storey brick edifice (not counting basement and garret) that was so evidently a house of gentle folks, so pleasing and so inviting. We came up to it, the buggy halted athwart a narrow brick walk at the foot of a wide flight of wooden steps that led up to the high back porch. Such a clatter of voices I never heard before! It seemed as if all the men, women and children in Bedford had come to welcome Jeannie home. As a matter of fact all this mob of people was no more than the summer-time population of Bellevue; they had been eating dessert in the little dining-room;

Archie, who was waiting on the table that day, announced that he heard the wheels of the buggy; and instantaneously (without, so far as I know, casting "one longing lingering look behind") everybody leaped up and rushed out on the back porch (as I said) to welcome Jeannie home.

The entrance to Old Bellevue was not in front but at the rear, on a spacious back porch that extended the whole width of the house from one side to the other and was reached from the ground by a flight of steps at each end. A newcomer (as I was that day) was wont to be taken by surprise at first on finding that he was coming in by the back door, but later when he got used to Bellevue, he thoroughly understood that the back way was the right way and just as it had to be in a charming and hospitable home that faced the Peaks of Otter.

The fact is, when you got to be an *attaché* of Old Bellevue (as I did with the utmost celerity), you tacitly but firmly approved of every detail in it. The design was due to Mr. Holcombe, and it seems to me he did not make a single mistake. It was he who selected the site for his School and made his home there to suit himself. Mr. Holcombe had the reputation of being a scholar and a recluse; I suppose he seldom came out of his study. Yet he must have been endowed with a heap of sound sense or *savoir faire*, as the French call it. He had an innate sense for what is right and seemly. As far as I can tell, any changes that were made after his time were nearly always for the worse.

Mr. Abbot was of a younger generation. He added modern improvements (steam heat, for example) and was up to date; but Mr. Abbot was something of an iconoclast too. When the time came to repair the stairway in the front hall, he did not hesitate to replace the graceful walnut railing and bannisters with sturdy yellow oak all out of keeping with the other wood-work.

Jeannie had let go the reins, gotten out of the buggy, and was in her father's embrace half-way up the steps, ere the sole of my foot touched the soil of Bellevue for the first time in my life. Had I had a *flair* for history and histrionics, doubtless I should have fallen on my knees as Lord de la Warr did on landing at Jamestown and made "a long and silent prayer." Instead of doing that I hastened to catch up with Jeannie and get under her wing. Mr. Abbot was polite to me but rather unenthusiastic.

At first I was embarrassed by the prospect of meeting all these strangers. My brown linen suit, so immaculate when I had started forth that morning, was wilted and smeared, my hair stood up on end, and I had lost my handkerchief. Then suddenly Loulie, who had hold of deaf old "grandma" at the edge of the steps, shouted down to me: "Goodness gracious! has Jeannie lassoed you at last and brought you

to Bellevue?" And I called back over her mother's shoulder: "Just you wait, Miss Loulie, till I lift this ball and chain and get to the top of the steps, I'll pay you in your own coin!" The really affectionate greeting Mrs. Abbot gave me went to my heart and helped to restore my composure; and the next minute, all dishevelled as I was, I reached the porch itself and was being introduced to each individual one after another. "Grandma" (I guessed correctly) was Mr. Abbot's mother, an intelligent and lively old lady (not on the best of terms with her daughter-in-law, as I found out afterwards). I let fall a *risqué* word in her trumpet that tickled the sedate tympanum of her ear—she giggled loudly; and thereafter she and I were sworn friends all the rest of her days. Young and charming Lucy Lewis, Bill's wife, was there on the porch, with her two handsome little boys, William and John Abbot, clutching at her skirt, "Cornelia and her Jewels," as I used to call them when I got to know them better; and Emily Abbot was there too, "sweet sixteen," and beautiful as Lady Clara Vere de Vere, and just as haughty. On my arrival I had no expectation of staying at Bellevue longer than a couple of days, and I sighed to think that I would go away without really getting to know all these new faces in the tribe of the "Bellevutii" (which was my name for them collectively), and before I had had time to allocate them in their mutual connections.

The crowd of people at Bellevue that looked so big to me was really less than usual. I myself was the only visitor at this time of the year when the long summer vacation was coming to an end and the opening of School was not more than about three weeks off.

Indelibly impressed on my memory as is that first visit to Bellevue, I have not the faintest recollection of having seen at that time a single one of the three Abbot boys. Yet I must have had glimpses of Bill Abbot, and conversations with him too; for he and his wife were living in Siberia where their three oldest children were all born, and I believe he went on his bicycle every week-day to his law-office in Bedford City and came back again at supper-time. Doubtless both Charley and Frank Abbot happened to be away from Bellevue the week I was there. Another year passed before I ever met Frank, whose last year in college was the session of 1898-99.

"Grandma" Abbot, an exceedingly interesting and cultivated old lady, lived at Bellevue a number of years and died there in 1903. Her room was upstairs adjoining Loulie's room and opposite Jeannie's across the hall. Her deafness was a hard trial to her, and often she was sad and lonely. Jeannie and Loulie were her constant companions. Her two living daughters, both spinsters, Miss Jeannie Abbot and Miss Ellen Abbot, used often to come and visit her for

weeks at a time. "Aunt Jeannie" (for whom my Jeannie was named) lived in Georgetown and died there in the autumn of 1898; Jeannie was devoted to her. "Aunt Ellen" was a school-teacher in Baltimore, exceedingly homely in appearance; rather unsociable, yet I daresay more to be pitied than blamed.

"Little Lucy" (as she is known to this day) was Lucy Ridgway Henderson, eldest of all the Abbot grand-children. In 1898 her mother's home in Kansas City was already teeming with Lucy's younger brothers and sisters; Little Lucy herself was ten years old. She may have been in the way in Kansas City; on the other hand, I know her grandmother at Bellevue doted on her. The simple fact is that Little Lucy was at Bellevue when I got there, and she lived there in 1898-99 more than a year.

Jeannie and I were travel-stained; having spent the entire morning, not in sackcloth and ashes by any means, yet under newspapers and cinders, we were both in the same predicament. Each was in need of a bath and change of raiment, and Jeannie was quick to give me the opportunity. Before I ever put my foot inside the house, she summoned a minion or Armenian from among "the gazing rustics ranged around" at the foot of the steps and bade him pick up my satchels and lead me to my appointed place in Siberia. I looked at her gratefully and murmured "*Au revoir*," which was the same as saying, "I'll be seeing you soon." My shoes pinched my feet; it was as much as I could do to keep up with that "new-issue nigger" hastening along the well-worn track two or three paces ahead of me. He wore a stiff white collar and looked as if he might be a first cousin of Uncle Remus's grandson William Henry. I believe his name was Jasper. Siberia was a cube two storeys high, and in less than a minute I was standing on the upstairs porch, the one towards the Peaks, while Jasper took the key off the nail in the weather-boarding and unlocked the door. The room I entered was in perfect order as though it had been expecting me. I pulled off my coat and vest and flung them on a chair by the big round table in the middle of the room, while Jasper raised the window and pulled the tin hat-tub from under the bed. I sank down in a sturdy arm-chair. "For God's sake!" I called to the ebon figure flitting past me, "unbutton these shoes, and bring me my slippers from that bag yonder." I tossed him the bunch of keys. "Home is the sailor, home from the sea!" I murmured automatically, stretching out my legs and looking up at the white-washed ceiling. It was the expression of pure contentment, not meant to be overheard and certainly not intended to be taken literally. However, Jasper, who was spreading a bath-rug by the side of the tub, opined: "I thought you done come with Miss Jeannie on Number Three?" to which I replied rather irrelevantly: "And thereby

hangs a tale." Instead of pursuing the conversation, Jasper hurried down the steps to fetch the water: two buckets of cold water from the cistern near by and one bigger bucket of scalding hot water from Polk's kitchen a long way off. By the time he made the two trips, I was standing by the tub naked as Susannah in the presence of the Elders. Soap was at hand, something close to lye and fatal to train-cinders. Suffice it to say, I stepped out of that bath clean as a hound's tooth from head to foot, and was already half-clad in Aunt Hannah's fresh underclothes that had been laid on the bed; when light-footed Jasper, who had modestly retired, reappeared, this time bringing me a mint-julep in a silver goblet—the first of all the juleps Jeannie made for me in her lifetime! Already from Dan to Beersheba she was famous for the concoction of this beverage; she could have made her fortune by it at Delmonico's in New York! Well, sir, without waiting to pull on my pants, I sat there by that big round table and sipped and sipped again until the last drop, including the crushed ice, was drained from that cup. It was the occasion for making a speech, but I was speechless; the only thing I could think to say was the *nunc dimittis* in the prayer-book, as much of it as I could remember. My eyes rolled in their sockets and came to rest on a printed chromo that hung on the wall over the mantelpiece. It was a moving picture before the "movies" had ever been invented—the picture of two young orphan girls, an elder one and her little sister, fondly clasped in each other's arms. It should have brought tears to my eyes, but I was still under the influence of Jeannie's julep. I hiccupped and let my eyes droop to scan the initials of old school-boys burnt with a red-hot poker in the wood-work above the grate.

From this reverie I was roused by the sound of slow footsteps ascending the stairs outside. It was Ganymede again (*alias* Jasper) bringing me my dinner. He trod cautiously, holding the tray in both hands and taking care not to stumble, he set the table for me and took the covers off the dishes. Surely Fortune smiled on me that blessed day, the day I came to Old Bellevue with darling Jeannie Abbot! Even my arch-enemy Dyspepsia held off and consented to an armistice while I sat there and ate those good victuals: two Spring lamb chops (broiled by Jeannie, mind you, just as she broiled them for her father's late breakfast in the summer-time), three or four ears of country-gentlemen corn (plucked from their stalks that afternoon), and other vegetables besides (including mammoth raw tomatoes that had a special name, only I can't recall it); and for dessert peaches and cream, with a *demi-tasse* of hot coffee and bits of Edam cheese (that Ganymede brought later when he came to remove the empty plates and dishes).

After this repast my lantern-jawed cheeks swelled out and were really rosy, the muscles of my arms and legs quivered, and I rose from the table probably more nearly an able-bodied man than I ever was in my life. All I had to do was to finish dressing and be as stylish as William Wood promised I would be. However, a little to my annoyance, then I encountered a minor difficulty: to save my life, I couldn't tie my cravat to suit me! it was a bow-tie, and hitherto somebody (Mother or Evelyn, Natejus or Raleigh, Miss Fleet or Abe) had always tied it for me. The pewter mirror on the bureau was partly to blame. A spectator viewing himself in that preposterous mirror could not tell his back from his front, his right hand from his left. If my tie appeared to be horizontal, it was sure proof of its really pointing half-way to the zenith. I tried the window-pane, it was just as bad. (To look through that window-pane at Lucy Lewis sauntering from the big house to Siberia—as she did to perfection three or four times a day—was exceedingly tantalising, for Lucy was a vision of symmetry not to be seen “through a glass darkly”, and if the apparition vanished before you had time to hoist the window, it was just too bad!)

However, that mild summer afternoon the window was wide open. I stood in front of it and viewed the verdant lawn that, sloping slightly upwards from the driveway just below me, went past the front of the house to the topmost corner of the yard at the corner of the garden. The grass, not yet parched, was olive-green in the long shadows of the trees, in pleasant contrast with the bright sunlit patches. It was a peaceful and inviting scene, but what I wished for most was the sight of graceful Jeannie Abbot. I looked at my watch; it was fully two hours since I had parted from her on the back porch. “I suppose she is taking a nap,” I thought to myself; “she must be tired after all her busy occupations.” I was wondering whether to untie the bow-knot and try all over again.

Just then I heard shuffling footsteps coming up the stairs. Marshall poked his head in the doorway and said he had come to get my soiled clothes. He was on his way home and wanted to take my linen suit and other cast-off raiment to Blanche, to be cleaned and brought back to me next day. He tied them in a bundle. As he was going down the steps with it, he stopped and called back: “Oh, I done forgot: Miss Jeannie say when you done dressin', come out in the yard where they all is.”

Marshall was one of the principal Bellevue servants, not indeed in the highest rank alongside Archie, Mr. Abbot's right bower and chamberlain, “old man Polk”, who reigned in the kitchen and dated back to the administration of Polk & Dallas, and Dolphin,

satrap of all outdoors. Marshall was just below that triumvirate, yet distinctly above Howard, the butler, and Lucy Steptoe, the dish-washer. His main business was to wait on the school-boys, and in the summer-time when they were away, he really had nothing much to do, "and did it very well." He was a middle-aged man, rather good looking, but his chief distinction (aside from his moustache) was that he was Blanche's husband and reputed to be the father of all her children. I believe I have mentioned Blanche already, but it can do no harm to call attention to her again, for Blanche was really pretty. She was washerwoman-in-chief and without doubt the most amiable and soft-spoken of all the daughters of Eve that ever lived on earth. She and Marshall lived in their own home on California Branch beyond the wide sheep-meadow at the back of Bellevue.

I turned round and looked out of the window again—there, sure enough, was a little group of people seated in chairs in a shady place in the yard where a hammock made of barrel-staves hung between two trees. I could distinguish Mr. Abbot, not only because at that moment he and I were the only two white men on the premises, but also because that figure out there under the trees, nearly snow-white from top to bottom (white head, prominent white moustache, elegant pure white Irish linen suit) was unmistakably either Mark Twain or Mr. Abbot (only Twain's hair was rather curly and fluffy according to the pictures I had seen, while Mr. Abbot's was smooth, glossy and neatly parted). The motherly lady seated by him, I concluded, was his wife who had been so friendly in her greeting to me on the back porch. The other more elderly lady with the white cambric cap on her head (I thought) must be Grandma (Mrs. Ellen Jane Harris Abbot), who was deaf and used an ear-trumpet. Was that Loulie beside her? that active young lady who seemed to be holding a mug and a spoon for Grandma to take her medicine? I could tell it was Loulie by her size and agility.

All of a sudden Jeannie appeared, the vision I longed to see! My first glimpse of her was when she hovered for a moment on the little white-gravel square that for some reason or other was spread out like a rug at the foot of the steps leading to the front door of the house. She was poised, so to speak, between the two opposite urns or tubs of huge "elephant's ears", those stately plants (ugly to my eye) whose thirst, particularly in August, could never be quenched by all the water in the kitchen-cistern. Before my eyes, Jeannie, her hair done up in a Grecian knot behind her neck, floated across the lawn in a light Organdie frock that, clinging to her, came down to her feet and trailed on the turf (as was the law in Virginia). I saw her in profile, in the soft sunlight before the gloaming of a summer-day; and my heart throbbed

within me. Did she glance towards Siberia as she went along? Did she see me at the window watching her transit as an astronomer with a telescope might watch a comet blazing in the sky? I turned quickly—and bruised my shin against the bedstead *en passant*. I went headlong down Siberia's winding stairs and outdoors across the stony driveway. It is not too much to say that, in that brief interval of my life, when I sought to reach Jeannie Abbot ere she had taken her seat by her father, I was comparable with swift-footed Achilles. She noticed my speed and came out of her way to meet me.

"What on earth has happened to your bow-tie?" she inquired as I stood breathless before her, gazing at the tiara in her golden hair. (It was a big tortoise-shell comb surmounted with rhinestones that caught the slant rays of the sun and scattered them all around her.) Then it behooved me to be more like Sir Walter Raleigh than Achilles: I placed my hand on my heart and bent double before her. "Egad, madam, it is your mint-julep that hath got into my necktie. I beseech you tie it to suit yourself." After all that unruly member cannot have been much awry, for Jeannie, coming very close, tapped it lightly with her deft finger, the tie subsided, and she quickly withdrew to "the distance of distinct vision" that is considered to be the safe distance between a gentleman and a lady. Mr. Abbot was seated just a few paces behind us, and I was duly aware of his disapproval of necktie-games; yet julep and Jeannie had gone to my head, and I couldn't help whispering in her ear: "Thou art lovelier than ever!"

Grandma, who was keen for romance, had been watching us intently, and now she whispered to Loulie (only, *her* whispers were audible): "I think the young man's smitten, don't you?" Loulie, who quite agreed with her, pinched her; and Grandma said louder than ever: "Ouch! do you think he heard me?" It was hard to steer a straight course with Grandma continually throwing driftwood in front of the prow of my boat.

There was nothing left for me to do but to go and sit down by Mr. and Mrs. Abbot and make myself agreeable to the whole company. Instead of frowning upon me, as I had feared, Jeannie's sire was affable and genial, in the humour for conversation. He and everybody else were eager to hear all the latest gossip that was going the rounds at the University where Jeannie had been a couple of weeks; and she had come home with a barrellful of that provender to dispense to the *Bellevutii*, all and sundry. Mr. Abbot was a good talker, and a good listener too (which are one and the same in any animated conversation). As for me (who was a person of some importance on my first introduction to Bellevue), I was neither forward nor backward, indeed I was

agreeable, and like Poins in the Second Part of *King Henry IV*, "a blessed fellow" that evening, "to think as every man thinks" without hazarding opinions that, for all I knew then, might be "subversive" according to the Laws of the Medes and Persians. I assumed the air of a man of the world, who was neither Greek nor Jew, but just a plain ordinary Roman citizen who might, or might not, go for an occasional drive "along the Appian way." The time came, as it did every good day at Old Bellevue, for the sun to set behind the Peaks; and then Mr. Abbot got up from his chair and led the procession out on to the open baseball field just a few paces away, where this diurnal spectacle could be witnessed to best advantage. What he extolled most was not Sol's grandeur at the moment but his perfect punctuality, that was an object-lesson for all the school-boys. "You know," he said, "I believe I can tell the day of the year simply by noticing the place where the sun goes down behind those mountains yonder." I said it was hard to believe, yet I believed it just the same. We waited until the top of the disc was extinguished, leaving a purple twilight glow far and wide above the mountain-range, and then turned to saunter back to our seats. Mr. Abbot pointed with his cane towards the house, the big house which as yet I had not so much as entered: "Sunrise over Bellevue," he said, "Phoebus in his Chariot, is an even grander sight, the place to see it best is from the Peaks."—Oh!" I exclaimed, being taken completely by surprise.—But Mrs. Abbot, walking beside him arm in arm, took the wind out of his sails: "Lor', Mr. Abbot, you never saw the sun rise in your life, not since we were married!"—To this demurrer her lord and master did not deign to reply directly but he said to me *sotto voce*: "In the summer-time when school is out it is quite often dawn before I go to bed."

It was nearly dark when Howard, the ebon-black butler, came out on the porch in his uniform and rang the bell for supper. The lights shone through the windows of the "little dining-room" (as it was called to distinguish it from the "big dining-room" that was used when school was in session); the children sitting on the ground leaped to their feet; and all with one accord began moving towards the porch. I strolled arm in arm with Loulie whom I had not laid eyes on for several years; Grandma and Jeannie followed on behind. Loulie said: "I thought you had settled down and were a greybeard by now, but it seems as if Jeannie had raised you from the dead and set you going again."—"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen," I answered. "If I have faded, Miss Loulie, it is due to neglect, perhaps as much my fault as yours. I know I am enjoying my resurrection here at Bellevue."—We were at the foot of the steps. "Jeannie tells me you are fond of

horse-back riding?" Loulie said interrogatively. The question took me completely by surprise, and before I could answer either "yes" or "no", Loulie continued: "I go for a ride every morning before breakfast, before it gets hot. What do you say to going with me to-morrow?"—Fool that I was, I exclaimed, "Bully!" and then looked at Jeannie reproachfully. Had I boasted to her about my equestrian adventures at the Miller School? The last thing on earth I wanted to do at Old Bellevue was to ride a horse, particularly before breakfast. "However, there is no help for it now," I muttered to myself; "when you are in Rome, you must do as the Romans do." Just at that moment my foot crossed the threshold of Old Bellevue for the first time, and Howard led me to my seat at the supper-table, the best seat of all, for it was between Jeannie and Loulie.

Of all the meals I ever ate at that table, I believe the suppers were the best. Supper was the heartiest meal of the day, likewise the gayest and the fiercest. If you were worth your bread and butter, then was the time to prove it! It was every man for himself, and devil take the hindmost! You might be sitting next to the prettiest girl in Virginia, but just the same you never took your eyes off that high pile of hot waffles that was coming round to you unless they were all gone *en route*. The way you fared depended to a great extent on Howard; if you happened to be on his black-list, he could go past you like a streak of black lightning. Then you were out of luck—unless good Mrs. Abbot at the foot of the table, noticing that your plate was empty and that you yourself were on the verge of tears, summoned Lucy Steptoe, stamped her foot on the floor, and bade her go down to the kitchen and fetch you a hot waffle right off the stove. I was a favoured guest that first evening and lacked nothing, neither good food nor fair companions.

For me that famous day of introduction to Old Bellevue was all so novel and eventful that I lost track of time; yet it could not have been more than two or three hours ago since I was eating that big dinner over in Siberia, and now here I was with undiminished appetite consuming a bountiful supper that Jeannie kept heaping on my plate. Loulie was right, for while I was not quite like Lazarus raised from the dead, I certainly was being refueled and rejuvenated. In the intervals between mouthfuls I looked across the table and noticed the handsome clock on the oak mantelpiece midway between the bronze gladiators, two Dromio's identically alike, each with a shield and brandished sword advancing to meet the other and run him through. On the wall above the clock a large coloured picture hung in a gilt frame and naturally excited my curiosity, inasmuch as it was crowded

with half-clad men, women and children eating and drinking and obviously having a mighty good time. So I asked Jeannie: "Of course, I know that is a famous painting, and I ought to recognise it. Tell me what it represents." Jeannie said it was one of the Holcombe pictures that had hung there ever since her childhood: "It's rather scandalous, I think. It has a name, but I can't remember it. It's a picture of an Athenian picnic on the banks of the Ilissus. That other picture over Mother's head at the foot of the table—it is not easy to see it from here—is 'Washington Crossing the Delaware,' with his martial cloak around him. It is quite a contrast between that heroic adventure in midwinter and the voluptuous festival that must have been in midsummer in a warmer climate than Bellevue."—"I declare, everything at Bellevue is unusual and interesting," I replied, as we got up from the table, and I took a closer look at the "picnic", not being particularly curious about General Washington, "only I can't take my mind off you, or my eyes either."

Mr. and Mrs. Abbot led the procession across the hall into the front-parlour (where the grand piano was) and through the wide-open folding-doors into the back-parlour that was the sitting-room of the Bellevutii summer and winter alike. They were two handsome rooms, simple and home-like, yet so elegant too. A side door led from the front room into Mr. Abbot's spacious study, which was converted into a chapel on Sunday in winter when School was in session.

The whole of one side of the sitting-room (except where the door was that opened on the rear half of the hall) was lined with book-cases from floor to ceiling and held some books that were so high above your head you never could reach them and others so far below your waist you had to turn your head downwards to find out that they were mostly volumes of extinct encyclopaedias. Opposite the big array of books was the white mantelpiece with Louie's Wall of Troy embossed on the wood-work around the fire-place. The picture above the mantelpiece was a handsome steel engraving that had been one of Mr. Holcombe's treasures. In the corner next the back-porch was Mr. Abbot's locked cupboard whose door was flush with the wall between the sitting-room and the study. Nobody except Mr. Abbot himself ever peeped inside, but outsiders knew for certain that a portion of the contents was a box of cigars and a bottle of Lazarus "Club" whiskey. A tall, really majestic mirror in a wide gilt frame occupied the wall-space between the two windows that opened on the back porch; and a red-plush sofa that seated two persons comfortably, even three in a pinch, was placed just below the bottom of the mirror.

Mrs. Abbot's customary seat was a wicker rocking-chair by the

short side of an oblong, cherry-wood table in the centre of the room. Here, after going down in the kitchen and store-room and giving Polk the materials for breakfast, she would take her seat and do her sewing or knitting; her big work-basket was on the floor or maybe in her lap; her leather key-basket on the table by the kerosene lamp contained keys that might have belonged to Bluebeard, the biggest of all being the key to the store-room, which was the one place at Bellevue where thieves delighted to break in and steal, as well they might, with all the hams and shoulders that were hung from the ceiling and all the barrels of sugar and coffee on the floor and everything that grocer Lavender in Lynchburg had to sell laid away on the shelves! This evening Mrs. Abbot was finishing a frock for Little Lucy that had been cut out and fitted in the back-hall that very morning before my arrival. I should prefer not to speak of the table, for though it was big and convenient, it was blatantly unseemly and Mid-Victorian. I daresay Mr. Abbot purchased it in Lynchburg perhaps the same day he brought home the twin gladiators that ever afterwards glared at each other from the two ends of the dining-room mantelpiece. The table had four claw-feet that stretched out on the floor and laid in wait to trip the unwary passer-by.

This evening after supper Mr. Abbot, instead of going into his study to fetch his Powhatan-clay pipe, as he usually did, went straight to the cupboard in the sitting-room, unlocked the door, got out two cigars, and proffered one of them to me. A cigar was more than I could stomach, and I politely declined it. It was the first and the last time I ever got a chance to smoke one of those long Manila cigars in Mr. Abbot's cupboard.

For him a summer-evening went awry and was dull and unprofitable unless he had his regular game of cards from after supper until bedtime at eleven o'clock (when all the other players yawned and went upstairs to bed). During supper it was Archie's business to set up the card-table off to one side in the sitting-room, put the stand-lamp by the side of Mr. Abbot's straight-back wooden chair, and lay out two fairly new decks of cards. The game we played in the gay nineties was six-hand euchre; and though most of us preferred to do something else (maybe steal out on the porch), as many as five "volunteers" had to be found to sit down to the card-table with Mr. Abbot, who (you may be sure) was already in his seat and was actually shuffling the cards. Mr. Abbot was a good player and played with zest; the other players were more or less indifferent and much inferior; yet any game in which Mr. Abbot himself engaged was bound to be exciting. The swarm of flies and other winged creatures that came in through the open, un-

screened windows were enough to lend excitement to that contest, had there been no other motive-force. There were grass-hoppers, katydids, hard-shell beetles and even scorpions; and some time during the evening two or three leather-wing bats were apt to arrive suddenly and create a big disturbance all over the house. Then Jeannie and Loulie would leap from their seats and scatter the cards on the table and on the floor. Throughout the riot Mr. Abbot was wont to sit alone at the card-table, vexed but unperturbed. He laid his cards face downwards and guarded them with his hand; he gazed patiently at the wall opposite; he waited till the bats were gone; but the instant the tumult and shouting died down and the players resumed their places, he drew the winning card from his hand and took the trick he had been intending to take when his play was interrupted.

There were one or two malcontents or rebels in Old Bellevue towards the end of the gay nineties, notably Frank and Emily, youngest of the Abbot sons and daughters; even Loulie herself was inclined to join them. For one thing they didn't take kindly to the evening card-game and were bold and impudent enough to let it be known. How distinctly I recall that solemn, tense and uncomfortable evening in the back parlour, just after supper, when Frank, sitting opposite his mother at the other end of the claw-foot table, without taking his eyes from his book, announced, to whom it might concern: "Count me out; I'm never going to play six-hand euchre again." There was dead silence like the silence in heaven in the book of *The Revelation*, only it did not last half an hour. Mr. Abbot, sitting next to Jeannie at the card-table, was waiting for the other players to assemble, and presently he remarked quite casually: "'T is something to be thankful for: he never could tell the right bower from the left."

One of the most popular pastimes at Old Bellevue was a whole evening given up to playing charades, but that diversion was usually at a house-party when a big company was present, and it was under the auspices of Mary Stuart Smith who was the ring-leader in getting up amusements. This evening of which I am telling Jeannie went up to Mr. Abbot just as he was about to take his accustomed seat and said: "Father, we are going to have charades, and you are going to enjoy them." Mr. Abbot liked charades, and assented with pleasure; he was always in the humour for merriment. Jeannie pointed to me: "Over at the University he is famous in amateur-theatricals, isn't he, Loulie?" I was dumb-founded, for there was not a word of truth in this encomium, though Jeannie got the notion in her head and believed she was telling what she thought she had heard. Doubtless, on one or two occasions in my student-days I may have had a minor part

in one of Susie Minor's farces, but if so, it was a *rôle* that did not need any talent. I demurred violently: "Miss Jeannie, you have got me mixed with somebody else, I never was in a charade in my life!"—"He's just being modest, that's all," Jeannie explained to the bystanders; and Loulie said emphatically: "You have got to do it to please us—come on, Emily, help me bump down the trunk from the garret." (It was a steamer trunk containing the theatrical properties, costumes, etc. used in time of charades.)

It was obvious, I was being dragooned into this performance willy-nilly; there was no way of escape. I grinned and submitted; Samson was no match for the Philistines. "Even proud Coriolanus had to bow to a Roman mob," I said to myself; "they will find out their mistake soon enough. No matter, Miss Jeannie is going to be in it with me—*nil desperandum Teucro duce!*" I was doomed to disappointment: Jeannie promoted charades, aided and abetted them, but she never acted in one herself. She had an unconquerable aversion to being in the limelight.*

The details of that awful predicament are mercifully blurred in my memory; yet in the end virtue was rewarded. The dining-room was used for the dressing-room of the players with their attendants; the front-parlour in which the furniture was pushed aside was the stage; and the sitting-room was reserved for the spectators, where Jeannie sat in the front row between her mother and father, and Grandma had a front seat too; and I, by some prank of Fortune, was David Garrick! I forget the word we acted, yet I know Mr. Abbot proposed it, and I, *moi qui parle*, was the star of each syllable, "the observ'd of all observers," and, believe it or not, a howling success!

The performance was absolutely impromptu: I said and did, recklessly, the first thing that came in my head, all the time conscious of leaving undone those things which I ought to have done, etc. Nevertheless, Mr. Abbot shook his sides with laughter when I was comic, dear Mrs. Abbot sighed when I plunged the dagger in the villain, Grandma waved her trumpet towards me as I passed in front of her, and Jeannie clapped her hands with unfeigned delight. To this day I can't account for my success: the audience was with me, and, as Loulie said, it was the day of my resurrection, the night of my triumph. (I suppose one of my advantages was that I had no male competitors—that evening, and indeed all that week, I was Lothario *solus* in Old Bellevue. A star can be mighty bright when only one is shining in the sky.)

What I enjoyed most was Jeannie's compliments. I was like a bull-

* It was her feminine nature. She could never speak in public. Over and over again in after-life she declined to be chairman or leader of some society or other simply because it involved getting up on a platform in front of an audience.

frog all swelled up with pride; she was standing on the lowest step of the stairway leaning over the bannisters. She said I ought to go on the stage, I had surpassed her highest expectations. A little conceitedly, I said: "But for the genders being wrong, it looks as if I was Trilby and you were Svengali! You know, I have half a notion to write to Maude Adams in New York and propose to be her leading man this coming season."—"And leave me in the lurch?" winsome Jeannie asked me. Without waiting for my reply, she continued: "Oh, don't forget: you are going riding with Loulie before breakfast. Lucy Lewis is lending you Willy's riding-breeches, they are hung over a chair up in your room." This was coming down to earth. "Not all the liquor in Bedford County could make me forget that hazardous engagement," I replied, looking up in her eyes a little dolefully. "Whate'er the morrow brings, I have lived today, this blessed day of all my life. Tell Miss Loulie, please, deal gently with the young man Absalom! Goodnight; remember I'll be dreaming of you."

Somebody piloted me through the darkness to my room in Siberia and lighted the kerosene lamp. Two buckets of fresh water were on the floor by the wash-stand; the sheet on the bed was turned down; all was in readiness. The last words I uttered that day were:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

It was the first night I ever slept under that tin roof. In the years to come, in vacation-times (usually when I had a heavy pile of work to do—the kind of work I was in the habit of doing, reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic), I spent many pleasant and profitable weeks in historic and beloved Siberia; and I am here to say that, for a comfortable abode wherein to toil by day and rest at night, I have never found its match. There nobody molested me. Often a stray old hen used to hop leisurely up the steps and walk two or three times around the table out on the porch where I was sitting; then just as demurely hop back downstairs. I have known a flying squirrel to leap from the bough of a tree and alight on my table just to see who I was that kept so still. He flew away as soon as he found out. Neither he nor the hen really disturbed me; on the contrary, I was glad to see them both and wished they had tarried longer. If the sun shone upon me and got too hot, what was easier than to move to the other porch where it was shady?

From Siberia you could see what was going on pretty much everywhere all over Bellevue—the sheep grazing in the meadow, the children playing croquet, the old drake leading his procession around the house; and maybe you could tell whether Mr. Abbot had had his breakfast and was out on the front porch or in his study (though the best way to do that was to look at the sun and see whether it had crossed the meridian). If visitors came, you

could hide from them or put on your coat and hasten down to meet them, whichever you preferred.

Moreover, you could hear every word that was spoken in lower Siberia, inside or out. Over and over again I heard secrets that were not intended for my ears and really got a pretty fair idea of all the devilment that was going on within a radius of ten or fifteen miles. Provided you "viewed fair Melrose right," not by the pale moonlight at all but soon after breakfast and from the upper porch or open window, in my judgment Siberia (as I have already hinted) was decidedly the best vantage-point for witnessing Lucy Lewis's marvellous symmetry; yet how often I jumped up from my chair, thinking I heard her footsteps on the pavement of the brick walk, and it proved to be old deaf Charles Walker, the gardener! Even in Siberia there were disappointments.

Siberia is on its last legs, soon to be pulled down and obliterated. It was never built to stand forever like the Pyramids of Egypt. Siberia and I have much in common, our life-spans are almost identical. Neither it nor I ever amounted to much, but many a day in my life it was my blest abode. We were birds of a feather, I liked Siberia, and I believe Siberia liked me.

(Now, 1955, more than a year since I wrote the last line above, Siberia has been razed to the ground and is gone forever. I hope it went to heaven and is waiting for me there.)

"This Was Happiness"

"As a perfume doth remain
In the folds where it hath lain,
So the thought of you remaining
Deeply folded in my brain,
Will not leave me: all things leave me;
You remain."

ARTHUR SYMONS: *Memory*.

WHO TORE me from the arms of Morpheus and got me out of bed long before breakfast that first morning at Old Bellevue (Tuesday, 23 August 1898)—whether or not I stood in the tub and shivered and shook as I poured mug after mug of cold water down my spine—how I contrived to shave in front of that false Siberian mirror long before the safety-razor had been invented: all these details and matutinal rites are gone from my memory. I seem to have a dim recollection of having drawn on Willy's riding-breeches hind part before and having to get out and reverse them. I may have written my will on a scrap of paper and left it on the table under the ink-bottle, bequeathing everything I had in the world to fair Jeannie Abbot; for that would have been a natural and a proper deed for a thin young man about to go to ride with Brunhilda.

I do know that I was dressed and downstairs in the yard at the foot of the back-porch steps at least ten minutes before Loulie put in an appearance, and that Dolphin was there with the two horses sleek and shining in the sunlight of a warm, still morning; and it seems to me that the old drake and his entire family of black Muscovy ducks were waddling and wending their way round the house as usual. Dolphin's salutation was more sympathetic than cheerful, like that of a musketeer to a prisoner about to be executed: "I hoped Miss Jeannie was a rain-crow when she come home yistiddy, but she's mo' like a rainbow," he said, evidently relishing his poetry. "'Taint no sign of rain today, dust an inch thick out there in the road." He looked at me and continued: "When you was sittin' in the buggy comin' up from the Switch, I didn't notice how tall you is. I 'spec' I better let down them stirrups another hole." The horses, Comanche and Nancy, tied to the bannisters, looked to me like two thoroughbreds. I was not an equestrian, but I believed

it was best to pretend to have equanimity, whether or not the two words had the same derivation. Nancy, proud beauty that she was, kicked up her heels when I passed at a safe distance behind her, and Dolphin rebuked her: "Quit your foolishness, you done knowed me long enough to know I don't stan' for no foolishness. When Miss Loulie gits up on you, you'll behave like a lady then." Nancy looked at him affectionately and rubbed her nose against his sleeve—it was a pretty sight to see. "Two fine animals!" I said with a knowing air, thinking it was time for me to say something. I sought to give the impression not only to Dolphin but to Comanche and Nancy also, that I lived over a stable and knew a good steed when I saw it. Dolphin had been tightening the saddle-girths. He stepped back two or three paces and said with pride: "I tell you right now, there ain't no better ridin' hosses than them two 'twix' here an' Roanoke. Comanche's Mr. Willy's fav'rit', but"—here Dolphin paused a moment and seemed to choose his words carefully, not wishing to discourage me—"but Comanche can be right stubborn at times. I done put a curb-bit on him today, 'cause you ain't used to Comanche—and Comanche ain't used to you. He'll mind all right, jes' you don't get his dander up!" Comanche flapped his tail, as much as to say he knew we were talking about him and he didn't give a damn what we were saying, complimentary or not. I was beginning to have a positive dislike of Comanche—when suddenly there was Loulie at the top of the steps.

Everybody, man and beast, turned to look at Loulie. Nancy whinnied, pawed the ground with her fore-feet, took two or three waltz-steps, and was jerked back by the bridle. The old drake, happening to be crossing the brick-walk at that moment, paused naturally, opened wide his hinged beak, and quacked loud and deep. Duck-speech is a foreign tongue to me, but I could tell by the look in his eyes and the fervour of his voice, he was pronouncing "Heil!" plain as I myself was shouting "Hail!" and *Gloria in excelsis!*

For Loulie Abbot standing there before breakfast on the edge of the back porch clad in her green-velvet, side-saddle riding-habit, with the long extension of her skirt held up on her arm, was to my eye nothing less than a Greek goddess come down from heaven; "a lovely apparition" if there ever was one on this earth! Her figure was superb to begin with, and the jacket and skirt, made all of one piece, clung close to her and fitted as though it had been plastered on her. The breeches underneath the skirt, more hidden than visible; the red, high-heeled, Russian-leather boots that went up to the knees (if girls had knees in the gay nineties); the beaver hat (with its little plume) that sat so lightly and so tightly on all that spread of reddish-gold hair; the riding-

whip like Titania's wand she bore in her hand; above all her fair complexion and radiant countenance, her shining youth and human kindness:—my eyes scanned them all and fain would linger where'er they roamed. If (as I said) ever a girl on *terra firma* was "made to order" and "got up to kill," it was Loulie Abbot as I beheld her that morning in all her native grace and in all her equestrian regalia. I trembled with admiration and was tongue-tied; and I trembled too when I turned to look at Comanche, who of all the company present was apparently the most unconcerned and certainly the most phlegmatic.

Loulie waved me aside when I volunteered to help her get up on Nancy. She lifted her left foot on to the palm of Dolphin's hand held low on purpose and vaulted gracefully onto the side-saddle, without permitting me to get more than a glimpse of her red boots, much less of her tight-clad breeches. Nancy stood on her hind-legs, Loulie adjusted the folds of her skirt, and I with some little difficulty got astride Bucephalus (which was Comanche's surname if I'm not mistaken). We ambled out of the yard side by side keeping close together as far as Coleman's Hollow, about 300 yards away. I feigned enthusiasm and was determined to be gallant to my last breath. I said to Loulie: "This is like being in a tournament. I wish we could have our pictures taken just as we are at this moment, for posterity to see."—Loulie said there was a photographer named Richardson in Bedford City, but it was too far to go before breakfast. "We can go there any afternoon if you stay long enough," she added. "Do you mind my telling you, your foot on this side is too far in the stirrup—if Comanche were to shy,—"—"Oh, thank you!" I interrupted, at the same time pulling back my toe. "I must keep my mind on this animal, even though I can't take my eyes off you."

We were in front of the Adams's yard when Nancy took it in her head to trot, and, of course, Comanche did likewise. That is a gait which I particularly dislike on horseback. Dolphin was right, it was a rather warm morning, already I could feel the perspiration on my brow. I had some difficulty reaching for my handkerchief in my side-pocket and at the same time holding tight to the bridle with my other hand. However, all went well until we came to the creek that flowed across the road and had to be forded. It must have been California Branch, but I never was able to find that place again, not more than a couple of miles from Bellevue. It was wide and shallow, and Nancy waded through without giving it a thought. Comanche halted midway and stooped to drink, while I patted him on the neck and Nancy waited for him on the other bank. He was unusually thirsty, but presently he raised his head, looked around, and, seeing that it was shady,

cool and inviting upstream, he calmly sauntered in that direction. I pulled on the curb-bit, spoke harshly and did everything in my power to dissuade him—all in vain. He was bent on going up the creek. However, the union of horse and rider was quickly dissolved in the simplest manner possible, namely, by the horizontal limb of a sycamore tree that crossed over the creek at the level of my neck about a dozen yards above the ford. For me it was *ne plus ultra*, I let go the reins instinctively, Comanche went on unheeding, and naturally I dropped, not into the water (as you were about to suppose) but onto the perfectly dry surface of a smooth rock in the middle of the creek but only half-way submerged. The parting between me and Comanche was not rude, there were no recriminations on either side, but it was permanent. To this day I do not know how far up the creek Comanche went. I myself got a few scratches, yet was scarcely bruised at all. The only thing I regretted was having patted Comanche on the neck; the one lesson I learned was that the difference between a curb-bit and a snaffle-bit is for some horses practically negligible.

That was the end of that famous ride. I believe I never was again astride a horse or even a donkey or broomstick. I suppose Loulie came to my rescue on that island in the creek, though how she could manœuvre on foot, having to hold up her riding-skirt, is hard to imagine. I have no recollection of how both she and I got back to Old Bellevue before breakfast was over, but I know I did not ride behind her on Nancy. It was a ludicrous adventure that might have lowered me very much in the eyes of less kindly folks than the Bellevutii. Emily Abbot had already taken my measure and determined I was no good. I myself was so dead to shame (and so happy to come home alive) that I said to dear Mrs. Abbot at the breakfast-table: "I never enjoyed a ride so much in my life—it was good to the last drop!" (I shall never cease to believe that that witticism was the origin of the slogan for Maxwell House Coffee, though, of course, I never got a cent for it.)

Loulie, still in her riding-garb, sitting across the table from me, said to the lady sitting next to me, who was helping me to batter-bread and roe-herring: "Jeannie, I wish you could have seen him crouched on that rock in the middle of the water flowing in torrents all around him, and him dry as a bone! I declare to Goodness, he was the spitting image of 'Caliban upon Setebos'!"—Jeannie resented this speech and said it was a horrid comparison: "How can you say such a thing about a guest in your own house? You led him to that spot. He might have broken his leg. Heaven knows, in the water or out of the water, he is better looking than your 'Stumpie'!" This was a savage thrust at Loulie and at the same time a doubtful compliment for me. That was the first

time I ever heard the mention of "Stumpie" Jones, a schoolboy who was Loulie's pet that year. Jeannie's shot went home; Loulie stuck her tongue out at her and ceased making fun of me for the time being.

"Stumpie" Jones had two claims to fame: (1) He was an athlete and literally devoted to baseball; and (2) He was literally devoted to Loulie Abbot also. He was her shadow. As far as I know, he never came inside the house, but outdoors, wherever Loulie went, "Stumpie" was sure to go. I have a dim recollection of having seen him once; if so, it must have been in school-time, not in vacation. I think he was red-headed and freckle-faced. I know he always wore his baseball uniform and carried a bat slung over his shoulder, and my impression is that he never pulled up his socks. On level ground he was about a head shorter than Loulie. I never heard anybody say a disparaging word about "Stumpie," but I suspect he was dull at books. To sum up: "Stumpie" was a gentleman at heart, a shining star at running bases, and simply ridiculous as a beau of Loulie Abbot.

It was Loulie's weakness, not to suffer fools gladly, but to waste her time on youngsters that were beneath her notice; for Loulie herself was royalty.

After breakfast Jeannie and I strolled around the yard together, not yet hand in hand (for that was a long time coming), but nevertheless with hearts that beat in unison; and presently we came to rest by the hammock under the trees in full view of the front porch; not only so, but in full view of the window of her father's study, though at that hour of the day the tyrant was still in bed. It was a wide bay-window thrust out from *sanctum sanctorum* and commanded a wide field of vision over the front of Mr. Abbot's dominion; but inasmuch as neither Jeannie nor I had aught to hide, and we were both open and above-board, there was nothing to fear. For me that *terrain* was virgin soil. Jeannie had tested it by trial and error, and deemed it to be about as safe a place for flirtation as any locality within the precincts of Old Bellevue. The wooden hammock made of barrel-staves, hard and uncomfortable as it might be, was not a bad seat for two at night and in the dark; but in the daytime the two chairs by the round mill-wheel table were preferable for our innocent purpose, although by this time I was not quite so innocent as I had been when Jeannie and I sat in the chairs in Dr. Mallet's yard. My notion was (and still is), that for a boy and a girl it was as heavenly as two separate seats can possibly be. Our conversation was affectionate rather than frivolous, about on a level I imagine with the every-day chatter of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, supposing that Jeannie was Bob and I was "Ba". I remember we talked much about the books we liked, but what I remember best is Jeannie's showing me her scrap-book. Outwardly it was not

like a scrap-book at all; originally it was an ordinary blank-book such as the school-boys used for writing Latin exercises; but the contents were pure gold all heaped in a medley with that "noble carelessness" that was so characteristic of Jeannie and Napoleon. When Jeannie came across a passage in a book that seemed to her for one reason or another worth preserving, she copied it in her scrap-book, with pen or with pencil, whichever was more convenient at the time. If in newspaper or magazine she came across an anecdote, a verse or a picture that took her fancy or tickled her sense of humour, she picked up her scissors, cut it out, and pasted it in her scrap-book on the first blank page, without the slightest care of arrangement, all kinds of miscellany from prayers and sermons to rhymes and limericks. In childhood *St. Nicholas* and *Chatterbox* were her favourite magazines, and here in the scrap-book were the preserves she had made from them ever since she was a little girl.

In a way the scrap-book was a complete index of Jeannie herself, certainly to the extent of showing where she had browsed in the library and the literature she liked. It showed her dislikes too; you would never find a line of Milton's in Jeannie's scrap-book, not because he was not a great poet, but because she could not abide Milton himself.

For me the scrap-book was both novel and interesting. The little book is still extant, dilapidated as it is, and still a reservoir of delight, if only my eyesight was not so nearly gone. Jeannie wrote with a rapid hand and a flowing pen, the pages have come loose, some of them are torn and mutilated, Jeannie herself did not hesitate to obliterate items for which she had lost her taste; thus for one reason and another it is a hard book to peruse now. Yet it brings Jeannie back to me as she was in her glorious youth.

I had never seen the pictures and verses that were clipped from *St. Nicholas*, and I went into ecstasies over them; they were simply charming, and I said I would give anything on earth to have facsimiles of them. Instantly, before I realised what Jeannie was doing, she tore a half-dozen of those precious pages from her book and put them in my lap for me to have and to hold. I tried to restrain her and was really very much embarrassed, but she insisted on my having them. (Incidentally, that was the first time I witnessed an instance of Jeannie's boundless generosity. She would give you the coat on her back if you asked for it. I shall never forget my astonishment one day, years afterwards, and my real vexation too, at seeing Jeannie take a gold bracelet from her wrist and give it outright to the lady sitting opposite her at some dinner-party or other in New York where we were guests. My recollection of the incident is that the lady, a comparative stranger,

admired the bracelet, Jeannie liked the lady for admiring it, and insisted on giving it to her!)

My own scrap-book, nearly as ancient and fallen to pieces as I am myself, contains a pile of treasures that are dear and sacred to me, most precious of all the souvenirs of sweet Genevieve that are strewn in it here and there: withered flowers in old envelopes that were once as fragrant as "the darling buds of May"; stubs of old theatre-tickets (for John Drew, Sothern and Marlowe, Mansfield, Maude Adams, who were stars in the firmament and matinée idols on Broadway in the gay nineties); plaintive verses that leaped from my heart and limped from my lips; and many little odds and ends that are redolent still as authentic symbols of her. Who will keep my album when I am gone?

In my scrap-book are those pages of *St. Nicholas* Jeannie tore from hers and gave me that blissful summer day under the trees of Old Bellevue. They ought to be enshrined in this book of love I am writing now; yet, not to take up too much space, I shall tell only of three of them that were my particular favourites.

(1) First, (only because it happens to come first to mind), is the story in both verse and picture (as all of them are, the picture even more delightful than the verse) of that "calm, adhesive king," an Aztec monarch firmly seated on his throne, who was apparently annoyed by the presence at court of a trembling little quadruped standing before him and wagging the three-pronged stump of his tail. His majesty pointed at him with obvious dislike and shouted: "Tell the owner of that thing" he must pay "a triple license on his tail, tail, tail," or else he would have to go to "jail, jail, jail."

(2) Another verse-picture relates the cheerful story of "a nervous little man" who lived all by himself in a house in the woods and kept a loaded gun by the head of his bed at night. Afraid lest the gun should go off and frighten him, he hired a boy to watch the gun; yet even then he was afraid lest the boy should go to sleep or get to playing with the gun. So he hired the boy's father to stand guard over his son, and then he felt perfectly safe:

"Guarded by the gun, the father, and his son,
The little man oft chuckles in his glee,
When the sun sinks in the West, 'Tis sweet
to go to rest
With the thought that I am safe from
harm,' says he."

(3) Perhaps the best, certainly the tenderest, of my three selections is this last one called "Suppose"; which shows the picture of a little girl, 10 or 12 years old, in a pensive mood. She is thinking, What is the nicest thing that could happen in the world? "Suppose" her mother were suddenly to come into the room and say:

"You needn't go to school, my dear, just stay at
home and play,

And here's a box of choc'late creams" (or something quite as good),
"Eat all you want!"—oh, just suppose, suppose
my mother should!

Absorbed in looking at the scrap-book, I lost track of the sun which had climbed a long way since I got out of bed that morning and was now high overhead. Time goes swiftly when you and a pretty lass, with your heads close together, are poring over one and the same page of an open volume. Then it is a jocund day, no matter what the hour is, and whether you look the part or not, you feel like "Bacchus ever fair and ever young." And yet, do you know? at first I was not even aware that Jeannie had left me and gone into the house; though her absence even for a short time must have been like cutting off the ozone I had been inhaling. I might have suffocated then and there unless she had returned quickly. I saw her coming across the lawn; she had her apron on and was bringing a tray of lunch. I hurried to meet her, took the tray from her hands, and put it down on the mill-wheel table where our chairs were. "Give me that palm-leaf fan over there in the hammock," she said, taking her seat. "It's hot in the sun, and the flies are so bad! It's a long time yet before dinner—draw up your chair and let's have a bite to eat and a mug of beer." Turn-overs and ham, beer and olives, and Jeannie to boot! without doubt I never had such a good lunch in my life.

I recalled a famous lunch I had eaten with my father in the Soho Bazaar in London when I was a lad ten years old; and when (it was reported) I devoured a whole Cheshire cheese and drank two pints of Bass's ale, to the astonishment of the Lord Mayor or whoever the dignitary was in gold braid that patted me on the head and complimented my father on "having such a fine boy." That feast is fresh in my memory now, but Jeannie's lunch under the trees surpassed even that.

Jeannie, who knew how to do everything, was not only a famous cook, but, besides that, she had the art of making your mouth water, she gave you a ravenous appetite just by the way she filled your plate and set it before you. The rolls on the tray were made by Maria, Dolphin's wife, who cooked while Polk was on vacation; the ham was Mrs. Abbot's country-cured ham the like of which was not to be found in Smithfield or Westphalia; and the butter was churned that morning in the dairy. Every item of victuals was the best of its kind; yet if I had gone to the pantry and gotten my own lunch, using identically the same materials, it would have been a good lunch of course, but not in the same category at all with the plusperfect lunch Jeannie made for you. She must have been like Oliver Goldsmith if it is true that he touched nothing which he did not adorn.

We emptied the last bottle of beer. I raised the mug to my lips and said, "Caliban to Hebe!"—"Hush!" said Jeannie, nodding towards the front porch. "The Lord is in his holy temple!" Sure enough there was Zeus, or else his graven image! Mr. Abbot, having just finished breakfast (perhaps rather later than usual) had come out on the porch and was lighting his cigar. His cheeks were rosy, and his white moustache glistened in the sunlight. The amethyst studs in his white broadcloth shirt matched the link-buttons of his cuffs and the scarf-pin of his purple necktie. In both his manner and his attire he was faultless; the sun in the sky, crossing the meridian, stood still and looked at him, and Jeannie and I looked at him too. We waved towards him. From where I stood, a kind of ectoplasm, a halo, shone round his head; yet maybe it was just the blue smoke of his cigar curling upward.

"Father wants us to come up there on the porch and sit with him," said Jeannie. "You go first while I take these dishes to the kitchen. As soon as I have pulled a rose in the garden to pin on his coat, I shall join you."—I was awe-struck: "What shall I say?" I asked timidly.—Jeannie laughed, taking up the tray: "Oh, 'Hail, Caesar! *pax vobiscum!*' something like that. Make up a good speech."

What I did say as I went up the porch-steps with hand outstretched to greet Mr. Abbot was: "Good morning, sir! Seeing you from a little distance, so robust and ship-shape this lovely day, one could easily take you for Admiral Dewey on the deck of his flagship an hour after his victory in Manila Bay!" (Admiral Dewey was the national hero that summer; his picture was everywhere all over the land.) Mr. Abbot liked to be complimented, yet he was modest also. He shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows; then he twisted his lips into that peculiar and complacent smile which was his way of acknowledging a tribute.

We had a delightful conversation that lasted nearly an hour. He was in a genial mood just as he had been the previous evening, and when Jeannie came and took her seat beside him, there was no concealment of his admiration and affection. If at first there was a slight and latent hostility between him and me (as I believe there was), fair Jeannie was the bone of contention. Mr. Abbot was jealous of any young man who threatened to come between him and one of his daughters, especially Jeannie who was closest to him; it was a jealousy that was much to his honour. It was quite a long time before he and I got to be really intimate.

On the other hand, I knew from the outset, I could count on Jeannie's mother to be my loyal friend, inwardly and outwardly. She wore her heart on her sleeve and showed her affection to me for all

to see. I never would be banished from court as long as she lived and sat on the throne.

When the first dinner-bell rang that day, I had been at Bellevue twenty-four hours and was back in Siberia taking off Bill's riding breeches and changing to "civilian dress". My only misadventure had been with Comanche, and I believed I could live that down. I stood in front of the pewter mirror and brushed my hair. At the conclusion of the evening and morning of the first day I looked around and said to myself (after the manner of Elohim during the days of Creation): "So far, so good!" It was so good as to be almost unbelievable.

The interval between breakfast and dinner at Old Bellevue was a long one, from eight o'clock in the morning to half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. The instant the second bell rang for dinner, everybody was alert. We were like pigs. You might suppose that after our abundant lunch under the trees Jeannie and I were exceptions and had little appetite left for dinner; on the contrary, we were among the first to sit down at that table and the last to get up from it. Mr. Abbot carved the ducks at the head of the long table, Mrs. Abbot helped to bacon and greens at the foot, and Howard and Lucy Steptoe each with two vegetables went round and round the table; and yet it was all they could do to keep your plate from getting empty!

At this meal I sat opposite Jeannie and never once took my eyes away from her if I could help it, considering how much else I had to do; and then it was that I discovered her fondness for country-gentleman corn. As soon as she finished one ear, she began on another. I was an unsophisticated youth; it would seem that sometimes I lacked ordinary common sense. Just as that beautiful girl began nibbling on a fresh ear of corn, I held up my finger and said amiably: "That makes five."—Jeannie paused and looked at me across the table: "So you have been keeping count?" she asked. It was the first time (and the last time too, I believe) I ever saw a frown on her face.—"I was only counting my fingers," I stammered. "Malvina taught me to do it for safety's sake when I was a little boy; and I have done it regularly ever since." A soft answer (they say) turneth away wrath, but it is not infallible. Jeannie did not heed it. Her eyes flashed: "You may as well know the truth now as later," she said defiantly. "Generally I eat six ears, that is, a round half-dozen, but I have been known to eat seven, which, as you know, is the perfect number." There was nothing for me to do but to hang down my head. Lucy Lewis, always quick to pour oil on troubled waters, said the reason why she adored that blessed word "cornucopia" was because her father told her one day at dinner that it

meant "plenty of corn." And then Loulie had to put in her mouth to say (quite irrelevantly, I thought) that of all the men in the Old Testament she liked Joseph best, because he cornered all the corn in Egypt. It seemed to me they would never get off the subject of corn, and in order to change it, I said to Loulie: "The only person I ever liked in Egypt was Pharaoh's daughter, because she was so good to Moses in the bulrushes;" and from there we rowed a thousand miles up the Nile. I believe we had rice pudding for dessert, and I remember distinctly Mr. Abbot's scooping out the big globe of Edam cheese which Howard got out of the glass china-cupboard and set on the table before him. After dinner in Mr. Abbot's big study Jeannie and I quickly made peace over our coffee-cups; and from that day to this I have been scrupulously careful never to comment on a lady's appetite for either corn or cabbage.

It was in the evening after supper that I was initiated in the gentle game of six-hand euchre. Nearly all the inhabitants of Old Bellevue were gathered together in the back-parlour as usual soon after supper. I believe Grandma was absent, for she was wont to go to bed early and, of course, Master Lucien Abbot, Lucy Lewis's youngest son for the time being (assuming he was in existence as early as 1898) must have been in his crib beneath my room in Siberia. Cheerful and serene as she always was, Mrs. Abbot was in her place in the centre of the room busy with her needle and thread. Two of her grandchildren, doing their best to keep awake, were down on the rug in front of the hearth listlessly turning over the leaves of a big picture-book. Several persons were chatting together in subdued tones. The card-players were intent on their game. The room was a scene of domestic tranquillity not to be surpassed in *The Cotter's Saturday Night*—when all of a sudden (about 9 o'clock) a piercing scream rent the air, and then Bedlam was let loose. I shall always be proud of my presence of mind and poise of body in the midst of all that excitement; though Mr. Abbot and I were the only two card-players that kept their seats.

The source of the explosion was directly behind my chair on the red-plush sofa underneath the tall plate-glass mirror. When I took my seat originally at the card-table, supposing I had even glanced at the bundle lying on the sofa, how was I to know that it was a little girl in a red bandanna dress curled up there and fast asleep? Yet that was what it was, a little girl like a time-bomb, ten-year old Little Lucy Henderson imported from Kansas City and pledged to be on her good behaviour. I had been duly introduced to her out on the back porch the day before, but nevertheless was ignorant of her existence.

Perhaps a mosquito bit Little Lucy, she was very sensitive to

insects; more likely than not, Loulie touched her gently and whispered in her ear it was time to go to bed. Whatever was the stimulus, Little Lucy emitted that Missouri shriek. She did not want to go to bed, and that was what she was telling the world. She contested every inch of ground, she bawled and she howled, she caught hold of my chair, and when one of the infantry unloosed her fingers, she bit him or her on the leg and caught hold of another piece of furniture. It took a full quarter of an hour (what the French call *un mauvais quart d'heure*) to drag Little Lucy all the way from the sofa in the sitting-room, through the hall, up the steps and round the bend, to her lowly couch in the little hall-room overlooking the roof of the front porch which she shared with Emily Abbot; and there they must have gagged and chloroformed *l'enfant terrible*, for the noise subsided, and the infantry, assessing their bruises, tiptoed down stairs.

Little Lucy's uprising played havoc for a time with our game of euchre; it was nearly as bad as if she had chewed and swallowed the joker! Yet Mr. Abbot bore it philosophically as one who was used to taking Fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks; just as he was accustomed to submit to an unheralded invasion of leather-wing bats. He had to say something merely to while away the time; and so he said to me, a little bitterly, that he didn't know what the world was coming to. He stooped down and picked up on the floor the door-knob that Little Lucy had pulled off *en passant* and held it in the palm of his hand for me to see: "Spare the rod—and this is what you get," said he, giving vent to a patient sigh.

Mrs. Abbot was devoted to her grand-daughter and always took up for her, yet even she was provoked. Little Lucy had kicked her work-basket under the claw-foot table and scattered the contents over the floor. Mild and merciful as Mrs. Abbot was habitually, she used her strongest word on this occasion: "I declare Little Lucy is getting to be *outrageous!*"

However, the uproar had ceased; they gathered up the *débris* and put the sofa back against the wall; we resumed our game and played till Mr. Abbot was far ahead; and when it was time to disperse and go to bed, I said, addressing the whole company, I had never had a pleasanter evening since the day I was born—which was the truth if I ever spoke it.

In justice to Little Lucy, I must not omit to add that, as the years went by, she steadily improved and

"grew to be a noble lady
And the people loved her much."

However, in this book I cannot exceed my task; which would be endless if I included the careers of all the Abbot grandchildren.

This "aside" is a convenient place for me to explain (in case I have not already made it clear) that it was not until I came to Bellevue in 1898 that I even knew of the existence of dear Sister Lucy (Little Lucy's mother), much less of all the little Henderson boys and girls, with more to come, that were growing apace in far-off Kansas City. I had never heard of Jeannie's odyssey early in the nineties, when she, with Annie Minor for her chaperone, not only had paid a long visit to Sister Lucy in Missouri, but, before returning home, had penetrated into Arkansas where her two uncles lived, namely, Col. Lancelot Minor (1847-1916) and Dr. James Cabell Minor (b. 1858). Colonel Minor, who had been a gallant soldier in the Civil War, was a leading citizen of Newport, Ark., and "Cabell" Minor was a physician in Hot Springs, Ark. (Col. Minor was the oldest living brother of Mrs. Abbot and her youngest sister Annie Minor, and Dr. Minor was their youngest brother. Cabell Minor was a celebrated *raconteur*, as good as Polk Miller; the talent of telling good stories was a gift of the Minor family.) That trip "out west" was a famous episode of Jeannie's girlhood. I suppose she and Annie Minor were away from home at least two months, maybe longer.

Each of the seven days I stayed at Old Bellevue (much longer than I had intended) was pretty nearly a repetition of that first day which I have described at considerable length. I asked for nothing better. In the morning soon after breakfast Jeannie and I were wont to go out in the yard and sit under the trees. Either I read aloud (from *Daniel Deronda* or some other book we had on hand at the time) or else we conversed and told each other our inmost thoughts.

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

Nearly every afternoon Jeannie took me for a delightful drive in her own buggy and behind her own gallant horse. She held the reins, and I held my hands, knowing full well that "none but the brave deserves the fair", and, conversely, that none but the fair unnerve the brave. Usually in the evening we played six-hand euchre with her father in the back-parlour and thoroughly enjoyed that too. There was never any monotony in that blissful routine as long as I tarried at Old Bellevue and had darling Jeannie Abbot for my companion. Halcyon days are the days when you hope that to-morrow will be like today.

One day soon after my arrival there was talk of a trip to the top

of the Peaks, an all-day journey in a spring-wagon behind two mules. You spent the night up there in a makeshift cabin with two rooms separated by a thin partition, boys in one room and girls in the other. The last part of the journey was a steep climb on foot, not feasible except for the able-bodied such as Loulie and young gazelles such as Emily Abbot. You got up at daybreak or even earlier in time to dress and washed your face in a shallow basin of cold water; and then if it was a clear day, you went outdoors and stood on a rock to watch the sun come up over what was guaranteed to be the stable of Old Bellevue; and if it was a very clear day, you turned around and could see on the horizon (so they said) the edges of three or four distant states, certainly West Virginia and North Carolina and possibly Kentucky and Tennessee; though Gabriel himself could not have told exactly which was which. (Jim Corbitt, who was an authority on the Peaks of Otter and who, as was well known, had exceptionally good eyes, claimed once to have seen the Ohio River flowing gently like "sweet Afton".)

Both Loulie and Emily were keen to take me to the Peaks and show me all the sights (which they had seen a dozen times); but I stood firm in opposition. Like Frank with respect to six-hand euchre, I said resolutely: "Count me out—I'll stay at home and read to Grandma. I am perfectly content to be where I am. Besides, as matters stand at present and for all I know now, the South Sea and Far Cathay lie beyond those lofty mountains that were not meant to be scaled; were I to climb to the top and look over, imagine my disillusionment at finding nothing more than North Carolina on the other side. Hitherto I have sedulously avoided looking at North Carolina." I showed no curiosity at all about seeing sunrise over the stable and said flatly I would much rather stay comfortably in bed than get up even to witness Phoebus Apollo flashing

"The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light."

Indeed, I made quite a speech against the Peaks proposition and am afraid I was rude. I had yielded good-naturedly about mounting Comanche and going to ride with Loulie; and what was the consequence? "No," I said to myself, "I must be firm about the Peaks of Otter; give Loulie an inch, and she'll take an ell." Emily Abbot was much disappointed and showed it by the look of disgust she bestowed on me. She said, in an aside to Loulie that was plainly meant for me to hear, "What he likes is pink lemonade."—I wasn't going to let that pass: "No," I responded, "'drink to me only with thine eyes,' Miss Emily, and I'll not ask for coca-cola." Sweet Sixteen turned her back

on me; she and her little dog Tilka walked away, and thereafter I ranked as low in Emily's eyes as poor Dr. Fell, "the reason why I cannot tell."

In after-years when Jeannie and I were wont to sit by the fire-side and recall the halcyon days of this first week I spent with her at Old Bellevue, she constantly alluded to "that bad day" when I was "sulky." "You mean the day when I positively refused to go to the Peaks in the spring-wagon behind the two mules?" I asked her.—"Oh, no, not that day at all," she replied. "I rather sympathised with you about not wishing to go to the Peaks. It was another day entirely when you had no reason to be sulky."—I said: "My dear, I have not the faintest recollection of aught but pure happiness. I was love-sick, that was all—and did not dare to tell you."

The most enjoyable event of the day was the drive with Jeannie in her four-wheel buggy in the afternoon, for then she and I were really alone together. I was not only beside her but beside myself—it was like a dream! We never went far away (reckoning by miles), for it was an ironclad rule that Jeannie's horse had to be back in the stable before dark. Jeannie took me one day to "The Little Mountain" to see the magnificent view of Wheat's Valley. However, the grand panorama which she showed me another time was much nearer home. The place was off Timber Ridge road (if that was its name) not far beyond Goode. We got out of the buggy, tied the horse to a fence-rail, and took a path through the woods that Jeannie knew well; and suddenly we came out in a vast amphitheatre encircled by high mountains. It was like standing in a great cathedral that Nature had built for her worship, solemn and awe-inspiring. I felt as though I was in the presence of an Eternal Spirit that brooded over that vast hollow and said without sound: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen." Jeannie came there often by herself; she spoke of it as a secret and a sacred place which was all her own and was not visited by others. (Strange to say, I do not remember ever being there again. I wonder if I could find it now, for I long to go back once more; yet it would be sad to find that the Eternal Spirit, weary of waiting for Jeannie to come again, had taken flight.)

The longest of all those expeditions was the journey to Cifax on an errand for Jeannie's mother. That was a place deep in the mountains and far from the railways; where Henry Thomson's Store was, as famous in Bedford County as John Wanamaker's was in Philadelphia. At Thomson's Store you could buy anything on earth from a pair of cotton jeans to a set of maple bedroom furniture and many old-fashioned articles that had long since disappeared from market. Cifax,

I believe, was actually not more than five miles from Bellevue, less than that as the crow flies; only, the road to Cifax was bad past belief and past finding out, for in some parts it disappeared completely and had to be picked up again. To go over it in Jeannie's buggy was out of the question; the only navigable vehicle was Mrs. Abbot's ancient and lop-sided buggy, the only trustworthy horse was grey "Old Jack" who never went out of a walk but who never missed the way and was sure to bring you back home eventually, though it generally took him nearly all day, counting the time you spent in Thomson's Store and out on the porch conversing with Henry Thomson himself. For me that was a great day and a rich experience. Old Jack's harness was rotten and was constantly coming to pieces; yet I liked the drive itself, for sometimes when the buggy was tilted at what I called the critical angle, I fell right over in Jeannie's lap; or *vice versâ*, which was pretty much the same thing. And I liked Thomson's Store too where you could buy everything under the sun and at the same time hear more strange news in one hour than you could pick up all day in the New York Stock Exchange. One purchase I made was a box of a dozen "Drake" Arrow Collars, the kind I liked but couldn't obtain anywhere else because they had long ago gone out of fashion.

Naturally it was after dark when we got home that evening, and Jeannie was nervous and, like Lord Ullin's daughter, could not bear the thought of meeting "an angry father." Then was the time I showed my mettle and took the *rôle* of protector. "Don't worry," I said. "Leave everything to me. 'Give me liberty, or give me death'—that's the way I look at it."

Supper was half finished when Jeannie and I entered the dining-room, bold as lions. Mr. Abbot heard us coming; he pushed aside his plate and turned his chair towards the door; he took out his watch and held it in his hand; a frown was on his brow. "Well," I said, standing in front of him and opening the skirmish before he had time to fire, "here we are at last—*per aspera ad astra!*" (I spoke in Latin, knowing it would disarm him.) "At one time I was afraid we would not be back in time for our card-game this evening; I am thankful we haven't missed that. Both traces broke as Old Jack was trying his best to pull us over a log in the road, and it was lucky I had a pair of pliers in my pocket and a piece of twine string—I always take 'em along on a buggy-drive for just such a mishap. I learned about it in McGuffey's *Fourth Reader*. The worst of it was, we were afraid, sir, you would be worried. But 'tis all over now—and thank Goodness! supper's not over yet."—Mr. Abbot looked like a man sitting in front of a machine-gun; at first he dodged his head this way and that; then

the frown subsided, a smile hovered round his lips, and before I had said my last word, he put his watch back in his trousers-pocket. I had won a signal victory. The prodigal son was not in better odour than I was in Old Bellevue that evening. Jeannie looked at me proudly. Mrs. Abbot thanked me for doing her errands and was delighted to hear that Mr. Henry Thomson hoped he would see her before long. I gave Loulie a bronze medallion of St. Christopher I had bought at Cifax: "It's a talisman and a memento too; I tried to find one with 'Caliban upon Setebos' on the reverse side, but Mr. Thomson said they were made in Providence, Rhode Island, and didn't come that way." I called to Emily and Little Lucy and told them there was a big bunch of bananas outdoors in the buggy and to run and get it before Dolphin was done with unloading. Jeannie had told me that Emily had one weakness; she was not vulnerable in the heel like Achilles, but she couldn't resist bananas! Emily didn't say "thank you," but she ate six in rapid succession before my eyes. Those bananas by themselves were not enough to change Emily's heart towards me, but I believe they were an entering wedge into that tightly bolted citadel.

That was one evening when I had an air of success. I felt as I suppose Julius Caesar felt when he cast the die, crossed the Rubicon, and was on the way to Rome. Before going to bed over in Siberia, I stood in front of the pewter looking-glass and confided to the wry figure on the other side. Winking one eye, I said to it, victoriously: "What it takes to get along in this world are pluck, determination and *savoir faire*; and, thank Goodness! I have all three." Yet next day may have been the day when, Jeannie told me afterwards, I "sulked" for twenty-four hours; though I never could remember being in a bad humour a single minute of that whole blessed week.

Sometimes in the morning when Jeannie and I were seated, as usual, under the trees in the front yard, Loulie would bring Grandma out there to be entertained and entertaining both; for Grandma was a mighty lively and entertaining old lady and had a fund of good stories to tell and a fine sense of humour. I wish I had made notes at the time of some of the anecdotes I heard from her lips, for they were well worth preserving. I recall one in particular that was about an old lady, who may have been her grandmother; it was towards the end of the Revolutionary War, and the lady in question was fleeing northward before "the Britishers", possibly Tarleton's troopers: anyhow the point of the story was that the dowager or whatever she was, sitting comfortably in her carriage, heard the guns of Yorktown but did not know who was victor until she got to Hagerstown perhaps a week

later. Grandma had read all the Waverley Novels and knew by heart a vast quantity of romantic verse on the order of

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung";

and many other poems also. She liked to hear me read aloud her favourite pieces in *The Golden Treasury*, "The Maid of Neidpath" was one that I remember and "The Burial of Sir John Moore" was another. Old Mrs. Abbot and I, far apart in years and experience, yet had much in common: we both were fond of mischief, and she as well as I liked to season our conversation with tidbits of scandal, if haply either of us picked up a morsel. We giggled without telling Jeannie what we were giggling about, and we got to be really fond of each other. Our intimacy was short-lived, for the dear old lady had only six years longer of her allotted span.

Halcyon days do not last forever. The time came when I had to say Goodbye to Old Bellevue and all the Bellevutii. I was truthful when I told each one it was the best week of my life. One thing I knew for certain, I could never be content again, a single day of my life, to be banished from darling Jeannie Abbot, and yet I never dreamed, until I tried it, how unbearable that separation would be. It was more than four months before I laid eyes on her again. We promised to write to each other from time to time; and the sequel of that agreement will come to light in the next chapter, and to a large extent is upstairs in a chest of old letters at this moment. Jeannie not only promised to write to me, but she went with me to the Switch and saw me get on the train; she waved to me until the train went round the bend, and I was out of sight. Ere I reached Lynchburg where I had to change to another railway, the question which I was debating all by myself was:

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?"

Just the other day, looking through those old letters, by accident my eye fell upon a fragment of crumpled paper, something that belonged to Jeannie and had her handwriting on it plainly legible; and this is what I read:

"August 29, 1898. This was happiness!"

Originally, I think the scrap of paper was used to fold a little flower Jeannie had plucked in the grass that day—the day we parted. The ashes of the flower are gone, the inscription is all that remains.

CHAPTER IX

Manifest Predestination

"I am named and known by that moment's feat;
There took my station and degree;
So grew my own small life complete,
As nature obtained her best of me—
One born to love you, sweet!"

ROBERT BROWNING, *By the Fireside*.

THE whole month of September lay before me ere I was due to be in Baltimore for the opening of the session of 1898-99 of Johns Hopkins University. The time of waiting hung heavy on my hands. I left Old Bellevue in the frame of mind of a Peri who had somehow contrived to enter Paradise and then been expelled after staying there a week and seeing Jeannie Abbot every day. When I got to Lynchburg that afternoon, I took the train for Lexington, for at least I did remember that I had an engagement to eat supper that evening and breakfast next morning in the home of my father's old friend Dr. Ruffner whom I had not seen since I was a boy in Richmond not more than twelve years old. My father had been my guide and counselor as long as he lived; now that he was gone, I wished to confer with Dr. Ruffner and get his sage advice concerning my career as a devotee of science (though at that particular moment I was worshipping an entirely new deity beyond his ken). So I spent that evening (29 August) under Dr. Ruffner's hospitable roof in Lexington and was well repaid for having gone to see him, the first and the last time I ever conversed with that philosopher as one of his disciples. His appearance was like that of a Roman Senator, rugged and powerful; it resembled the picture of Coriolanus in my old copy of Oliver Goldsmith's "History of Rome" (if there is such a book). He had been closely associated with General Lee during the five years immediately after the Civil War when the latter was president of Washington College (as Dr. Ruffner's father had been before him); and I shall never forget his telling me very impressively that General Lee's most distinguishing quality was his unfailing wisdom. "I suppose he will rank in history as pre-eminently a great soldier," Dr. Ruffner said, "but without doubt he was the *wisest* man I have ever known. Whether the question to be decided

was a big one of public policy or a private matter of college discipline, his judgment was sound and infallible."

In the 1890's William Henry Ruffner, LL.D. (1824-1908), founder of the public school system in Virginia, was living in retirement with his sister, Miss Anna Ruffner, in their old home in Lexington. On the train that Monday afternoon I had passed Big Island on James River not far from Lynchburg and about the same distance from Bellevue. I asked Dr. Ruffner if he remembered the night (in the early summer of 1883, I believe it was) when he and I slept on a shuck mattress in an old farm-house at Big Island, and his answer was, how could he ever forget it? On that occasion Dr. Ruffner and my father, together with Professor Lyle Campbell of Washington and Lee University (who, according to my recollection, had only one arm), were being employed to make a geological survey of the route of the old James River Canal which was to be supplanted by the Richmond & Alleghany R. R. (that is now the James River Division of the Chesapeake & Ohio R. R.). Early in the summer they started from Richmond in a two-horse spring-wagon and drove all the way to Balcony Falls; and I, a lad about twelve years old, went along as a kind of stowaway in the back of the wagon and carried the hammers and other geological tools. I believe we were gone over a month. Dr. Ruffner remembered that I was forever stumping my toe or having hiccoughs and detaining the party. I came back home with a bag full of Indian arrow-heads and semi-precious stones (rock crystal, amethyst, etc.) that I had picked up on the ground all along the way. My little sister Evelyn believed all the tales I told her about gold mines in Buckingham county and catching a catfish over a foot long that had to be pulled off the hook by Dr. Ruffner who knew how to do it without being stung. Evelyn thought I was getting too big for my breeches, and my mother said I came home without any breeches and was no better than a ragamuffin.

The next day soon after breakfast I left Lexington and went to the Rockbridge Baths close by, famous in those days for its healing mineral waters, which I hoped might be beneficial to me; for back-ache and dyspepsia were again tormenting me. Susie Minor was there, with her husband and their two babies, he plainly at the point of death, wasted to a skeleton from a disease that was like galloping consumption; and Susie's younger sister, my dear friend, Nanny Minor, was there also, doing her best to recuperate from one of those cruel illnesses that hampered her all the days of her life. The Rockbridge Baths at that time was far from being a cheerful place. I stayed there six days.

The first day I wrote a note to Mrs. Abbot thanking her for the heavenly week I had spent at Old Bellevue in front of the Peaks of Otter. "Now I am on the other side of them," I said, "and it is plainly

the wrong side, like the wrong side of Miss Jeannie's embroidery—and that reminds me, please give Miss Jeannie my love."

It was Wednesday, the last day of August, before I got an opportunity of writing to Jeannie herself, and oh, what a stupid letter it was, mostly about back-ache and dyspepsia! Nevertheless, it started the game of battledore and shuttle-cock which we played by post from then on—as exhilarating a game as ski-ing in the Alps. In that first letter I summoned my muse and tried my hand at verse. I wrote both tunefully and passionately:

A girl in a hammock, she
Is *sine quâ non* for me!

And bless my soul! it worked—my music fell upon a listening and a sympathetic ear. Jeannie's answer came Saturday morning while I was eating scrambled eggs at breakfast and trying to be polite to the old lady next to me who was lame and wanted me to take her to Goshen Pass. It was in a blue envelope with a little forget-me-not pinned in it and not yet faded.

Almost my last act before leaving Bellevue had been to give Jeannie a big box of blue note-paper with envelopes to match, "Minerva" writing-paper which I had bought at Thomson's Store, together with a bottle of Carter's ink and a dozen stub-pens; and I said to her, "If ever you are in trouble, drop me a line. Minerva was Homer's 'blue-eyed goddess', and the minute the postman turns the corner and holds up a blue envelope, I shall divine that Minerva is descending from the sky, and then I shall shout for joy."

As a matter of fact, the postman and I got to be good friends. I used to stand at the door and wait for him to come; and when he said, "Yes, sir, I've got a Minerva for you this morning," it was all I could do to keep from embracing him in public.

In the course of time I accumulated a big pile of those blue envelopes, each laden with delight and with all the latest tidings of Old Bellevue. The mistake I made was not to safeguard them under lock and key; for one day, years afterwards, Jeannie, without my knowing it, ruthlessly made a bonfire of them! Her excuse was that they were not worth preserving, better dead than alive! Each one was priceless. She never wrote an idle word; the language was her own, the Queen's English pure and simple.

On the other hand, Jeannie piously saved every scrap of my writing. I have a boxful of my letters to her. I read them over and over again (as she used to do herself), for with all their demerits (which in number were as the sands of the seashore), they are to this day as true love-letters as were ever penned.

Alhazen prayed that, in the day of judgment, the All-Merciful will take pity on the soul of Abu-r-Raihân, inasmuch as he was

the first of the race of men to make a table of specific gravities. So also I pray that all my sins will be forgiven, inasmuch as I have loved Jeannie Abbot more and more every day of my life.

From Mountain Lake in Giles County my sister Evelyn wrote me at Rockbridge Baths that Mother and she were returning to our home in Norfolk almost immediately and suggested my joining them there and staying until it was time for me to begin work at Johns Hopkins University. That plan was agreeable to me from every point of view. Accordingly (as I find out from my letters to Jeannie), I left Rockbridge Baths Monday and (after spending two days at the Miller School to pick up my belongings and one day in Charlottesville with Raleigh and Natalie) arrived late in the evening, 9 September, at my mother's door in Norfolk. It was almost a year to the day since I had arrived at that very spot, alas! too late that evening, for my dear father had left this world and left me bereaved all the rest of my days.

My sister, Evelyn Henry Southall (1873-1924), was a charming and a notable person. She was the founder and principal of St. George's School for Boys and Girls (see *Va. Mag. Hist. & Biog.*, XLV, 301, and *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*, 22 Nov. 1953).

My mother's home in Norfolk was at 456 Freemason Street in a part of town that was once very fashionable. It was next door to the house in which my grandmother, Mrs. William Willoughby Sharp (1809-1895), and her daughter, Miss Evelyn Sharp (1839-1898), lived in my boyhood. Directly across the street was the residence of Rev. Arthur Lloyd, rector of St. Luke's Church (afterwards Bishop Lloyd of New York), which for years had been the home of my mother's eldest sister, Mrs. George R. Wilson (1828-1919), my Aunt Claude.

Before I came down stairs for breakfast next morning, Evelyn's half-witted butler, Moses, brought me a letter in a blue envelope post-marked Bellevue, a genuine Minerva, and no wonder Mother and Evelyn said I was in as high spirits as I used to be when I was a boy and came to breakfast sliding down the bannisters. Then I found out that either Jeannie or her mother had written to them at Mountain Lake and invited them to stop at Bellevue on their way home. They could not accept the invitation, for Evelyn had to be in Norfolk to get ready for the opening of her school.—“Well, I can tell you, you missed a treat,” I said, rolling my eyes this way and that in a kind of pantomime of bliss. Then I read aloud the part of Jeannie's letter in which she told me, that knowing the train Mother and Evelyn had to take on leaving Mountain Lake, both she and Loulie had gone to the Switch, hoping to get a glimpse of them when the train came, and were bitterly disappointed.—“Did our train pass Bellevue?” Evelyn inter-

rupted me.—“You and Mother went past those two young ladies that people go miles to see,” I replied severely, “they were almost as close to you as I am now, and you did not even look out of the window! I doubt whether you would recognise the Grand Canyon if you were standing on the brink of it. ‘A thing of beauty is a joy forever!’ as, no doubt, you tell the children in school every day; and yet you rode past the Peaks of Otter and Miss Jeannie and Miss Loulie Abbot standing at the Switch, and all that scenery made no more impression on you than the depot in Petersburg!”—For once in her life Evelyn was penitent. “Oh, I am so sorry!” she exclaimed. “I must have been deep in *Helbeck of Bannisdale*.”

That was the name of Mrs. Humphry Ward’s latest novel, which everybody was reading in those days. I had given a copy to Jeannie, and she was reading it too. In that very letter which I had in my hand, she had asked me: “Surely, you must have liked Laura?” (who was the heroine); and just to show how discerning I was, I wrote to Jeannie by return post that, while Laura had her good points, she would be a wall-flower at any party I gave—“think of Laura by the side of you!”

Evelyn got up from the table and was putting on her hat; she had an early morning appointment at her School. “I suppose you will be writing to Jeannie all day,” she said taking the hat-pin from her mouth while I was taking the bones from the fish on my plate (a “Norfolk spot” that had been caught that morning)—“tell her, on the first page before you forget it, how distressed we were to hear that we went past Bellevue without knowing it—and tell her too that I say Little Boy Blue is like a new man since she took him in charge.” She darted out of the room before I had time to answer.—“Mother,” I said, “do you mind if I slap Evelyn?”

It was nearly a week before I heard from Jeannie again. The middle of September was a busy time at Old Bellevue, the beginning of a new session of the School. Jeannie wrote that she and Loulie had their hands full entertaining the parents of the new scholars and helping in other ways also. That year, in addition to Charley, there were two new teachers, young men fresh from college and both of them (according to Jeannie’s account) “handsome, agreeable and auspicious.” One of them was Mr. Meade, who came from Danville, I believe, and whose promising career was cut short by death not long afterwards. The other was Christopher B. Garnett, a native of Matthews County, who stayed at Bellevue two sessions (1898-1900) and subsequently rose to high distinction not only in Virginia but in the District of Columbia also, and not only at the bar but in high positions as a citizen of renown;

for nearly a score of years until quite recently Mr. Garnett was a leading member of the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia.

In her letter Jeannie wrote of having met Miss Ella King of Norfolk, one of Evelyn's friends, who, with her mother and sister, had recently come to board in the home of Ned Nelson and his wife Meta Dirom in the district around St. Stephen's church. The Kings were well-to-do northern folks who were prominent in Norfolk society in the 1890's. Ella King was a graduate of Bryn Mawr College; her elder sister was Miss Georgiana King, Ph.D. in mathematics.

The Nelsons and Radfords who lived in the vicinity of Forest were the real gentry of Bedford County. Ned Nelson, then not much over fifty years of age I suppose, was the oldest of three brothers whose homes were clustered together side by side. Dr. Frank Nelson lived at "Elk Hill" between "Winton" (which I believe was the name of Ned Nelson's place) and the farm of his younger brother Charley Nelson. They were all big fellows held in high esteem. (Originally, there were four Nelson brothers, the eldest of them all "Marse Step" or Steptoe Nelson, who was dead and buried before 1898.)

The Diroms were an English family who lived close to Bellevue and were intimate friends of the Abbots. The father of the family had died before I ever saw Bellevue, and his widow, an old lady then, had moved to Lynchburg. Their elder daughter, Meta Dirom, was Ned Nelson's wife, who died about a year or two ago many years after the death of her husband. The younger daughter, Ethel Dirom, an octogenarian now, one of my dearest friends, lives in the home of her brother Robert Dirom, who went to school at Bellevue from 1883 to 1886 and is a leading citizen in Lynchburg.

Before the end of September when I was on the point of setting out for Baltimore, and was packing my trunk, I had accumulated a parcel of ten letters from Jeannie. I tied it with a blue ribbon and laid it in the tray on top of my clean shirts. "If this bounty keeps up," I said to myself, "it looks as if I was going to have a pleasant winter, whether I fall in with Professor Rowland or fall out with him." I had jilted Physics so unceremoniously a month ago that I felt some embarrassment about renewing that courtship and making believe that science was my goal. I said a fond farewell to Mother and Evelyn and went on board the night-boat for Baltimore, crowded with passengers as it always was; and late that evening, sitting up in bed, with a pad of paper propped against my knees, I scribbled a letter to Jeannie (written with a pencil), which began as follows:

"S. S. Georgia, Wednesday night, 28 September 1898.—If you could see me now (which God forbid!), you couldn't help giggling

(though it would be very much out of place)—dismal-looking and disreputable as I am here in bed in this cramped little state-room, with my pants hung up to dry.”

It was a heavenly moon-light night on Chesapeake Bay. Astrophel dreaming of Stella was not more love-sick than I was when I went up on deck after supper and tried to find a place to sit by myself and wonder if Jeannie was reclining in the wooden hammock and looking at the man in the moon also. There was scarcely standing-room, much less a vacant seat; but presently I found a ladder leading to the upper deck, and up I went, two rounds at a time. Not a solitary human being was on that deck but me, and I suppose I was *non compos mentis*, in other words, a damn fool. At any rate, I sat down on a clean, white bench and heaved a sigh of joy as long drawn out as the track of silver light that stretched across the water wherever my eyes turned. To make a long story short: that bench and all the other benches had been freshly painted that afternoon, and now the seat of my dark-blue trousers was painted too, every slat left its stripe. Seen from behind, I might have been taken for an escaped felon! I hastened to my state-room down three flights of stairs, bolted the door behind me, pulled off my pants, and tried frantically to cleanse them. All I had for the purpose was a shallow basin, about a quart of water in a tin pitcher, and a thin bit of soap. I wrought with my nail-brush, and wrought in vain: the cloth got thinner, but the paint held on. I gave up in despair, hung the pants on a hook to dry, and took up my pencil to write to Jeannie. I clung to her with all the tenacity of white paint for blue serge.

“Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.” Not long after daybreak, at least an hour before the boat docked, I rang for the steward; who, despite an itching palm, was not without some drops of the milk of human kindness. Clad in my nightgown, I followed him to the baggage-room, unearthed my Saratoga trunk, and got out my other suit of clothes. The first thing I did on coming ashore was to post the letter I had written in such dejection. On the back of the envelope I scrawled the cheerful postscript: “In Baltimore, clothed and in my right mind. Another bulletin will follow, unless I’m put in jail.”

That was the first time I ever was in that hospitable town which I have loved ever since for the sake of the joy I had there. That first day was long and arduous, I wore out my shoes on the pavements and paid many a nickel on the streetcars; I was tired out by night, yet not too tired to send Jeannie another bulletin before I got in bed. I gave her my new address; 416 West Hoffman Street, which she came to know

by heart. It was not far from McCoy Hall in the heart of the city, where I was to do my work in the department of physics of Johns Hopkins University. I had rented, for \$10. a month, a large comfortable room on the top floor of a three-storey house in which the only other tenants besides the landlady were Professor Rénouf and his son who occupied the second storey. The landlady, who lived on the street floor, was Miss Uhtoff, a handsome and agreeable young woman (in her thirties, I suppose), capable and efficient in every way. Professor Rénouf, professor of French in Johns Hopkins University and a native of France, was a really charming gentleman. His son, a nice fellow too, was a student in college.

My boarding-house was a really elegant place, not quite around the corner from where I lived, but just two or three blocks away at 1225 Madison Ave. It was kept by Mrs. Wright, a widow who was originally a Miss Snowden, a Maryland aristocrat, who knew all about good things to eat and supplied them bountifully on her table. The company was both well-bred and well-fed, mostly old Baltimore people accustomed to their mode of life. It was a little too formal for me. I had to be careful of my dress, which was a nuisance when I was in a big hurry, as I so often was. Board and lodging, as I found them in Baltimore in 1898, were both better and cheaper than they were anywhere in Virginia. At the end of my first day in Baltimore I was mighty well satisfied with all that I had accomplished towards making a home for myself in my new environment.

During the eight months I lived in Baltimore (from the beginning of October to the end of May), I seldom missed a meal at Mrs. Wright's and was scarcely ever out of my room after dinner in the evening. Every day I saw the same people and was on pleasant terms with all of them, but that was all. I made a mistake in not cultivating the society of Professor Rénouf more than I did.

At the boarding-house I sat next Miss McGraw, a young lady about my own age, who was in Baltimore high society (which was very high indeed). She was very civil and did her best to draw me out, but she had a hard time of it and gradually gave me up as a beau not worth the powder and shot it would take to shoot him.

Every now and then I escorted Miss Uhtoff maybe to church but preferably to some congregation where they did not take up a collection. Late one night, after I had gone to bed, there was a gentle tap on my door. I got up, put on a wrapper:

“ 'Tis some visitor,” I muttered,
“Tapping at my chamber-door;
Only this, and nothing more.”

Miss Uhtoff was standing outside holding a candle and shivering in the cold hall, for she had on her party-dress, her arms and neck

were bare; besides, she was embarrassed. It took a long time to make me understand the desperate situation. She had come home from the party, the maid was out, and, to save her life, she couldn't unbutton her dress by herself. No wonder, for the buttons, three dozen or more, were all behind (as was the fashion in 1898), and at least three of them, in the small of her back, were literally un-touchable by a lady inside the dress. "Would I kindly undo them?" she implored me. So I took the candle from her hand, located the buttons in question, and thought from now on my task is simple. I had not counted on the buttons being refractory, after once I got my hands on them. I needed a pair of pliers, but, luckily, Miss Uhtoff sighed deeply and the buttons let go. "There, 'tis done!" I exclaimed. The words were hardly out of my lips before Miss Uhtoff sighed again, and this time blew the candle out. That was the last I saw of her that night.

One place I used to visit in Baltimore that winter was the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Ambler (I forget now where it was, in some nice part of town). They were charming people, and I always had a warm welcome and a delightful time. She was Bishop Randolph's eldest daughter, much older than I was; and two of her sisters had been sweethearts of mine, each in due season. Lovely Sally Randolph died of typhoid fever when she was the belle of the Finals at the University of Virginia in 1891.

As a "fellow" in the department of physics, I came to Johns Hopkins University with a little prestige that stood me in good stead; yet I had some misgivings as to how I would rank alongside my competitors who were more or less champion scholars from all over the United States. They were all candidates for the coveted degree of Ph. D., whereas I had no notion of staying at least three years for that purpose. I had pursued my studies in the solitude of the Ragged Mountains and had had no guidance or advice. It was an agreeable surprise when I came to find out, certainly in theoretical physics, I was better qualified than any of the other post-graduate students, and it added to my self-confidence which needed to be reinforced. On the other hand, I am afraid this superiority resulted in my putting forth less effort than I should have made. I took things easily, did my work perfunctorily, but without much enthusiasm.

The truth is, I was no longer consecrated to my vocation as I had been all alone in the Ragged Mountains. During the whole time I lived in Baltimore, my one thought day and night was the remembrance of the girl I left behind at Old Bellevue. Not all the pendulums, gyroscopes, tuning-forks, thermometers and stop-watches in the physics laboratories of Johns Hopkins could distract my attention from fair Jeannie Abbot. I performed the experiments in McCoy Hall and then hastened home in the evening, not to compute the results and verify

the formula, but simply and solely to begin another letter to "dear Miss Jeannie," who I flattered myself was impatient to get it and perhaps at that very minute was waiting at the Switch. (By some unaccountable mishap, one of the letters went past the Switch to Sweetwater, Tenn., and was three days coming back—a tragic miscarriage involving not only Jeannie and me but the Postmaster General whom I promptly notified.)

It would take a separate chapter, and be beyond the scope of this book, to narrate my pleasant reminiscences of Johns Hopkins University and its great leaders in the field of education; although as a matter of fact I scarcely got more than glimpses of chieftains such as Gildersleeve in Greek, Newcomb in Astronomy and Remsen in Chemistry (to name only three of the foremost stars of that galaxy). Professor Henry Augustus Rowland (1848-1901) I encountered almost every day and attended a course of lectures which he gave and which, for all I know, were delivered in Sanscrit. Nobody ever doubted that Rowland was a genius in his laboratory and work-shop, but nobody can make me believe that he himself knew what he was uttering in the lecture-room. If he ever finished a sentence, it must have been when I was asleep. The finest trait of his character, it seemed to me, was his child-like sincerity and honesty. He had no time to waste on me; I am certain he never knew my name, though I worked close by him a whole month and was helpful to him.

The big man whom I knew best and from whom I got most was Rowland's coadjutor, Dr. Joseph Sweetman Ames (1864-1943), an indefatigable worker, who afterwards rose to be president of Johns Hopkins University. He was the administrative head of the department of physics, a man of great ability and enormous industry. I came to know him fairly well and was beholden to him for some favours.

Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman (1831-1908), first president and organizer of Johns Hopkins University, a gentleman much to be admired from every point of view, befriended me. I count it a great honour to have obtained his notice and a high privilege to have seen him in his own home, to which I was invited two or three times.

"This—all this—was in the olden time long ago." It is pleasant to me in 1955 to receive the *Johns Hopkins Magazine* and know that my name is on the list of living alumni, not yet in oblivion. I could, if I would, relate many anecdotes of what took place in 1898-99 when I was a bystander and eavesdropper. I doubt whether any one else is now alive who remembers that scene in Professor Rowland's class when suddenly one day, without rhyme or reason, he flew into a rage with a scholar on the front bench and violently expelled him from the room. "Get out!" he screamed in his shrill, falsetto voice,

pursuing the wretched fellow into the passage, still shouting those two words. The lecture had hardly begun, but that was the last we saw or heard of Professor Rowland that day. The only explanation of that episode and two or three other similar outbursts was that Professor Rowland was a genius pure and simple; as he undoubtedly was.

He had two invaluable assistants: Schneider, the skilled mechanic imported from Germany, who helped him to perfect his dividing-engine for ruling diffraction-gratings on speculum metal, and lynx-eyed Dr. Jewel, who could detect spectrum-lines too faint to be visible to any other mortal.

Dr. Ames was omniscient and up-to-date. He had contacts and confederates all over the globe. In retrospect it is a little surprising to me that almost on the brink of the twentieth century, neither he nor Professor Rowland appears to have had the slightest inkling of the fact that a revolution in physics was brewing. Yet I suppose nobody did more than Professor Rowland himself to dispel the myth of the luminiferous æther; although I at least have never found any substitute for it either in Riemann's geometry or in Einstein's latest development of the theory of relativity. The fact is, the twentieth century stole upon us unawares; we were not even prepared for Queen Victoria's death, much less for the advent of the electron.

The long letters Jeannie and I wrote to each other left no subject untouched. My letters, it is plain to see, tried to put me in the best light and to give the impression that my "object all sublime" was "plain living and high thinking," which then had a great vogue and was considered to be a rather noble mode of existence. Naturally, in order to enforce this idea, I alluded to Socrates, Saint Augustine and other high authorities. Jeannie liked these types well enough and admired them; yet I could see, her real preference was for Robert Browning, and so I determined to try and be as much like him as possible, making allowance for difference of climate and environment. It so happened that the two-volume edition of the letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett was then just off the press and was exceedingly quotable at our stage of affairs. In duty bound I have to acknowledge, I borrowed copiously both language and ideas from that reservoir and before the end of the session owed Browning a heap of gratitude which is pent up in me now ready to be lavished upon him, should I ever run across him in Elysium.

However, we wrote about trivial, everyday matters also. I concealed nothing. If I took a stroll with Miss McGraw Sunday afternoon in Druid Hill Park, the misdemeanour was duly reported in my next letter; and even if Miss Evie Randolph came to town, and disturbed the peace, and I happened to take her some evening to see Mansfield

in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, I never failed to mention it casually somewhere in the letter either in the postscript or in the weather-section. Jeannie's retort would be equally incidental: "By the way, I almost forgot to tell you," she would write, "Mr. Campbell and I drove to 'Ivy Cliff' yesterday and stayed all night with the Thompson Brown's." It made me nervous to hear about Mr. Campbell.

The individuals named above have a right to be listed among the *dramatis personae*. I believe I have already identified Miss Evie Randolph as a charming young lady from Norfolk who caught me on her hook and tossed me back in the water.

Mr. Lawrence Campbell of Bedford City was a widower and one of Jeannie's beaux in 1898. His wife and the mother of his three little sons was Miss Lily Bowyer who died prematurely. He was a thorough-bred gentleman. By a rather curious coincidence, his bachelor brother in Norfolk, highly regarded also, was a lodger in my mother's home and was one of Evelyn's friends.

"Ivy Cliff" in Campbell County was not far from New London in Bedford County, about a dozen miles from Bellevue according to my recollection. It was the home of J. Thompson Brown, Esq., and his wife "Cassie" Tucker. (Mr. Brown was a near kinsman of Col. J. Thompson Brown who was the first husband of my Aunt Mary Venable and who was killed in the Civil War—"a splendid fellow," my father told me.)

Jeannie's frequent letters enabled me to keep pace with all that went on at Bellevue. I got to know people whom I had never seen, the two new teachers and visitors who put in appearance: "Cousin Addie Kean", for example, whose distinguished husband in Lynchburg had died quite recently; Mrs. Bolling of Huntsville, Ala., *née* Madge Walker, whose son Walker Bolling was a pupil in the School, and who was boarding at Bellevue that autumn; Jim Corbitt, who hovered about from time to time and was a beau of Jeannie's as well as I could make out; and others who came and went. If Jeannie or Loulie went to Lynchburg on the early morning train and maybe spent the night with "Cousin Sue Blackford" on Diamond Hill or with "dear Mrs. Lewis" on Court Street; or if Loulie's "Stumpie" stumped his toe and couldn't play in Saturday's foot-ball game; or if nothing whatever happened at Old Bellevue: in each instance I was promptly informed and reacted accordingly. Similarly, if I was invited to a big reception at Dr. Gilman's residence and went to it "improperly dressed", that is, without wearing a tuxedo, Jeannie heard of it immediately and hastened to remind me that "the apparel oft proclaims the man" and I mustn't be so informal. I replied that all it proclaimed in this instance was that I didn't have a tuxedo to my name, yet was a honest man for a' that.

Perusal of these old letters (which, as I believe I have said, is my favourite pastime now) brings to life many a little incident and vanished scene that might otherwise have been buried in everlasting oblivion. For instance, who would ever have dreamed that on such and such a day I had been bitten on my bare arm by what must have been a really vicious mosquito, and that the place had festered and gotten to be a sore? Yet that is what happened. Or who would ever know that a day or two later a phial of ointment (which I believe was cuticura) came by special delivery from Dr. Craighill's drugstore in Lynchburg with this inscription on it by Jeannie's pen: "Take till itching ceases"? I daresay in years to come items of this kind contained in these letters will be helpful to Dryasdust when he comes to writing my life, extenuating nothing.

For some reason or other nearly every sinful mortal (as well as I can judge) hopes that his memory will be handed down to posterity for two or three generations at least, and yet he must know what little chance he has of survival. The earth itself is transitory; and that is why Professor Clerk Maxwell, in his epoch-making treatise on *Electricity and Magnetism*, suggests that "those who expect their writings to be more permanent than that body" ought to adopt the wave-length of sodium-light as the most universal standard of length in the present state of our knowledge.

Occasionally these old letters that omitted nothing conveyed bad news also. For example, 21 October, I was sitting at breakfast next to Miss McGraw as usual, and she was glancing over the *Baltimore Sun* newspaper. Looking over her shoulder, I was shocked by reading the notice of the death of Miss Jeannie Abbot in Georgetown, my Jeannie's beloved Aunt Jeannie. I got up from the table and hastened home to write a letter of condolence. The maid met me at the door and gave me a telegram that announced the death of my Aunt Evelyn in Norfolk. My aunt and Jeannie's aunt, two elderly and renowned spinsters, neither of whom had ever heard of each other, both died the same day!

Miss Jeannie Abbot of Georgetown was Mr. Abbot's elder sister, a very notable personage. She and the niece who was her namesake were devoted to each other, but I suppose the blow of her death fell hardest on poor old Grandma.

Miss Evelyn Sharp (1839-1898) of Norfolk, who was a cripple all her life and walked on crutches, was an elder and devoted sister of my mother, Eliza Frances Sharp Southall (1846-1919). Cultured and gifted in many ways, she was held in high esteem and had a wide circle of friends, among whom were Dr. James H. Dillard, afterwards Chancellor of William and Mary College, Dr. Robert Tunsall, afterwards principal of Tome Institute in Maryland, and Major

Taylor Berry, leading citizen of Amherst County. My sister Evelyn was named for her.

Earlier this same year Mr. Abbot had sustained a heavy loss in the death of his intimate friend, Mr. Robert Garlick Hill Kean (1828-1898) of Lynchburg. Mr. Kean, like Dr. Mallet, was another eminent man, old enough to be Jeannie's father, who was fondly attached to her as long as he lived. His widow, "Cousin Addie Kean" (as she was called at Bellevue), a delightful lady whom I got to know well, was the mother of Otho Kean and his two sisters Evie and Carrie Kean. Otho, a graduate of West Point, was one of Emily Abbot's first beaux.

Before I had been in Baltimore much longer than four or five weeks, Loulie Abbot came to Georgetown to pay a long visit to the Matthews's who were old and dear friends of the Abbots. Close as she was and often as I hoped and planned to go to see her, I succeeded in doing so only once during all the time (considerably more than a fortnight) Loulie was in Georgetown. Friday, 11 November, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I rang the doorbell of Mrs. Matthews's elegant home at 1403 30th Street, N.W. (in the most ancient and aristocratic residential section of the capital of the United States). The door was flung open by the mulatto butler, a quiet, bow-legged man, whose legs were bent into the shape of an equilateral rhombus whose horizontal diagonal was considerably longer than the vertical one, so that I had to look down upon him. Nevertheless, this misshapen fellow was a man of authority, seneschal or major-domo of the establishment, and I made a mistake in not recognising it at the start. He took my card and looked steadily at my threadbare overcoat. Fortunately, at this *impasse*, Loulie, who had been expecting me, came to the door and let me in.

It was a fine afternoon, and the first thing Loulie proposed was that we should go for a long walk before dinner; to which I was cordially invited by a message from Miss Emily Matthews, a young lady about Loulie's age whom I had never set eyes on. Accordingly, Loulie and I strolled about town several hours (I think we went as far as the new Congressional Library); and proud I was to be seen on the street by the side of such a handsome and stylish girl, who, but for her escort, might have been taken for the Duchess of Marlborough. We had a jolly time together; yet I winced when Loulie told me what a good-looking gentleman Mr. Campbell was and how much he was in the habit of coming to Bellevue. Loulie did not mention Jeannie's name in that connection, but she did say rather significantly, that "Lawrence Campbell would be a safe match for any girl." To which I replied a little sullenly: "Any girl should look before she leaps." And when

Loulie finished the subject by one word: "Axiomatic", I had the feeling of having said something more foolish than usual.

Dinner at the Matthews's was a rather formal affair; the food was good, the company was pleasant and agreeable, but I was conscious of having trouble with my array of knives and forks. The bow-legged butler, who waited on the table, annoyed and disconcerted me; it was evident that between him and me there was mutual antipathy that could never be overcome. However, he had me at a disadvantage, and when he pointed to the spoon for the plum-pudding, I accepted it obediently.

After dinner Mrs. Matthews went out to spend the evening, and Loulie and I followed Miss Emily and Miss Lucy Matthews into the lounge-room where there was a big fire and we all had a good time together. It was my first introduction into the best society, and I was glad to see that I was not like a fish out of water, even though I did still have to learn the difference between an oyster-fork and pickle-prong. When I got back to Baltimore, I went straight to bed; it was past midnight, too late to write to Jeannie and tell her not only about my visit to Loulie and her fashionable friends in Georgetown but also, for God's sake and my sake, to look before she leaped.

Mrs. Emily Matthews (who I believe was nicknamed "Puss") was a wealthy widow, daughter of the philanthropist W. W. Corcoran, Esq. (1798-1880), who founded the Corcoran Art Gallery and the Louise Home in Washington. Her only son Henry Matthews, who was married and lived close by, had gone to school at Bellevue in the 1880's. Miss Emily and Miss Lucy Matthews were her two daughters who were frequently to be seen at the Bellevue house-parties in the gay nineties. Prior to 1895, when Bill Abbot eloped with Lucy Lewis, the soothsayers had predicted the engagement of Bill Abbot and Emily Matthews; and when that did not come to pass, they tried a new combination, Charley Abbot with Lucy Matthews, which succeeded no better. Every prospect of a matrimonial alliance between Abbots and Matthews's vanished in 1899 when Lucy Matthews married Dr. Louis Mackall of Georgetown. To this day Miss Emily Matthews and her younger sister, long a widow, are prominent in Georgetown society, two very old ladies now.

When November came and Thanksgiving Day too, Jeannie and I were exchanging letters, often very long ones, at the rate of two every three days, soon to be accelerated to one or more per day. Obviously (postal clerks and bystanders said), the situation was critical. I used every term of endearment in the Browning letters, short of telling Jeannie outright that I was her lover. If I refrained from that forth-

right declaration, the only restraint that held me back was *res angusta domi*, in plain English, dire poverty. I hesitated and was ashamed to ask the Queen of Hearts to be my bride out in the cold world with no roof over our heads; like Mr. Micawber, but without his optimism, I was hoping and waiting "for something to turn up." Besides, when the time came to make my speech, I wished to do it in person and not with pen and ink. Jeannie and I both knew that we were dead in love with each other long before the words were spoken. Nevertheless, I was pent up like a corked bottle of soda-water.

The explosion had to come, as come it did very suddenly one day not long before Christmas; when simultaneously across two hundred miles each shouted to the other: "Darling, I love you with all my might and main!" That was my real birthday; I was born in Baltimore, 7 December 1898, a long way from my sweetheart at Old Bellevue. I was transported with rapture and could barely stand on my feet. I sank down in my big arm-chair and held her beautiful picture before me; I pressed it to my lips, looked up to the ceiling, and exclaimed: "Jeannie Abbot is mine for life!"

I was aware that I had to be up and doing. There were a thousand things to be done, but, first of all, I had to get on the train and go straight to Jeannie; and I began to pack my bag. Then I remembered I had two or three examinations in Johns Hopkins University to stand before Christmas, and also that I was bound to be in Norfolk during the Christmas holiday, in order to straighten out my mother's business affairs which were in a bad shape from lack of proper supervision. The consequence was I hesitated and waited until the next day, when Jeannie's letter came and told me minutely what course to pursue. She was as wise and level-headed as General Lee; and I was soon to find out that in every perplexity, big or little, the safe thing, above all the right thing, to do was to take her advice.

"Wait," Jeannie wrote me; "don't come here now, and don't come at Christmas when Bellevue will be crowded. Get done with your examinations and your business in Norfolk. We are out of the woods and gay as two fawns. Now listen: I am going to the Matthews's in Georgetown soon after New Year's Day, and later I am going to Aunt Ellen's in Baltimore and to Lucy Dorsett's too. We can see a lot of each other then, and decide everything."

This was a glorious plan. The only flaw in it was: How on earth was I to get through the month of December away from Jeannie? It was over three months since I had laid eyes on her.

It seems to me the one uncontrollable pain in my life was the

suffering of being separated from Jeannie even for a single day. She was more necessary to me than bread and water.

They say, God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Now in my old age when I am all alone,

“Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!”

I fold my hands and wait, and hope my own will come to me.

CHAPTER X

Christmas

"So now is come our joyful'st feast;
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly."

GEORGE WITHER: *Christmas*.

"WAIT," Jeannie wrote me, "wait till 'the tumult and the shouting dies!' Wait till Christmas has come and gone."—" 'T is a long time to wait," I answered, blotting out the tear-drop that fell in the way of my pen. "The X at the bottom of the page is a heartfelt kiss enclosed herewith, the best I can do under the circumstances. Kisses, you know, are electricity, and vary inversely as the square of the distance." So I bided my time.

Christmas at Old Bellevue! In 1898 I knew it only by widespread report, but in the years to come I was a frequent yuletide guest, in the forefront of all that merriment and good cheer. No story of Old Bellevue can leave out Christmas; it deserves a chapter by itself.

It began to be talked about before Thanksgiving Day. By the first week in December, I am sure, pious Mrs. Abbot had embarked already on the task of making fruit cakes literally by the dozen, not to mention plum puddings and mince pies which would be no less abundant before she finished. Every morning soon after breakfast she descended below stairs, her walking stick in one hand and the leathern key-basket slung by the handle over her other arm, and had a long consultation in the store-room with Old Man Polk. In his cap and apron he was as much like Pluto as if he had been born and bred in Hades. Suppose it was a good day and not too cold to work outdoors: then all the kitchen vassals were assembled around a long wooden table on the brick pavement just outside the kitchen-door: Maria and Blanche, Rilla and Lucy Steptoe (black Rilla and yellow Lucy, like Night and Morning), and other lesser minions who had no names but nonetheless were union members in good standing. "Rilla's Johnny" was there to run on errands, that powerful and more or less half-witted cripple, who could not articulate distinctly but who, on his incredibly bent and twisted legs, could outstrip the swiftest chicken that went past him in the barnyard; and, just as likely as not, it being winter-time

and not much to do in the garden, stone-deaf old Charles Walker was there too; while Old Man Polk, the Nestor of them all, went in and out of the kitchen, doubtless more in the way than really useful. Like the conductor of an orchestra, Mrs. Abbot herself, knife in hand and contentment in her countenance, sat in a big armchair at the head of the table; whereon were piles and heaps of raw materials: nuts and raisins, lemons and oranges, dates and figs, citron and suet. Each individual had her own special implement of employment for cutting, peeling, cracking and seeding, whatever the case might be. Off to one side a savoury vapour issued all day long from the big cauldron over the charcoal fire that burned in the brick oven. Everybody was cheerful, willing and eager; all had Christmas in their bones. To me it was like the Eleusinian Mysteries.

However, if the weather was cold and freezing (as it often was in bleak December), outdoor Christmas preparations might have to give way to "enterprises of great pith and moment," such as hog-killing and ice-cutting. Then too Mrs. Abbot took charge and reigned supreme, while Mr. Abbot was more absorbed than ever in Virgil and Sophocles. The school-boys liked nothing better than to be given holiday, to help Mr. Massie and his sturdy sons cut the ice on the pond, haul it to the ice-house and pack it tight with old leaves. Why everybody who used that ice didn't have typhoid fever, is a mystery, but nobody ever did. Massie & Sons were near neighbours who lived up the lane on the old Adams farm. They filled the icehouse to the brim, and by nightfall were filled throat-high with good old Lazarus Rye that cost less than a dollar a quart and, according to my recollection, was as good and fragrant as Four Roses which sells in the ABC stores nowadays around four dollars per fifth.

Meanwhile, all through December up to the night before Christmas, Jeannie and Loulie were as busy as beavers indoors, and dead in earnest. Whatever one couldn't do with a needle and thread, the other could do to perfection; for covering an entire territory, they were fully the equals of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sprat. They made pin-cushions, bedroom slippers, picture-frames, hand-bags, and what-nots and piled them all over the bed; and on good days they went to Lynchburg and conferred with "Miss Margie", chief sales-clerk and artful insinuator of Guggenheimer's big department-store. She hovered amid the Cosmetics and sold hundreds of bottles of vermillion *eau de quinine* fresh from the waters of the Seine, and it was she who in whispers and by winks put Jeannie and Loulie wise to what she said were the genuine cut-price Christmas bargains as distinguished from the bogus ones. For what would seem nowadays to be a mere handful of silver,

they purchased Renaissance jewelry, perfumes of Araby and bric-a-brac for Christmas gifts not only to Tom, Dick and Harry but to "Ellen McJones Aberdeen," if she was down on their list. Tired and footsore as they both were after tramping around town all day, they devoted that evening to the final perusal of the Christmas catalogue of B. Altman & Co., Sixth Avenue, New York. Mrs. Abbot and her daughters had dealt with that firm for years and years and had perfect confidence above all in Mr. Altman himself. Loulie was deputed to make out the order and write the letter that was to be sent next day by special delivery: "Dear Mr. Altman, You know us, and we know you. Please give the enclosed order your prompt and personal attention. *Tempus fugit*. Yours truly & trustfully, Miss Loulie N. Abbot, Bellevue, Va." Sure enough, the goods came within a week, with a letter from Mr. Altman, telling Loulie he was always at her beck and call and sending the "compliments of the season" to her and all her tribe.

By this time Christmas was coming on apace; Mr. Abbot himself waked up and took notice. One Saturday morning when he didn't have to go to School, he caught the early train to town or just did get on board and came near losing his square-top bowler hat. He was bent on Christmas shopping too. I remember one time when he came back laden with furniture, an easel for one thing and a patented rocking-chair for another that rocked of its own accord and was hard to keep still. Had he not been Duke of Bedford, the conductor of the crowded little bob-tail train would never have consented to take all that freight on board. Mr. Abbot was in his buggy and half-way up the hill, before the train pulled away from the Switch, it took so long to unload "father's paraphernalia," as Jeannie called it. Without seeing through the burlap wrapping, she and Loulie groaned to think of the new eyesores that would be installed in the parlours and have to be patiently put up with, until gradually, maybe by the end of the session, the time was ripe for them to be stealthily removed and carried up to the garret, already as full as it could hold.

A week later School let out, and thank Heaven! pupils and teachers all went home. The evening before that exodus was the night of the supper-dance in the big dining-room, which was cleared for action. "Sweet sixteen's" and budding *débutantes* from all the neighbourhood as far as Lynchburg and Bedford City came in buggies and wagons; and there was revelry in Old Bellevue. The last dance before midnight supper was the Virginia Reel, in which even I joined if I was present, and bashful boys and downright "woman-haters" too. It was as much as Howard in his dress-suit could do to get room to set the big table for supper, but the dance quickly subsided when he came upstairs

from the kitchen, he and his subalterns (including Philip Woodfork, who was drunk and disorderly), bringing all kinds of victuals, last of all a whole roast pig with a burnt apple tied to his snout because it kept rolling out of his languid mouth. Then a shout went up, and boys and girls forgot that they were sweethearts and were no better than pigs themselves when hunger chased love under the table.

Next day boys and girls were gone, Bellevue was like a deserted village, and then, with a sigh of relief, the Bellevutii and their invited guests shouted louder than ever: "Christmas comes but once a year!"

Then before you knew it, it was "The Night Before Christmas", when every creature was stirring all over the house, yet not even a mouse dared to poke out its nose until Emily and Little Lucy, both half-naked, were coaxed at last to get in bed and wait for old Kris Kringle and his reindeers to come galloping up on the roof.

Grandma was in a state of unusual excitement that blessed evening. Deaf as she was, footsteps could be heard coming and going, upstairs and downstairs, 'way off in the big dining-room or even in the store-room in the bowels of the earth. If you passed through the hall, as likely as not you bumped into something or somebody that glided away as though you were a leper. You were suspected of being an eavesdropper, wholly disreputable, and not one of "us".

Six-hand euchre was out of the question on Christmas Eve, and so Mr. Abbot, really more in the humour for Christmas than anybody else, had retreated to his study and was biding his time which was not due to come until long past midnight when he was to sally forth as jolly old St. Nicholas and shout "Merry Christmas" all over the house. Jeannie came in with her basket of tinsel and little red candles and said in her sweet way: "Father, dear Father, this is no place for you this evening. They are bringing in the Christmas Tree and are going to set it up here in the alcove of your window. Why don't you take a book and go to bed?"—"Go to bed?" Mr. Abbot exclaimed, "when I have to sit up all night and be Santa Klaus!" However, he rose meekly from his chair and went somewhere else, where, I can't imagine, unless it was in his dressing-room which was his other *sanctum sanctorum*. He took Thucydides with him and the latest number of *The Saturday Evening Post*, the latter concealed under his coat, for he did not like it to be known that he ever descended to reading that frivolous weekly. I daresay Archie was waiting for him in the dressing-room, mending his costume and combing out the long white whiskers that had been hanging on a post up in the garret ever since last Christmas.

A thousand tasks had to be done that night after nearly everybody had gone to bed. Mrs. Abbot, aided and abetted by mournful Mandy,

lady's maid extraordinary, was stuffing the stockings laid out on the long table in the big dining-room. What a Christmas Stocking held in those days is beyond belief: hard candy in a cheese-cloth bag, nuts and raisins, oranges and Malaga grapes, toys and knick-knacks, and all the wealth of the Indies. Had watermelons been ripe at Christmas, verily I believe they would have slipped into those capacious and audacious leggings as easily as the oranges and bananas; certainly no human leg outside Barnum's Circus could have filled any single piece of all that extraordinary hosiery. Then when everybody (save only the three or four busy-bodies downstairs) was supposed to be sound asleep, Mrs. Abbot and Mandy tiptoed into each bed-room in turn and hung a cornucopia on a tight peg or hook fastened to the under-side of the mantel-shelf that I suppose was put there on purpose when the house was built.

By midnight the manifold Christmas gifts, most of them neatly wrapped in white tissue paper and tied with a glossy red ribbon, each parcel carefully inscribed in pen or pencil with the names from whom in the ablative case and to whom in the dative, had all been painstakingly distributed in their proper heaps in the two parlours (one depot for each individual from Agamemnon, King of Men, down to the humblest of his tribe, including the strangers within his gates), and all the excelsior and litter on the floor had been swept away by the three marshals, Jeannie, Loulie and Frank Abbot,—then, and not till then, all was quiet in Old Bellevue upstairs and downstairs, in joyful expectation of old Kriss Kringle early Christmas Morning. The parlours looked like Ovington's gift-shop on Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Abbot had gone back to his study bringing Thucydides and *The Saturday Evening Post*, and was sitting placidly at his desk by the unlighted Christmas Tree, under the bright illumination of his two-cylinder brass student-lamp; yet impatient for the cock to crow and the hour for him to come on the stage and romp all over the house. Archie, fast asleep on the floor in front of the fire, snored fitfully, ready to leap up the instant he was summoned. The cock was behind time Christmas morning; if he crowed at all, not even his own fowls listened to him at that hallowed hour. It was long before dawn when Archie pulled on Mr. Abbot's big boots for him, stuffed one or two pillows in the front of his red pantaloons, tied on the long white beard, and hung the cornucopia over Santa Claus's broad shoulder; and all this time Mr. Abbot was jingling his sleigh-bells and repeating softly in a low tone, so as not to forget the words:

“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!”

Archie, who longed to finish his nap, besought the chieftain to tarry till daylight: "Let 'em sleep a while longer, sir, and get up fresh," he pleaded, but pleaded in vain. Mr. Abbot, accoutred to his taste and keen for the frolic, dashed out on the back porch and made the welkin ring: "Merry Christmas," he shouted to the Peaks and all the valleys round about. He burst through the hall-door and pranced up and down the passage; he shook the snow from his garments and clapped his hands together, puffing and blowing, to let everybody know how bitter cold it was outdoors. His spouse, who was used to this performance, got up quietly and shut both doors of her downstairs bedroom; then went back to bed and slept soundly till the rising-bell rang for breakfast. Meanwhile, jolly old St. Nicholas had mounted the stairs and was going from room to room, pulling the counterpanes off the recumbent nymphs. Little Lucy, shrieking with terror, crouched in a corner; Emily, bare-legged, slid down the bannisters and was already untying her Christmas gifts in the sitting-room; Jeannie and Loulie pulled on their wrappers wrong side out and hugged and kissed Santa Claus through his false beard and genuine moustache; and Grandma was expostulating, "Don't come in, Willy; Ellen is naked!" Frank Abbot, one of the loudest merry-makers of them all, clad in an oriental robe, was hurrying over from Siberia; he called to Lucy Lewis as he passed her window, "Up, up, double-up, Lucy, the sun is in the sky!" Little William and John Abbot, roused from slumber, began to howl; their father and mother sat up in bed, rebuked them, and went back to sleep.

It is idle for me or any other gifted writer to try to tell about Christmas at Old Bellevue—it defies description, just as the vision of New Jerusalem was beyond the power of the seer on Patmos to relate. You must visit Corinth if you wish to see the sights. Sam Macauley, who was born at Goode and went overseas as a dough-boy in the First World War, told me he never had any idea of "gay Paree" until he went there and saw it with his own eyes.

Bellevue Christmas was contagious; if you were exposed to it and did not catch yule fever, you were a hard nut to crack or else a jelly-fish. Luckily or unluckily, I was not there myself in 1898 (as I so much longed to be), and all that I knew about it then was by hearsay, chiefly from darling Jeannie's constant letters that kept coming to me regularly in the midst of all the commotion, and kept me alive and happy. She wrote that a parcel of books I had sent by express from Baltimore had come, and that both she and her fond father were eager to begin reading them; "but", she added, with that charming candour that was inseparable from her modesty, "I am even more eager to put my arms

round your neck!" Think of her saying that to me! I was tongue-tied and glorified. It was the best Christmas I had ever known in all my life—and every Christmas from that time forward as long as she lived was to be a merry Christmas for me!

Instead of going to Bellevue, I went home to Norfolk and spent the Christmas holiday quietly and pleasantly enough with Mother and Evelyn; as I had been wont to do every year (1888-1898) since I first went to college; but this time I had good news to tell. They were truly sympathetic, as eager to listen as I was to relate. Each of them wrote to Jeannie and begged her to come to Norfolk. From that time my Jeannie was the best friend Mother had in the world, better to her than her own children; and Mother loved her dearly. It was Jeannie who sat by her bed and held her hand two decades afterwards when her sweet spirit took flight and went to heaven.

Now I had two staunch allies, my mother and Jeannie's mother. The first letter I wrote after I got back to Baltimore was as follows:

416 Hoffman Street,
Baltimore, Maryland
4 January 1899

Dear Mrs. Abbot

When I left Bellevue last summer, I wrote and thanked you for the delightful days I spent at your house; and I think I said that visit would always dwell in my memory. Some months have passed since then, and I can't recall that letter distinctly; though I remember how heartfelt each word was when I wrote it. Yet at the time I felt a little conscience-stricken, because—well, because the letter (I'm almost ashamed to confess it) was not altogether *sincere*.

It was perfectly true about "the delightful time"—that was sincere! But, dear Mrs. Abbot, I think in that letter I attributed it partly to the Peaks of Otter—and to the cordial hospitality you showed me—maybe also to the pound of flesh I gained (of which I was very proud)—and, no doubt, to a thousand and one other benefits each of which was worth mentioning. But the crowning charm of all—the one rapture that has haunted me ever since!—strange to say, I think I neglected to name. I suppose it was bashfulness—a quality one would think was extinct in these *fin de siècle* days. But I really know no other explanation.

That was a capital omission, and it's rather late to be supplying it now. But my conscience will not be easy until I correct the false impression I fear I made in dwelling in that letter on the Peaks and a host of nice things at Bellevue—without ever once mentioning Miss Jeannie! It was singular to have left Her out.

She and I used to sit out there in the yard together under the trees, and little by little it began to dawn on me that She was by far The Most Beautiful Human Being my eyes had ever seen. (I believe I did say in that earlier letter that "the scenery was grand"

or "perfect," and used a very superlative word, but doubtless you didn't realise I was referring to your daughter.)

It was She, dear Mrs. Abbot, that captivated me more than anything else at Bellevue—more than anything in the world had ever done before. She completely demoralised me, and the first thing I knew, I was dead in love.

And instead of recovering when I went away, it got worse and worse. One day I just couldn't stand it any longer, the stopper flew out, and I told Her, I wrote Her I loved Her as never man loved on earth before, better than my own life. I said, "I would die for You, Beloved!"

Well, no matter what She said; I can't repeat what She said!

She is God's Gift to me, dear Mrs. Abbot—a Precious, Holy Thing in my sight—my Life, my All, The-One-Altogether-Lovely! And I shall love Her forever and ever, and no harm shall ever come nigh Her. I shall defend Her with my own life! This is a vow.

She wrote me She had told you, and I write to say to you that Her Mother and Father and Brothers and Sisters will always be very dear to me, dear Mrs. Abbot.

I write deliberately, yet a little hastily, as I have much to do to-night. If I have been awkward in expression, it does not matter, for I believe I have said in some fashion what I wished to say to you. I hope I have convinced you that I am worthy of my great responsibility.

Believe me always, with sincere affection,

Very dutifully yours,

(signed) James P. C. Southall

Mrs. W. R. Abbot
Bellevue, Virginia.

The day after this letter was written and despatched, Jeannie, with all her new dresses (made principally by Alice Scott, famous coloured mantua-maker in Charlottesville, who had been transported to Bellevue expressly for the purpose), arrived at the Matthews's in Georgetown in time for dinner; and the next day, about twenty-four hours later, I came from Baltimore and clasped her in my arms for the first time in my life.

"Jenny kiss'd me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in!"

So I was knighted that day, 6 January 1899, exactly one month from the day of our engagement.

Vicissitudes (1899)

"For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!"
KEATS: *Ode on a Grecian Urn*.

WHEN Jeannie kissed me,

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."

I took to heart St. Thomas Aquinas's pithy saying, "Beware of a man of one book", laid aside all other encyclopaedias, and concentrated that entire year (1899) on the delicious "Book of Jeannie-sis"; and the progress I made in knowledge and wisdom was more than I had accomplished by the aid of all my previous books put together. The first two months of *annus mirabilis*, January and February, Jeannie was close at hand, either in Georgetown or in Baltimore, and I had oral and corporal instruction.

The Matthews's (as I have related) were kindly and hospitable folks, with the best intentions in the world; and Goodness knows, they entertained lavishly. The whole month of December had been a strenuous time for Jeannie, getting ready for Christmas and her visit to Georgetown soon afterwards; she was tired when she got on the train; the journey was fatiguing too. She would have preferred not to go to the opera the first evening she was in Georgetown, but it was part of the programme, and she had to comply. Next day when I appeared on the scene, and Jeannie and I were longing to be together by ourselves for the first time since our engagement, Mrs. Matthews announced at the dinner-table that she had tickets for the entire company for the theatre that evening (William H. Crane at the New National Theatre in "The Head of the Family"); whereupon I, sitting close to her, spilled a spoonful of soup in midair, to the great annoyance of the bow-legged butler. Two or three evenings afterwards Mrs. Matthews and her daughters gave what was, I imagine, the swellest reception in Georgetown that winter, and possibly I, *moi qui parle*, was a guest of honour (I really can't remember). Anyhow I know I was there and went back to Baltimore near daybreak without ever once having had a chance to kiss Jeannie that whole evening; until

at last I pulled her out on the pavement and kissed her under the lamp-post. That brilliant reception put me in a bad humour for a week.

Jeannie was in Georgetown over a month (from 5 January to 10 February), and during that time I was in Washington a dozen times for the purpose of seeing her, and sometimes stayed all night at a hotel; but the only way we could ever be alone together was on the street, on a street-car, in an alcove of the Congressional Library, or on a bench in the park. We used to wander all over town and get lunch somewhere, more to get warm than to eat; for that was a bitter cold winter. Much to my satisfaction, Jeannie moved from the Matthews's elegant residence near the end of January and stayed the rest of the time she was in Georgetown with her Cousin Lily, Mrs. Downs Wilson, where she and I certainly fared better, and I at least did not have to leave at 10 p.m. and roam about town until I could get a train back to Baltimore. Lieut. Downs Wilson, who I suppose was not much over fifty years old in 1899, was a retired naval officer, a gentleman, but not much else as far as I could tell. He and his wife were frequently at Bellevue before my day and were both particularly fond of Jeannie. They lent us a helping hand in Georgetown, and for that reason I shall never cease to be grateful.

Incidentally, it was at Cousin Lily's house one Sunday, a beautiful winter morning, snow frozen hard on the ground, that I met Helen Bentley, Jeannie's first cousin. I shall never forget her sudden arrival at Cousin Lily's just before church-time, her bright smile, her sparkling eyes, and above all her rosy cheeks. She had walked briskly over the hard-packed snow more than a mile from her home in Washington, where I believe she had a job as companion of an invalid old lady. She must have been like her mother who was the beauty of Mr. Abbot's three sisters. I remember too another day when Jeannie and I stole away from Cousin Lily's and went by ourselves to see Julia Marlowe in "Ingomar," yet I have scarcely any recollection of the play or the actress. Our seats were not nearly as good as they would have been if we had gone with Mrs. Matthews, but they answered our purpose.

The first day of February the snow came down steadily all day long; that act was, so to speak, the curtain-raiser of the fierce winter-weather that was in store for us all the rest of the time Jeannie was away from home. In those days I was young and lusty; naught cared I for wind or storm. Darling Jeannie Abbot was in Georgetown not fifty miles away, and soon she was coming to Baltimore where I could see and touch her every day. Then she would stay with Aunt Ellen in her boarding-house (246 West Lanvale Street) and from there go

occasionally to visit her intimate Baltimore friend, Lucy Dorsett, a mighty nice girl about Jeannie's age, who used to live in Georgetown and had some close alliance with the Matthews's. All this came to pass just as Jeannie planned it.

My last trip to Cousin Lily's in Georgetown was 4-5 February. Less than a week afterwards, 10 February, the coldest day in thirty years (seven below zero, snow frozen hard), I met my bonny lass at Mount Royal Station and took her in a hansom-cab to Aunt Ellen's lair, a short distance away. Even clasped in each other's arms, it was hard to keep warm. Jeannie shivered and complained a little ruefully of the uncivil weather and of the naughty world in general that was so inconsiderate towards two fond lovers. "My dear," I said, hugging her tighter, "this is the best of all possible worlds. Baltimore, with you in it, is pure heaven!"

Until then I had never met Miss Ellen Abbot. I say it reluctantly, she came nearer to being the most unsociable human being I ever encountered. With reference to anybody who was *persona non grata*, Mr. John H. Lewis of Lynchburg (Lucy Lewis's father) used to say. "Remoteness is all I ask." That was the way I felt towards Aunt Ellen. She was a caricature of old maid and school teacher, not only homely but mean and selfish too. Her life had been hard and lonely. As far as I knew, her only enjoyment was the Baltimore *Sun* newspaper, and why I did not subscribe for it and have it sent to her all the rest of her days, shows how uncharitable I was myself. As it was, she had to borrow a copy from one of the other boarders and take it to her room after dinner, where she read every line of it before going to bed that night. She believed in original sin and the survival not of the fittest but of the fiercest. At meal-time she fought for the choicest victuals that were being passed round the table, above all for the breast of the chicken and the hottest soda-biscuit. Her boarding-house was *bourgeois*, fairly clean and eminently respectable. The parlour had a stale odour, which comes back to my nostrils now as greasy as it was more than half a century ago. It was a big house, otherwise not much of a place one way or the other, but it certainly was no place for Jeannie.

Many an evening during that cold February, having no other retreat, Jeannie and I sat side by side on the old plush sofa in the dimly lighted parlour, a room so uninviting that nobody ever entered it except to turn round and go out. Soon we acquired the status of "suspect" sitting there by ourselves (it was the old-fashioned word for "subversive") and were kept more or less under the scrutiny of the landlady's husband. I rather think he did the marketing in the daytime, and if so, did it very poorly as well as I could tell from the two

or three meals I ate at his table. Apparently, his only other employment was to thrust his head through the half-open parlour-door two or three times in the evening, for no other reason than to see for himself if I was still perched on the lopsided springs of the wretched sofa. He was not a spy or an eavesdropper, all he wanted to do was to put out the light and go to bed, and when I nodded my head, he sighed and withdrew. He was determined not to leave Jeannie and me in pitch-black darkness.

Notwithstanding the furious blizzard that began to rage two days after Jeannie came to Baltimore, she went to pay her first visit to Lucy Dorsett; and next day (13 February) the storm was at its height, and the big city was literally cut off from the rest of the world. It is hard to believe, but according to the *Sun* newspaper, the snow on the pavement that evening was eight feet deep. I did not attempt to venture out for dinner; nobody was on the street. I had no boots, and my overcoat, as usual, was minus a couple of buttons with others coming loose. Under such circumstances what did Romeo do? He ate his supper (presumably crackers and jam which he kept in his wardrobe along with a bottle of California sherry); and then he put on his overcoat and pulled on his galoshes and without more ado sallied forth into that swirling blizzard, the only human being in Baltimore that put his foot outdoors that evening. Block after block he plunged and ploughed his way through snow over his head until at last some way or other he stood beneath sweet Juliet's balcony; and late that night (or early next morning before daylight) when all his tracks had been obliterated, that same intrepid lover, shouting "Excelsior", returned the way he came and went to bed up in his attic. It was a deed of derring-do that might have daunted Ajax, but, with Cupid egging me on, I accomplished it somehow or other, to my everlasting credit. Not a solitary policeman helped me, no good or bad Samaritans hove in sight, I believe the street-lamps were unlighted. *Amor vincit omnia*.

Jeannie not only encountered a cruel winter but had many vexations besides during her visits in both Georgetown and Baltimore. When March came more like a lamb than a lion, I think she had reached the limit of endurance both physical and mental and welcomed the prospect of going home. She was loath to part with me, and Heaven knows I could not bear the thought of being separated from her; yet we both agreed whole-heartedly that the warmth and peace of Old Bellevue was the one thing needful to restore her strength and revive her spirit.

The Queen of Hearts had filled my cup of happiness to overflowing. What would I not give to live over again a single one of those

blissful days when my true love held me spell-bound, and we gazed in each other's eyes with mutual adoration! There were 55 days in all in the heavenly months of January and February when Jeannie came to town, partly in Georgetown and partly in Washington; and I saw her as often as it was possible. On the other hand, Professor Rowland and Dr. Ames, little as either of them cared for me, must have been startled when they got a glimpse of the Fellow in Physics. Those were the glorious days of my existence, both plus and minus. My sole anxiety was, how could I ever be worthy of my high calling, measure up to my good fortune, and make ends meet? Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and the story goes that "they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her"; my love of Jeannie was much more importunate, for even seven days seemed unto me like a whole year! One of my gravest perplexities all that year in Baltimore was that, so far as earning a livelihood was concerned, I was no nearer that goal in May than I had been in October. It seemed to me I was wasting my time in Johns Hopkins University. I went there to curry favour with Professor Rowland and perhaps be his *protégé*; but at the end of the session, if he knew my name, he never pronounced it. The higher I climbed in Jeannie's favour (which was all my ambition), the lower I sank among the notable men of science in the United States! Jeannie and I were surely to be married in September—I insisted on that as the latest possible date and constantly reminded her to be in readiness. On the other hand, her Aunt Kate Minor upbraided me and said I was too impetuous, "a gun going off half-cocked," were the exact words she used: "Jeannie Abbot," she said sternly, "is used to luxury." My reply to that was: "She shall have every luxury a Sultan can bestow." However, I knew, better even than Kate Minor, that I did not have a dollar to my name and wasn't sure where I would get my next meal. I was in a real dilemma: Jeannie might believe I was a Sultan, but Kate Minor was certain I was a mountebank.

On good days when the sun shone and it was not too cold outdoors, Jeannie and I, hand in hand together, wandered all over town. We liked to look in the shop-windows and then go inside and ask the price of the side-board or some other piece of furniture that Jeannie said would be lovely in our new house. Then we would go to the Walters' Art Gallery and admire the pictures that Jeannie pointed out to me. The place I enjoyed most was the open-air Lexington Market where everything good to eat was for sale and cheap as dirt. It seemed to me you could buy an armful of the best things in the world for no more than sixpence. I asked a kindly-looking vegetable-man the price of country-gentleman corn; he laughed in my face: "This is February,

you know, sir!" and I replied: "Yes, I know it, but I'm looking ahead to the end of July, and I thought it might be well to put in my order now." I bought a big bunch of Malaga grapes, a hunk of cheese, a bag of crackers, and a bottle of ale; and we sauntered on and had a good lunch on a bench in Druid Hill Park; which was one of our favourite loitering places.

No doubt I was much to blame for enticing Jeannie to linger on in Baltimore as long as she did. Aunt Ellen's boarding-house was not a comfortable place; Jeannie was tired and foot-sore, it was a rough-and-tumble life she led in town. Loulie wrote for her to come home and take up the shovel and the hoe; Robin Redbreast was back again; jonquils were ready to blossom; Stumpie was choosing the baseball team; and "Father keeps asking why you are tarrying so long." Accordingly, the first day of March darling Jeannie packed her trunk, and that afternoon we sat for the last time on our bench in Druid Hill Park. The next day she was gone!

I accompanied her as far as Washington where she had to change to another train. To this day I love to recall that short ride between the two cities and all the tunnels we went under. I can still see the shocked expression on the face of the elderly lady who sat opposite us; it appeared each time we came out of the darkness, before I could undo my arm from Jeannie's slender waist. It was plain to her we were not wedded and not even well-bred, two unblushing wantons that had no proper business on a genteel train.

Mighty doleful we were at parting in the old Sixth Street Station in Washington. That evening Jeannie got as far as Charlottesville and spent the night with Estelle Burthe; and the following day she stepped off the train at the Switch. It was the first day of Spring at Old Bellevue; the birds sang, the bull-frog croaked by the pond, and the colt went wild with delight. Mrs. Abbot sent to Lynchburg for a crate of malt-nutrine, Jeannie drank every bottle of it, and before the end of March she wrote me she had gained two pounds and was sending me a crate of the same tonic by prepaid express.

For me life was harder than ever. I went back from Washington to Baltimore through all the tunnels again, this time

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

The street-lamps were lighted already when I was back in Baltimore; as usual, people were going to and fro along the pavement; a cab-driver hailed me at a crossing and offered to take me home at a reduced fare; but for me the big city was empty and desolate. I turned into

Hoffman Street and opened the front-door with my latch-key. I climbed the stairs to my attic, and lo and behold! there was my college-mate Gilbert sitting in the arm-chair in front of the fire! I had completely forgotten that I had an engagement with him that evening for compiling a report of an experiment we had performed together in the laboratory. He was a brilliant fellow, a hard worker, and as enthusiastic as Archimedes at the moment he shouted "Eureka!" I liked and admired him, but I was not in the humour that evening for using a slide-rule and tabulating a long column of numerical results; I pleaded head-ache, back-ache and general hypochondria. "Let's wait for a more propitious hour and do this job right," I procrastinated inhospitably. He looked at Jeannie's picture in the embroidered frame on my desk. "Yes," I said, "that's what is the matter! take a glass of sherry." He gulped it down, said he had a heap to do, put on his hat and departed.*

Then changing my coat for my dressing-gown I sat down beneath Jeannie's picture and wrote to her page after page far into the night, until my hand was cramped, and there was nothing to do but to go to bed and remember all I had left unsaid and would say in a new letter to-morrow. When I went downstairs to breakfast (it seemed to me I had not had a mouthful to eat for twenty-four hours), there on the hall-table was Jeannie's blue envelope just as it used to be before Christmas. She had written on the train with a pencil; the envelope was post-marked "Southern Railway."

"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"—that is literally true so far as my experience goes; in fact, my fancy took that turn long before the Vernal Equinox in 1899. Not content with writing Jeannie a long letter every day full of nouns and adjectives and pure verbosity, in my exuberance I, who certainly was no artist, imitated Thackeray (I suppose) and inserted on the margins of the pages pen-and-ink drawings of Jeannie and me in romantic, often preposterous, situations, for which words alone were totally inadequate. The scene portrayed was nearly always blissful, even though the predicament might be awkward. Thus, for example, one of those pictures represented a horse and buggy standing still on a lonesome road. The occupants of the two-seated vehicle were plainly Jeannie and me, though all you could see of us was our two backs so close together that there was not even a shawl between us; old Jack (for undoubtedly he was the nag) had halted in the middle of the road and

* My visitor was Dr. Norman E. Gilbert, nearly four years my junior, who got his Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins University and in 1901 succeeded me as Prendergast professor of physics in Hobart College. Soon thereafter he went to Dartmouth College and about ten years ago retired as emeritus professor there.

turned his head to see what was going on behind him. It was a beautiful conception, no matter if the execution was crude.—Another illustration depicted the same hero and heroine eating oatmeal on the upturned bottom of a wooden cracker-box used for a table; we had licked our saucers clean and were too polite to ask for a second helping.—Occasionally, the picture exhibited only one of the two principals sighing because the other was absent. I remember particularly the darling little girl in a Kate Greenaway pinafore seated sideways on a plank over a creek, her bonnet in her lap and her legs dangling just above the water; she was gazing far away, and you could tell by the look in her eyes, she was thinking of me and wishing I was there beside her. That would have been ridiculous, for even if the plank had not broken in two, the ankles of my long legs would have been down under the water.—The picture of me in my night-shirt (long before pyjamas were invented in the Western Hemisphere) all alone in my attic was perfectly proper, for I was under the bed looking for my other sock. It would be hard to classify my art; if I could be said to belong to any school, I suppose it was the impressionistic. Jeannie must have drawn me out when I made those drawings for her. They were spontaneous, and that was their merit.

The pen-and-ink sketches on the margins of some of my 1899 love-letters were symbols of pure devotion, not unlike the capers of the clown Barnaby in the chapel before the altar of the Blessed Virgin in Anatole France's beautiful story called "Our Lady's Juggler."

As I have already related, our love-letters flowed back and forth in torrents, and Jeannie preserved them all. Years afterwards she was fond of re-reading them; she had a system of marking the ones she liked best, and now and then she blotted out a word that seemed to her better to have been left unsaid.

One day I discovered her sitting by her window with a pile of those old letters in her lap. Leaning down, I kissed her and said: "Little Sweetie," (for that was what I called her), "how can you bear to read all that rubbish of mine?" A tear-drop glistened in her eye: "You loved me then," she whispered, pointing to the faded page that in all those years had never cooled down to the room-temperature. I sat down beside her and pressed her cheek to mine. I made love to her again, and found that I used the identical words I had written long years before. The English tongue was powerless to utter more; notwithstanding that by that time I loved her unspeakably more than I ever could have done in my unsophisticated youth.

If Jeannie was ever guilty of malfeasance, I never caught her at it. She never took a cent from my trousers-pocket, not simply because she was too honourable, but chiefly, I suppose, because it was seldom ever there. Yet she did a ruthless deed when she de-

stroyed every vestige of her love-letters to me (save one or two that by some miracle escaped the bonfire). Those letters were very precious to me, even though I did not keep them under lock and key. They would be of inestimable value to me now, for more than any other memento they would bring her back to me in all her perfect loveliness. Every line she penned, every pencil-mark she made was crystal-clear and flowed from her soul as from the fountain of truth and purity. She had her own parts of speech, her own trademarks that were copyrighted and inimitable; she used words and even prepositions that were thoughtful and thoughtless too. Oh, how they used to charm me when they fell from her lips and fell on my ears! I was tuned to her wave-length, I received every syllable and detected every intonation. I listened for her letter to come, I heard the postman when he rang the bell next door, and I hastened from the attic and met him on our door-steps. Her blue envelope came punctually before breakfast, unless N. & W. Number 4 missed connection in Lynchburg or the mail-clerk was on a spree. Then all I could do was to hold my chin in my hands and wait for the next delivery. The U.S. Postoffice was ever so much prompter and more efficient in those days than it is now when we live under the shadow of the Hydrogen Bomb.

All through our lives Jeannie and I continued to write love-letters to each other, one a day whenever we were separated (which was not often). I remember my father and mother used to write to each other every day he or she happened to be away from home and all alone. Like Jeannie, my mother had a wonderful gift of language; and like me, when I opened one of Jeannie's letters, my father's eye gleamed with delight when Mother's letter came to him. This—all this—was long ago!

The more enchanting Jeannie's letters were, the more I missed her. Life was insupportable away from her. Each day I pined to get on the train and go to Old Bellevue even though her father stood between us and I could do no more than touch the hem of her garment. It mortified me to know that in the sight of her sire I was impecunious and ineligible. When a man aspires to a bride, he must at least have a roof over his head to shelter her. However, Jeannie did not accept this axiom and argued differently. She maintained that there were places on this earth where the climate was so mild and equable both summer and winter that two hearts that beat as one could flourish outdoors with very little food or raiment. She instanced the island of Corsica, not because it happened to be the birthplace of Napoleon Bonaparte, renowned for his "noble carelessness," but because she had read a beautiful story of de Maupassant's about two ardent lovers, Adam and Eve, who (if I remember right) spent a couple of years there without a cent of money and starved to death in each other's arms. I brushed this notion aside as totally impractical: "No," I said emphatically,

"beautiful, capable and heroic as you are, you and I, dearest, are not Frenchmen, we cannot live on frogs, shells and seaweed. The Mediterranean is sometimes stormy, and we should be forced to find shelter somewhere."

I thought over the subject very carefully and wrote pages and pages about it. "Leave everything to me," I said; "only, be ready by September at the latest. Then the schools will be open again, and by that time I shall have found a comfortable berth somewhere on this continent. I am highly qualified for a good position. The wonder is that I have not been gobbled up long ago by an ambitious college in quest of an A-number-one physicist (that's what they call me in Johns Hopkins University, it does not mean a soda-water jerker, though it sounds like it, Professor Rowland himself is a physicist, and proud of it!). Darling, I repeat, look out for September, and Young Lochinvar! and tell your daddy, not to worry!"

Those were brave words—considering there was absolutely nothing in sight in the way of a job, not even a speck on the horizon. I was whistling to keep up my courage; I was at my wits' end. However, I was not idle. I wrote hundreds of letters here, there and everywhere; I summoned my kith and kin, I blew my trumpet; and I may even have put an advertisement in *Science* (who knows? for I myself have forgotten). A little reluctantly, deeming it *infra dig.*, I subscribed to two Teachers' Agencies, one in New York and the other in Chicago. I left no stone unturned. I even sent my latest photograph; which may have been the reason why all came to naught. I remember particularly a long and foolish correspondence I had with a man by the name of Parker (a name that constantly recurs in my April and May letters to Jeannie). He was the representative of the Chicago agency and wrote me about a vacancy of the chair of physics in a wretched little college in North Carolina. The essential requirement for this place was one I did not have and had never considered—the candidate had to be a Baptist. Parker said the election would not take place till June—did I think I could be converted in time?

Towards the end of the session, when Dr. Ames was on the point of sailing for Europe to be gone all the first half of the summer, he sent for me to his office and, much to my surprise, offered me a post as instructor under him; on condition that I must stay two years longer in Johns Hopkins University and obtain the doctor's degree. I was flattered and gratified, especially as I had done so little to win Dr. Ames's favour. However, the salary was exceedingly small and not worth considering if I was to be married in September and had a wife to support. Last of all, I had an interview with President Gilman, who

was kindly and sympathetic but could do no more than advise me to accept Dr. Ames's proposition. That was the end of my career in Johns Hopkins University; it was for me nothing to be proud of; yet I consider I enjoyed a high privilege to have had that experience. My last letter to Jeannie written from Baltimore assured her our marriage was certain to be in September.

A year later (1900) Dr. Gilman left Johns Hopkins University to become president of the Carnegie Institution in Washington and was succeeded as president of the university by Dr. Ira Remsen, professor of chemistry.

For nearly a month in March-April 1899 my dear friend Nanny Minor was a patient in Johns Hopkins Hospital on the other side of Baltimore from where I lived. I used to walk over there every day to inquire about her, and regularly every evening I wrote a report on a post-card and sent it to her brother Raleigh in Charlottesville. When Nanny got well enough, I was permitted to visit her in her room. During most of that month our mutual friend Evie Randolph of Norfolk was in town; and I remember distinctly escorting those two girls to the boat the evening they left Baltimore for Norfolk, where Nanny recuperated from her illness. All these transactions were dutifully reported in my letters to Jeannie; who replied magnanimously: "Take all the rope you need."

I used to sit in the corridor of the big hospital and wait for the nurse to conduct me to Nanny's bedside. On two or three occasions I got a glimpse of Dr. (afterwards Sir) William Osler, the great physician, stern and compassionate, at the head of his staff going the rounds of the wards. "The quest for righteousness" (he said once) "was oriental, the quest for knowledge occidental." If he lived on earth today, perhaps he would say now that the quest for righteousness was more like an inquest.

The long vacation in the summer of 1899 when I flitted nervously between Norfolk and Charlottesville in the vain hope of finding a means of livelihood was a hectic time for both Jeannie and me; yet there were two joyful interludes in which I paid long visits to Old Bellevue, 13 June to 6 July and 10-23 August. Bellevue was crowded with visitors all that summer: Sister Lucy came from Kansas City with her children; Frank Abbot, having got his M.A. at the University *magnâ cum laude*, was there until midsummer, when he went abroad to study in Germany; likewise, Miss Lettie and Miss Alice Holcombe, the two delightful daughters of Mr. Holcombe, who were wont to come back to Bellevue practically every summer. All these members of the Abbot household were new acquaintances for me. Estelle Burthe and, according to my recollection, Mary Stuart Smith also were guests part of the time.

I had had to mark time impatiently in Norfolk until nearly the

middle of June when school was over before I went to Bellevue, and then it was fifteen weeks since I had laid eyes on Jeannie. Like true lovers all the world over, she and I were absorbed in each other and more or less aloof from everybody else. I daresay the company was bored by us. In the hot afternoons after midday dinner when all was quiet and serene and perhaps Mr. Abbot was taking a short nap, Jeannie and I, hand in hand like Corydon and Phyllis, used to saunter over the hills and far away, in search of a secluded spot "far from the madding crowd"; for solitude was our fond endeavour. We were firmly convinced that all the world was against us and that we ourselves and Jeannie's mother were the only truly righteous folks in Old Bellevue. One of our favourite haunts at that time was the rock-ledge of the creek which had been the site of the old mill; yet even there we were not altogether safe from intrusion. Children were wont to wade in the shallow waters of California Branch and had a disagreeable way of suddenly coming out of the bushes and taking us unaware. In this retreat we liked to discuss our plans and decide grave questions. We thought it would be nice to build our home by the side of a creek where we could bathe ourselves and wash the clothes and the dishes. As to the house itself, Jeannie had the clearest notions down to the minutest details. It was a dream-house, yet not at all like a Castle in Spain; outside and inside it was simple and modest, but oh, so snug and delectable, a joy to the soul as well as a comfort to the body! Since the house had no passage and only two rooms, and was to be built, I believe, largely by Jeannie's own hands and furnished completely from bottom to top by the possessions of her own room in Bellevue, perhaps with a little flotsam and jetsam from the garret, the estimated cost (to use Jeannie's own words) would be "a mere bagatelle." The biggest item of expense was the flower-pit in the yard, but Jeannie believed she could solve this difficulty by utilising the materials of her flower-pit at Bellevue, if her father had no objection. I listened with a little incredulity at first, yet I had so much confidence in Jeannie's wisdom and infinite capacity that I soon fell in with the project and even ventured to add a suggestion here and there. The strange thing was that, afterwards when we really did have a place to live in, Jeannie carried out almost all her ideas; she was a home-maker by instinct. If we camped only for a night, she made the desert blossom.

The really big event at Old Bellevue that summer of 1899 was the visit of Sister Lucy and all her offspring up to date. They came in the middle of June all the way from Kansas City (it was said on one adult railway ticket, but I do not vouch for all the gossip and whispering I chanced to overhear on the upper porch of Siberia). As everybody

knows who has read the previous chapter, Little Lucy, eldest of the Henderson children, had been at Bellevue nearly a year already, and was there when her mother alighted at the Switch with Lucy's four younger brothers and sisters, to wit: Master Charles and Master Abbot Henderson, Miss Jane Henderson and Baby Virginia Avenel Henderson (ages 9, 7, 5 and 2 years, respectively). I may be wrong, but I believe the boom in Kansas City subsided the day little Virginia was born; at any rate her sweet mother was so homesick at that time she named the child "Virginia" for the sake of the Old Dominion and added "Avenel" in fond remembrance of the oak-embowered home of the Burwell's in Liberty where she had spent so many happy days of her girlhood.

You may well imagine that everybody at Old Bellevue and all the country-folks for miles around were at the Switch to meet and greet "Miss Lucy" and her children when they filed off east-bound No. 4 that early summer afternoon. I was there too and was formally introduced to Sister Lucy, and ever afterwards as long as she lived I loved her devotedly; for who ever got to know Sister Lucy that could help loving her ever afterwards? She was *crème de la crème*, good as gold, true as steel, and the most delightful companion anywhere on earth. Frank Abbot, who loved 'Cinda (as he called her) next only to his beloved mother, danced a jig around her out of pure joy at seeing her again; and it seemed to me everybody was kissing and hugging her. Mr. Barnard, the store-keeper and station-master, bowed and scraped before her and backed away blushing all over. Half-witted Harry Cofer, whose duty it was to hang the mail-pouch on the lever-post to be jerked off by the fast express that never slowed down at the Switch, grinned and shook Sister Lucy by the hand. Mr. Jopling, justice of the peace at Goode and seldom ever sober, welcomed "Miss Lucy" back to "God's Country," he said, waving his hand at a clump of sassafras bushes. All the old servants crowded around Sister Lucy, eager to shake her hand. "An' look at all dem chillun she done brought home!" Maria exclaimed with unfeigned admiration. Mr. and Mrs. Abbot gazed at their daughter with pride. Mr. Abbot took his clean handkerchief, carefully unfolded it, and wiped away a tear; at the same time I thought he looked at me a little menacingly.

Meanwhile, Master Charles and Master Abbot, in their new store-clothes, coats on their backs and shoes and stockings on their feet, strutted to and fro all over the Switch; they cast eyes of disdain at the country-store, and seemed to form an unfavourable judgment of their surroundings; but they were scrupulously well-behaved and evidently well-bred. I believe they did their best not to show that they were used to bigger places. But it was their sister, little Jane, who captivated the

spectators and got most admiration. No wonder, for she was pretty as a picture, 'cute as a doll-baby, and pert as Curly Locks. I did not take much notice of the Baby who was in Jeannie's arms; she was chewing gum and was having trouble with her teeth. Sister Lucy was driven in triumph to the top of the hill; Grandma and Loulie were waiting for her on the back porch—I think Stumpie was there too, for he had lingered at Bellevue after school was finished that summer. Then there was more kissing and hugging. It was a long time that afternoon before Bellevue quieted down and was normal.

Of all the newcomers the most complacent and the most conspicuous was that darling little Jane who looked like a picture in *St. Nicholas*. After a while she came out on the front porch where there was very little room to spare and most of us were sitting on the steps; but Miss Jane quietly and naturally took her seat in a big arm-chair and monopolised the conversation. She was exceedingly entertaining. Now I hate to tell this story, for it shows me in a bad light; all the more because Jane shines by comparison. She had commented rather unfavourably on the colour of my cravat, which didn't match my socks. She heaved a sigh and said she wished I could see her father's neckties that filled a whole bandbox in Kansas City. I remembered that I had a pill-box in my vest-pocket filled with powder of quinine which I used to ward off malaria. Bitter to the taste, this pure white powder is not unpleasing to the eye. I put a dab of it on my forefinger and held it out for Jane to lick. She took the bait on her tongue, which went on wagging as usual, as if nothing had intervened either good or bad. Pursuing the conversation, I said: "If I was out for a walk, and passed a gentleman on the street whose socks were the same colour as his necktie, I would know for certain that I was in a 'one-hoss' town."—To this remark Jane replied quite relevantly that she knew for certain that Kansas City was not a 'one-hoss' town. So saying, she got up from her chair, walked demurely to the railing, leaned over it, and unobtrusively spat, spat and spat again; then she resumed her seat and the conversation too. This performance was repeated every five or six minutes all the rest of the afternoon, as long as Jane had left a particle of saliva. She never once uttered a syllable on the subject of quinine. My conscience smote me; worst of all, Jeannie upbraided me and said she had been wont to think of me as a kindly and gentle young man; "but not even Tiberius Caesar ever gave a little girl a pinch of quinine to take on the end of her tongue." One of the hardest tasks of my life was to do like the moon and keep from showing Jeannie my bad side.

Among the pleasantest recollections of the days that are gone are the hours and hours I used to spend with the Henderson children at Old Bellevue and afterwards at Trivium where they grew to be men and women. We played games together (marbles, croquet, "seven-up") and went fishing; I made candy for them, the best they ever ate in their lives, for it was made by magic; and I gave them everything I had in my pockets. I believed they were really fond of me.

However, the other day I was talking to Charles Henderson who is now (1954) not only the distinguished Dean of the School of Engineering in the University of Virginia but one of the most prolific grandfathers on earth today. We were reminiscing affectionately about the days of auld lang syne, the days of his boyhood at Old Bellevue when he used to "tote" the slops from the pantry to the hog-trough in the stable-yard, a bucket in each hand spilling all over. His eyes twinkled: "And you used to trip me up!" he murmured nostalgically. "Oh, how we hated you in those days! And that way you had of slapping a fellow on the leg and clutching a handful of pants and flesh! Gosh, you had a powerful grip! We groaned to think that one day you would marry Jinks, for that was what they told us." ("Jinks" was Jeannie's pet-name). I made no reply; like the rich young man in the Gospel of St. Matthew, I "went away sorrowful." I have never prayed to see myself as others see me.

To go to church or not to go—that was the question Sunday morning at breakfast-table which each inhabitant of Old Bellevue and every sojourner too had to answer either Yes or No; with the penalty of excommunication if he or she declined the invitation. For heretics, infidels and backsliders it was quite an ordeal; they ate their batter-bread and roe-herring and drank their coffee not only out of favour with dear Mrs. Abbot, who was captain of St. Stephen's Church, and played the organ, but in plain disgrace. Estelle Burthe was a Roman Catholic, I was a nondescript, either a heathen or at most a Christian Scientist: she and I might volunteer to go to church, but neither of us was required to come out in the open and be registered as saint or sinner. It was no use putting the question to Sister Lucy or Brother Charley—going to church on Sunday was as natural and predestined for them as going to bed at night. The children were commandeered. Mr. Abbot was the pillar of St. Stephen's and as certain to go as Jehoshaphat who did that which was right in the sight of the Lord. Frank Abbot was master of the choir and wore a gown; he would go in the carriage with his mother and be acolyte plenipotentiary in charge of candles, flowers, hymnals and book-marks; Mr. Lemoise (pronounced Limósey), the young rector, folded his hands and bowed

before Frank. Frank at St. Stephen's was my idea of a Cardinal in St. Peter's. The questionable group, who were liable to be recalcitrants and stay at home and read *The Smart Set* (which was almost as bad as *Town Topics*) or even *Madame Bovary* (if that forbidden volume ever could be found, for it was hidden somewhere on the inaccessible top shelf of the high bookcase in the back-parlour), generally included Jeannie, Loulie and Emily, Bill Abbot and Lucy Lewis, Mary Stuart Smith (who certainly had good reason for staying at home on account of her health) and perhaps also Miss Lettie and Miss Alice Holcombe (though I hesitate to imply that any one of these highly respectable names was down on Mrs. Abbot's Sunday black-list). Before breakfast was finished, Mrs. Abbot had taken the poll; and before she got up from the table to put on her bonnet, she summoned Dolphin and told him precisely how many vehicles and horses would be needed.

It was six miles to St. Stephen's Church; nobody could enjoy the thought of that long drive over a dusty road on a hot summer day. It was a steep climb past Mays' Mill on Elk Creek over the rock-boulders that impeded the way; it was all the carriage-horses could do to pull the heavy coach up that hill, and sometimes the more able-bodied passengers deemed it safer or better to get out and walk. It was not a joy-ride going or coming, perhaps worse returning after church was over when the sun was higher in the sky and fiercer on the earth. The children were mostly in the carriage with their grandmother; Dolphin was the driver, and his orders were strict: not to fold back the top of the old ark even though the insiders were on the verge of suffocation. The children were dressed to kill, all in their Sunday best, and as solemn and well-behaved as the Lord's Day itself. I must say it was nice after you got to St. Stephen's and met all the pleasant company in the churchyard under the big trees before the service began: the Nelsons, the Radfords, the Diroms, the Hutters, the Hubbards, Miss Channing Goode, Mrs. Izard and usually a goodly quota of folks from Lynchburg and Bedford City. I myself used to look forward to the chance of seeing pretty Emily Ambler, who was Emily Abbot's age and who was afterwards wedded to Willcox Brown of Ivy Cliff.

St. Stephen's Church in Russel Parish is not far from historic Poplar Forest where Thomas Jefferson was often wont to spend part of the summer. (In 1899 Poplar Forest was the country-home of Mr. Christian Hutter of Lynchburg, who went to school at Bellevue and, like Mr. Abbot, was a leading member of the vestry of St. Stephen's.) The young rector, Mr. Lemoise, lived in the rectory and soon got married; he was a good man, a good husband, and a dull preacher. He was in charge of several churches in the neighbourhood; and when he could not have service at St. Stephen's

himself, Mr. Abbot was lay-leader, and then you were sure to hear a good sermon, either Frederick Robertson or Phillips Brooks, for those were Mr. Abbot's favourite preachers.

The old parish register, faithfully kept by Rev. Nicholas Cobb, who was afterwards Bishop of Alabama, contains the record of the marriage in 1834 of John B. Minor (afterwards Professor Minor) and Martha Davis, daughter of Staige Davis of Middlesex County. The wedding must have taken place in Albemarle, and I suppose Mr. Cobb was the officiating clergyman. The bride was afterwards the mother of Mr. Minor's eldest daughter, Mary Lancelot Minor.

Soon after breakfast the vehicles for the church-goers were all lined up on the drive-way in front of the back-porch from the kitchen-door nearly to Siberia, ready to be occupied as soon as everybody had finished dressing and it had been decided who was to go with whom. The first equipage was Mr. Abbot's elegant two-horse buggy, and Mr. Abbot, out of bed Sunday morning earlier than usual and spick and span in a fresh linen suit, was already seated in it and brandishing his whip, impatient to be gone. Sister Lucy, back home from Kansas City, was to have the seat of honour beside her father that day; only, Sister Lucy had had to dress all the children over in Siberia, her mouth was full of pins, she had not put on her bonnet, and was not quite ready yet; she was tying a blue ribbon in Jane's hair and at the same time, by gesture more than by speech, was imploring Charles to be sure to scrub behind his ears. Mr. Abbot could wait no longer, his buggy dashed past Sister Lucy's window and was lost in a cloud of dust on the highway. Both Lucy and Jeannie rushed outdoors: "Wait, father, wait! Lucy's going with you," Jeannie screamed at the top of her lungs, but all in vain. Mr. Abbot and his buggy disappeared in Coleman's Hollow, and Sister Lucy, crestfallen but with mouth still full of pins and bonnet not yet tied under her chin, had to get in the lumbering old carriage with her mother. Behind the carriage Loulie sat upright and picturesque on the drivers' seat of her high four-wheeler, which would shoot past the carriage before it reached the big gate, for "on the road to Mandalay" Sunday morning the slogan was, "Give 'em our dust; devil take the hindmost!" Next came Jeannie's buggy where I was the picture of content, *fidus Achates* or "Mary's little lamb", or whatever you chose to call me. Emily brought up the rear in her two-wheel dog-cart; even in a gig she looked like Daphne, but I think she had one of the little boys beside her who was no more than a miniature of Apollo. Charley was on Comanche, superintendent of the expedition, a noble gentleman as ever lived. Going to church was not so bad after all.

Yet I think the most enjoyable hour on Sunday was when, St. Stephen's behind us, we got safe home again and were all assembled in

the back-hall, glad to get the breeze that, they said, came down from the peaks; though I shall always believe it was created by palm-leaf fans. Mrs. Abbot was in high good humour, for she had found out at church that her garden was two weeks ahead of Mrs. Nelson's at Elk Hill. Mr. Abbot praised Mr. Lemoise: "That young man is improving, he preached a really good sermon, but I must tell him that after leaving Apollonia Paul and Silas went next to Thessaloní-ca, not Thessalón-ica. Correct pronunciation in the pulpit is a lost art!" Just as he said that, Jeannie came from the pantry with a tray of mint-juleps and stood before her father like Hebe on Mount Olympus. Without doubt that was one of the most beautiful ceremonies I ever witnessed—Jeannie with her neat little apron tied behind in a bow-knot, lovely and graceful beyond description; the silver goblets all frosted with dew, each with its nosegay of mint; and the congregation of St. Stephen's all in a flutter! We forgot that it was Sunday and exchanged all the scandal we had heard in the churchyard. And then it was dinner-time, and there would be ice-cream for dessert!—unless Lucy Steptoe had let salt get in the freezer.

When good Bishop Randolph visited St. Stephens, he used to stay at Old Bellevue. The first time he was there, Jeannie was still in her teens and was not quite sure whether it was the right thing to offer a bishop a mint julep; he might disapprove of "alcoholic beverages," as is the name for such concoctions nowadays. The bishop had just come back from church and had gone straight to his room upstairs to rest a little after the long drive on a hot summer day. Jeannie tapped lightly on the door! The bishop in his shirt-sleeves got up from his couch, opened the door slightly and peeped out. "May I bring you a little mint julep?" Jeannie asked timidly. Bishop Randolph patted her on the head and said in that delightful drawl which was so characteristic of him: "Why a *little* one, my dear?" Jeannie skipped down stairs and returned with two mint juleps.

So deep in love was I, so fraught with care all summer long (1899), I scarcely knew which way to turn. Unquestionably, I stayed too long at Old Bellevue, nearly five weeks including both visits. The wonder is I did not wear my welcome out; as indeed I believe I came near doing with Mr. Abbot who did not suffer fools gladly or dead-beats either. Yet what else could I do? Jeannie was at Old Bellevue, and God knows I could not bear to be away from her a single day! My greatest gain was getting to know Sister Lucy, for she espoused my cause and kept me from falling in the dismal Slough of Despond.

Another privilege which I enjoyed was coming in contact with Frank Abbot, though I never was quite so congenial with him as I

was with his two elder brothers who were nearer my own age. As I have said, Frank went to Europe in midsummer that year, and it was long afterwards when our first brief acquaintance ripened into fond friendship. How well I remember, as though it were yesterday, the first time I ever saw Frank Abbot in June 1899, that evening after supper when he took his seat on the stool of the grand piano in the front parlour and sang, with so much fervour to his own accompaniment, "*Kennst du das Land*"! and the burst of applause from all the company present, and from his father loudest of all! Frank Abbot was a born artist and a *connoisseur* of music. His baritone voice was generally considered to be very beautiful. He loved to sing, and his sister Jeannie delighted to listen. I was the only dissenter; for some strange reason I did not enjoy Frank's singing.

But what did I know about music? Still I had my likes and dislikes. The piano bored me, the fiddle or the horn enchanted me, and when I heard Alma Gluck in *Rigoletto* sing "*Caro nome*", I longed to clasp her in my arms. One of the greatest treats I ever had in my life was the evening at Old Bellevue when the three Nelson brothers were invited to supper for the express purpose of giving a concert outdoors. They were big, burly men with big appetites and stentorian voices that could be heard a mile away and were laden with melody. They stood in a row at the foot of the front-door steps and sang as if their hearts would break "*Annie Laurie*," "*The last rose of summer*," and other sentimental ditties, all of them my special favourites. Up on the porch I shed tears and clapped *encore*. It was like listening to the Three Musketeers tramping down the moonlit road arm-in-arm together, their lusty voices blending

"In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

Those minstrels are all silent now under the sod: it has been many a year since stout Ned Nelson hallooed to still stouter Charley Nelson across Dr. Frank Nelson's farm at Elk Hill, "*Come hither*," and Charley hallooed back, "*All right, Ned!*" Yet in my dreams I hear them now as once I really heard them at Old Bellevue warbling in perfect unison "*Swing low, sweet chari-òt!*"

Looking for a job in the summer of 1899 was like hunting the snark, "*an agony in eight fits*." As usual, my headquarters were in Charlottesville with Raleigh and Natejus, whose hospitality, and sympathy too, knew no bounds; though Raleigh, married and complacent, gave me much sage advice and warned me not to "*go off half-cocked*." According to him, wedded bliss was everything but

cheap. "Don't I know it?" I said. "Why do you, puffing your pipe and blowing smoke-rings up to the ceiling, keep dinning in my ears that solemn warning,

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries, his trouble begins?"

Meanwhile, I left no stone unturned, and sometimes went up wrong alleys. In midsummer I was inveigled in a preposterous scheme of founding a boys' school in Charlestown, Jefferson County, West Virginia. The town was flourishing in a beautiful country not far from Harper's Ferry, and on many accounts it was an advantageous location for a school. For the best part of a week some time in July I was the guest of Colonel Chew in his delightful home in Charlestown. He was keen for the enterprise and the principal promoter of it. In his buggy I went with him all over that fertile county and was introduced to the prosperous farmers who were likely to be patrons of the school. It was a wild-goose chase, a waste of time and effort. My only reason for mentioning it is to show how bankrupt I was and close to checkmate.

Thus it came to pass at Old Bellevue soon after the middle of August, Jeannie and I, looking the situation squarely in the face, extenuating nothing, tore the month of September from the calendar on the wall and tossed it in the waste-basket. It was only too obvious, our wedding had to be postponed. "Never mind, dearest," I said, my eyes filled with tears, "I am still the luckiest and the happiest man on earth today; you are mine forever." I kissed her then and there and hugged her tight. "We are not at Appomattox yet; and if it comes to the worst, I can be a grocer's clerk in Bedford City; if our victuals give out, we can go to your brother Bill's for supper." I concluded cheerfully, and danced a jig before her.

Meanwhile there had been a yellow fever scare in Norfolk, and Mother, taking my advice, had gone to Charlottesville and was boarding comfortably at Miss Cynthia Berkeley's in "The Grove" (the old home of Mrs. Julian Harrison, mother of Hebe and Lizzie Harrison *et id omne genus*); and what should Mother do (God bless her!) but write my Jeannie and invite her to come and spend a week or two with her? "We have got to know each other—now is the time," Mother wrote her in her wonderful handwriting. It was providential—Napoleon at his best never devised a better plan! Accordingly, one day, 23 August, Jeannie and I together went on the train to Charlottesville (exactly a year and a day from the date of our previous trip on that train in the reverse direction). The happiest time of all that summer was when

Jeannie stayed with "'Liza" (as she called my mother). Then she and Mother got to know and love each other. Mother took delight in Jeannie. I, being close by at Raleigh's, was in clover—and no worse off than Wilkins Micawber!

Two days later I took it into my head to go to Baltimore on purpose to confer with Dr. Ames, whom I hoped had returned from Europe by that time. It was a deed of sheer desperation on my part. Luckily enough I found Dr. Ames in his office; he had arrived in the city that same day and was opening the pile of letters on his desk that had accumulated in his absence all summer long. He was cordial and sympathetic, but not encouraging. "You made a mistake by not accepting the offer I made you at the end of the session; however, that's spilled milk now," he commented drily, while I sat on the edge of the chair and looked at him wistfully. He picked up a letter lying on his desk and, pointing to it, continued with the slight stammer that was noticeable in his voice: "Whether this is an o-opening or just a hi-hi-hiatus, it is hard to say until I have had time to read it more carefully. Come to see me to-morrow, I can tell you more about it then." I spent the night at the little St. Charles Hotel just above the Pennsylvania Railway Station, and early next morning I was back in Dr. Ames's office. It turned out that the chair of physics in Ursinus College was vacant owing to the resignation of "Professor Lake" who was going to Wake Forest College, N. C., the identical place Parker had written me about in the Spring where nobody but immersed Baptists were eligible. I did not have the faintest idea where or what Ursinus College was, but I concluded it must be pretty low-down if Professor Lake ascended from there to Wake Forest. Dr. Ames explained that it was a Lutheran school at Collegeville, Pennsylvania, not far from Philadelphia, and that a man named Spangler, the writer of the letter he held in his hand, was president of it. "I advise you to go to see Spangler and take a look at the college," Dr. Ames said. "I'll wire him and tell him to be on the lookout for you this evening."

Consequently, that same evening (26 August 1899) there I was in Simon Pure Dutch Pennsylvania in the queerest little tavern I ever was in in my life, somewhere on the Reading R. R., and had an appointment to see Dr. Spangler in the main college building after supper. The ceiling of the dining-room was scarcely an inch above my head when I got up from the table and asked the waiter to tell me the way to the college; he had a dark beard, was taciturn and non-committal. I sallied forth in the pitch-black darkness and groped my way towards a distant lamp-post which somebody told me was at the entrance of the college-grounds, and from there I stumbled along a gravel-walk to the

basement-door of the central building; I climbed the stairs to the hallway on the first floor which was lighted by a single lamp far down the passage. It was outside the open door of a large room with a low ceiling and a big table, and there, in darkness except for a bulb of electric light that hung about a foot from the ceiling, Dr. Spangler and his faculty were assembled and were waiting to receive me. By that time my eyes were dark-adapted, and I could discern the outlines of the dim and grim figures that were ranged against the wall opposite me, each with a full-size beard all over his face and a meerschaum pipe hanging from his lips. The air was heavy, the smoke was thick, the place was weird. It brought to mind, whether it was like it or not, old King Frederick William's *Tabagie* or "Tobacco Parliament", as Carlyle called it in his *Frederick the Great*. I believe Dr. Spangler, a comparatively young man with a red beard, did come forward and motion me to sit down at the long table all by myself. Conversation seemed to be out of the question; I heard coughs and loud grunts but not an articulate syllable. As nobody else was disposed to talk, and as the silence was awkward and uncomfortable, I volunteered a few casual remarks mainly about the weather and the beauty of my ride that afternoon over the Reading Railroad from Philadelphia, the first time I had ever come that way. Not one of the dark figures against the wall manifested the slightest interest in anything I had to say that evening; the grunts were irregular, Teutonic, but not germane. As far as I could tell, no further business remained to be transacted; I glanced at my watch and could see that it was nearly ten o'clock; I rose from my chair, bowed in every direction, and went out the way I came. Everybody was in bed when I got back to my inn, and to this day I do not know what official action was taken in Ursinus College. I have never heard of that institution again.

Next day I was back in Charlottesville in time to have supper with Mother and Jeannie at Miss Cynthia Berkeley's appetising table. The bad taste of Ursinus College was brushed away, and I was blissful. Jeannie had on her finger a diamond engagement-ring that Mother had had made by Tiffany from the diamonds of her own ring. Mother always saw the bright side of a bad plight. When I related my adventures just as I have related them here, she clapped her hands with unfeigned delight: "You always fall on your feet!" she exclaimed. "First, all by yourself you picked out the loveliest girl in Virginia, and somehow, Goodness knows how! made her fall in love with you! And now, again all by yourself, you have eluded the Pennsylvania Dutch who would have made your life miserable. Prince Charming himself

could not have fared better. The stars in their courses are fighting for you and Jeannie!"

Jeannie made mint juleps. We raised our glasses and drank to the Winged Victory whose picture hung on the wall. She was headless and armless, but we drank to her health just the same! I went to bed jubilant and proud as a peacock. I heard Raleigh in the other room tell Natejus who waked up and wanted to know what the noise was all about: "The more he is circumvented, the more he is demented! *Quos deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*"—"It's a shame," quoth Natejus, sinking back on her pillow. I conjectured that she went back to sleep, for I never heard another word, though it was long before I closed my eyes.

CHAPTER XII

A Rainbow in the Sky (Sept.-Dec. 1899)

Oh, what know they of harbours
Who toss not on the sea?
They tell of fairer havens,
But none so fair there be

As Plymouth town outstretching
Her quiet arms to me—
Her breast's broad welcome spreading
From Mewstone to Penlee.

And with this home-thought, darling,
Come crowding thoughts of thee—
Oh, what know they of harbours
Who toss not on the sea?

DOLLIE RADFORD, *Littel's Living Age*, No. 2796.

THE DARKEST hour of the night is just before the dawn. A heavenly prize hung before my eyes, yet I could not grasp it. My friends, all tried and true, were no better than Job's comforters. "Look before you leap!" they shouted from all sides. I had to put my fingers in my ears to shut out the noise they made. Fortunately, I did have two firm supporters sure and constant as day and night, two wise counsellors that were by my side when September dawned and I was held at bay, not knowing which way to turn. They were Jeannie herself, the incarnation of courage and good sense, and Mother o' mine, who would never forsake me.

Was it a letter or a telegram? Was it the last day of August or the first day of September? I cannot remember. All I know for certain is that I had an appointment, 5 September, to meet a certain "Dr. Durfee" in the old Sixth Street Station in Washington which by that time I knew so well; and that meet him then and there I did—and thereby hangs a tale.

He was Dean of Hobart College in Geneva, New York, and was renowned in mathematics; yet up to that day I had never heard of "good old Durfee of Hobart" or even of Hobart College itself; unless possibly Dr. Ames had made some casual reference to the place in that brief interview I had recently had with him in Baltimore. If I was aware of the existence in the United States of a town named Geneva, it was only because in my college-days Father, Mother and Evelyn had stayed

a whole winter in the famous sanatorium of Watkin's Glen at the other end of Seneca Lake from the northern end where Geneva is situated.

Geneva, N. Y., is a flourishing little city in the beautiful and prosperous lake-region of western New York; not far from Rochester and Niagara Falls. It is centrally located, not more than a long night's journey by rail from cities as distant as Boston, Washington and Chicago. According to my recollection it had a population in 1900 of about 10,000 inhabitants, good, substantial citizens, many quite wealthy, and a few quite eminent in one way or another. It is a manufacturing town with a number of important industries; at the same time it is a residential town, where people of leisure from all over the country come to live and make their homes. It is beautifully situated on a high bluff of Seneca Lake.

Hobart College in Geneva is a non-sectarian school under the patronage of the Episcopal Church. Though it had barely more than a hundred students a half-century ago and was not very ambitious, the faculty comprised a number of high-grade scholars and incumbents who were men of independent means.

Dr. William Pitt Durfee (1855-1941) had been a pupil of Silvester's in Johns Hopkins University and was a class-mate of Dr. Fabian Franklin and other notable scholars. His son, Dr. Walter H. Durfee, is Dean of Hobart College today, and "Durfee of Hobart" has been a clarion cry in Geneva from one generation to another.

When I met Dr. Durfee in Washington, he was near the middle of his long and useful life, nearly all of it spent in Geneva. That day was for me not only a day of rejoicing but the beginning of a new and hallowed friendship that bides with me now as one of the most precious recollections of my life-time.

From Charlottesville to Washington was a short ride, but from Geneva to the same rendezvous was an all-day journey on the train. Dr. Durfee must have left before breakfast to get to the Capital around 5 o'clock in the afternoon soon after my arrival from Charlottesville. We met in the big waiting-room of the station, not far from the spot where President Garfield was felled by the bullet of his assassin, and introduced ourselves to each other. A minute later, seated side by side, we were in animated conversation mostly about current affairs and public questions: Cuba and the Philippine Islands, "imperialism", "manifest destiny" and Mr. Dooley. But we talked business too, and, more or less incidentally, I ascertained that the professor of physics in Hobart College was a distinguished old gentleman far on in years who was likely soon to retire; and meanwhile the plan was to appoint an associate-professor to relieve the venerable Dr. Hamilton Smith (that was his name) of practically all his tasks. The salary of the vicar was to be one thousand dollars, "neither more nor less," Dr. Durfee told

me, and asked, did I want the job? I looked at him wistfully: "Could you make it twelve hundred?" I pleaded. "That would be one hundred a month—you see I am not thinking of myself alone," I added, a little enigmatically. Dr. Durfee was imperturbable; he was uncomfortable too, for (as I found out afterwards) he liked to sit in a rocking-chair. He pulled his big Waterbury watch from his pocket and was gratified to see that it was in perfect unison with the great clock on the wall. He looked at me kindly: "Did I not say, 'neither more nor less'?" he replied. "I certainly meant to say it." More or less tacitly, we changed the subject and never alluded to it again.

Presently Dr. Durfee rose from his seat and picked up his little hand-bag: "My train leaves in five minutes. It's been a pleasure to have this talk with you," he said simply and briskly. I accompanied him to the tall iron gate-way outside. He waved adieu, while the inspector examined and punched the unused half of his round-trip ticket: "Let me know the day you are coming. I'll be at the station to meet you in Geneva. You must stay at my house until you find a place for board and lodgings. *Au revoir!*" Those were his parting words.

I turned to the inspector who was locking the gate as Dr. Durfee's train pulled out from under the long glass shed: "When is the next train for Charlottesville?" I asked absent-mindedly.—"C. & O., track No. 6," was his answer: "but you'll have to change your ticket," he added, glancing at the ticket I held in my hand; which was a Southern Railway ticket. "Go to that window yonder, they'll do it for you. No hurry, you have plenty of time; the gate's not opened yet." In less than a half-hour I had passed Alexandria and was on my way back to Jeannie and Mother whom I had left in "The Grove" early that afternoon and who, I knew, were waiting for my return. At Manassas I wired Jeannie: "Little Tommy Tucker is hired and waiting for his supper!"

If I got any supper at all, it must have been a drum-stick of rooster and lard handed me through the window when the train stopped at Gordonsville late that evening. All I remember is that Jeannie and Mother, with outstretched arms, were waiting for me when, all out of breath, I ascended the steps of Miss Cynthia Berkeley's front porch; and great was the rejoicing before we went to bed that night. I was like Napoleon on his return from Elba, only The Hundred Days that lay before him ended in Waterloo, while the hundred days or more that stretched in front of me (an interminable time to wait!) led to the Altar; for I was determined to have my bonny bride on or before Christmas Day. I got a big sheet of foolscap paper and wrote on it a solemn league and covenant, for Jeannie and me to sign and for Mother to witness; it

was couched in legal phraseology, the best I could improvise, but it was short and to the point, as follows:

"WE, the high contracting parties of the first and second parts, being deep in love as Antony and Cleopatra at the top of their form, and earnestly hoping and praying that the venerable and infirm Dr. Hamilton Smith, professor of physics in Hobart College, will speedily depart this life and leave the chair vacant, do hereby pledge our word of honour and all our worldly goods of what sort so ever, we shall, will and must be fastened in the bonds of Holy Matrimony, come hell or high water, not later than Christmas Day, and sooner if humanly possible. *Pax vobiscum*, A-men, Ah-men, and a'that!" I asked Raleigh to read it. He said it was air-tight, a Philadelphia lawyer couldn't undo it; "but," said he, "it is idiotic! Two esquimaux could not keep house and live on a thousand dollars a year!"—I was elated: "That's why I inserted the clause concerning the probable demise of Dr. Hamilton Smith," I retorted; "if that obstacle is eliminated, I can count on more than a thousand a year. It seems to me I have provided for every contingency. There's nothing in this document to prevent Jeannie from getting a divorce and returning to Old Bellevue, in case it comes to the worst and we are reduced to the point of starvation; before that happens, for all I know now, I may be president of Hobart College, and the question of starvation will be purely academic." My bosom friend Raleigh, who believed I was as rash and headstrong as young Harry Hotspur, shook his head and declared that my argument was "replete with sophistry" (a favourite phrase of denunciation used by his father); yet he admitted I was not quite as idiotic as I looked: "I warn you," he said affectionately, "you and Jeannie are taking a big risk."—His solemn words had little effect: "It's not to be compared with the risk young David took when, with no other weapons than five smooth pebbles in his shepherd's bag and a sling in his hand, he went forth to encounter uncircumcised Goliath of Gath," I answered rather heroically.

Say what you will, valiant Jeannie Abbot and her lover were an intrepid pair in the hour of decision. Crisis never baffled us!

Our little camp in Charlottesville began to break up. The yellow fever scare in Norfolk was over and gone, and Mother, who had done yeoman's service all summer long in our behalf, said Goodby (8 September) and went home in a happy mood, more enchanted by Jeannie than ever. We hated to part from her, yet there was much to be done in all the skirmishing that takes place prior to the celebration of a fashionable wedding. Jeannie, of course, had her trousseau to make from the skin out; and, besides, she had to coax her father and win his

consent; which I was afraid was somewhat doubtful. Accordingly, she packed her satchels in a hurry, and the day after Mother's departure I went to the station with her. Her journey was not unimpeded. Sister Lucy's children (all except the baby) were in town and had been staying at "Aunt Kate's" for a week or more, showing off and doing all their Kansas City stunts for their Minor kinsfolk in Albemarle; and now here they all were at the station waiting for "Jinks" to take them in tow and conduct them safe to Old Bellevue before the day set for Sister Lucy's exodus; for ere school opened, the whole Henderson tribe, including Little Lucy, would be on their way back to far-off Missouri. Jeannie certainly had her hands full piloting that procession of little folks all the way to the Switch; the right thing was for me to have gone with her at least as far as Lynchburg and helped her there to change to the other train, and I suppose I proposed doing so, and she turned it down, for she was self-reliant and equal to any task that devolved upon her. That was the last glimpse I got of her for many a day throughout all that long autumn of 1899; when we kept the post-office busy conveying ecstatic letters every day 600 miles each way.

I tarried in Charlottesville several days longer, getting my teeth mended for one thing, preparing to emigrate and packing the few belongings that had to be sent by freight to far-off Geneva. The train I was to take left Charlottesville some hours before day-break in order to make connection in Baltimore with the Northern Central R. R. train that traversed the whole width of Pennsylvania. Consequently, I stayed the last night in Charlottesville at the little Clermont Hotel close to the "junction", as Union Station used to be called. I remember so well Heath Dabney's going with me from Raleigh's that evening and "toting" the heavier of my two valises. He would have taken my trunk on his back, had it been necessary, for Heath was one of those friends who never do things by halves and are willing and glad to bear real burdens. He may have tucked me in bed and put out the light, I do not remember. I was devotedly attached to him. Yet he left one thing undone: he never told me until several months afterwards that he was engaged to be the husband of Lily Davis. I think she put a padlock on his lips.

The little two-storey Clermont Hotel was kept by George Mason and named after his old home not quite a mile north of it close by the Southern Railway; where I used to visit his beautiful sister Maggie Mason in my boyhood. "Clermont" itself was already a heap of ashes in 1900, and the hotel too had a short lease on life, though I believe the building is still standing.

By eight o'clock next morning (Saturday, 16 September) I was eating breakfast in Baltimore, and an hour later I was on board of another train that according to my recollection glided close to the bank of the Susquehannah River all the way to Harrisburg, Pa., where I had to change to still another train. It was a picturesque ride all day long across middle Pennsylvania and deep into western New York, a land that to me seemed to be flowing with milk and honey. Towards evening we reached the region of the five Finger Lakes one of which was Seneca Lake; but there was still a long way to go before getting to Geneva, for the train turned aside after passing Watkin's Glen and went to Canandaigua. There I had to take a New York Central train, as it were, back to Geneva which had been by-passed.

It was quite dark, nearly 9 o'clock, when I reached my destination, but there was my friend Dr. Durfee on the platform, as casual and informal as he was that day when I met him in Washington. "Right on time," he said, holding up his Waterbury watch for me to see. A cab was in waiting; we got in it and alighted a few minutes later in front of his house on South Main Street directly opposite Hobart College Chapel at the corner of the campus. Mrs. Durfee came out to greet me. Had I been the Governor of Virginia, my welcome could not have been more warm and cordial. I never was, and never shall be, under a more hospitable roof. Mrs. Durfee led me to my room upstairs, Dr. Durfee trailed behind with both my satchels which he insisted on carrying. I longed to lie down in that comfortable, four-post, New England bed; only (I told Mrs. Durfee), how was I ever to undo the starched pillow-shams and fold back that elegant counterpane? Everything was spotlessly clean and pure, I myself was travel-stained, I felt somewhat like the fly in the buttermilk. "Oh," exclaimed my hostess, "you are not going to bed before supper! All is in readiness, and Will is waiting. We kept supper just for you. Wash your face and hands if you must, but don't take time to dress."—I looked at her affectionately: "You know I smelled supper when I came in the door," I replied, "and you may have heard me say grace when I passed by the dining-room. I am in love with Geneva already."—"Why, Will told me you were in love with a girl down in Virginia!" she said coyly, putting her head on one side and looking up at me coquettishly; which was one of her favourite postures.—"He told you the truth," I answered, "though I don't remember telling him. Not even Geneva can come up to her, but," I said bending low, "she may come up to Geneva, and that will be the nicest thing that ever happened in Geneva!"—"Dean Durfee, did you hear that?" his wife said, putting her arms akimbo. "Anybody would know this young gentleman is from Virginia; he's as gallant in

the presence of ladies as Light Horse Harry Lee in that book I was reading!"

Mrs. Durfee, who I believe was not more than two or three years younger than her husband, was vivacious, witty and agreeable, and an exceedingly competent housewife besides. She had only one blemish, I hesitate to mention it, yet it was visible and known of all men: it was a slight but palpable little moustache that detracted from all her manifold virtues and accomplishments.

Dr. Durfee, father of two children, was a widower when he married Kate Butts about a year before I came to town. His friend Mr. Lovett, who was afterwards my dear friend also, told me that one rainy day he and Durfee were standing in front of the big bay-window of the men's club at the top of the hill on South Main Street when Kate Butts passed by on the opposite pavement; she was holding an umbrella over her head with one hand and holding up her skirt with the other hand to keep it from getting wet. Dr. Durfee remarked admiringly: "There goes Kate Butts—she's a nice girl!"—With equal emphasis, Mr. Lovett replied: "But, Durfee, she's so damn homely!" Relating this anecdote to me, Mr. Lovett concluded by saying: "Imagine my chagrin a day or two later when I got an invitation to the wedding of Durfee and Kate Butts!"

The second Mrs. Durfee and her mother, a nice, garrulous old lady who lived with her, were natives of New England who had dwelt many years in Geneva in the home of Mrs. Durfee's brother before her marriage. She knew everybody in town high and low. She could tell you where to get the best bargains, whom to patronise and whom to shun. For me, who was a total stranger, she was worth a dozen guide-books. I never took a step in Geneva without asking her advice. I owe her a debt of gratitude.

Dr. Durfee, who was born in Michigan, came to Hobart College as professor of mathematics early in life; and, as far as I know, he never had either inclination or ambition to go anywhere else. He came to be identified with Hobart College and was the one trusted and permanent employee, the foreman, so to speak, who took with equal thanks one president after another, and outlasted them all. He was a good teacher and a fine disciplinarian, useful and shrewd, upright and wise; a true friend to whom I clung as long as he lived, though, unfortunately, we were seldom thrown together after the two years I lived in Geneva.

I never sat down to a better supper than I had that first evening in Geneva, I never breathed a more cheerful and friendly atmosphere. The talk was entertaining, for Dr. and Mrs. Durfee flattered me, and I flattered them. It was midnight before I went upstairs again to my room—too late to write to Jeannie, much as I had to tell her. The bed had been turned down, the linen sheets were mighty inviting. I thought

of the Clermont Hotel where I had slept the night before: "What would Heath Dabney say if he could see me now in the midst of all this cleanliness? He would not notice it," I said to myself, pulling on my night-shirt. "Comfort and luxury mean nothing to Heath; he has been used to roughing it all his life."

The next day was Sunday. I got up early and looked out of the window. It was a beautiful scene, the sky-blue water of famed Seneca Lake stretched before me to the far horizon. From where I stood the edge of the lake seemed to be deep down under the cliff. "Oh, if Jeannie were here and could look at this picture!" I thought to myself. "I can never describe it in a letter." I dressed quickly and went downstairs before breakfast. Dr. Durfee was out on the back-porch, pipe in mouth, swaying gently back and forth in his rocking-chair and contemplating the long expanse of water. A sail-boat, catching the breeze, nodded towards us as it flew past. Dr. Durfee was wont to take his seat there every morning as long as it was not too cool outdoors. His was a smooth existence. He had little work to do, either at home or in the college; he did it efficiently and ungrudgingly, and then rested on his oars. He was not one of those busy-bodies who cannot bear to be doing nothing; on the contrary, he took pleasure in both activity and idleness, time never hung heavy on his hands, he was always placid and genial, without worry and without hurry. Yet he was agitated too, inasmuch as he was never really at ease in a sitting posture unless he was vibrating lightly to and fro in a rocking-chair. He saluted me when I came out on the porch and evidently enjoyed my delight in the scenery all around me. "Come downstairs," he said, getting up from his chair and knocking the ashes from his pipe. "Let me show you the place I love best in Geneva." He took me to his carpenter-shop; it was right under the porch, yet high above the lake and lighted by a glass door that looked out over the water. It was completely equipped with every needful tool and appliance. Dr. Durfee was an expert craftsman; there was not a cabinet-maker in Geneva who could vie with him in making genuinely useful and beautiful pieces of furniture of all kinds.

All day Sunday, from breakfast till bedtime again, I was in the midst of company, unable to get more than a minute's leisure to write a short note to Jeannie. Visitors, old and young, mostly members of the faculty, came to see me and did as if I was somebody out of the ordinary. A prophet is not without honour but in his own country; yet Goodness knows I had had a cool enough reception at Ursinus College in Dutch Pennsylvania scarcely more than two weeks earlier: only

there I had no high priest to vouch for me, whereas at Hobart College I was the *protégé* of Dean Durfee. I never shall forget how quickly I changed that day from Nobody to Somebody and assumed the air of a person of importance.

In the afternoon Professor McDaniels, an elderly bachelor who lived next door to the Durfees and was Hobart College's renowned professor of Greek, came with his one-horse phaeton (that had four seats) to take me to drive and show me the sights of the town, all the fine houses on South Main Street and far in the country.

Prof. J. H. McDaniels, small in stature but big in every other way, was a Harvard man and a dyed-in-the-wool New Englander and Republican, who was nearly related to the first Mrs. Durfee and devoted to her two children and to Dr. Durfee himself. He was much older than I was, but one of the feathers in my cap is my friendship with this delightful gentleman; it was a privilege as well as a pleasure, as much to my credit as it was to my advantage.

South Main Street in Geneva, where most of the handsome residences are, is said to be one of the most beautiful streets in the United States. Many wealthy and notable people from all over the country lived in those houses. Dr. Durfee told me that a number of eminent Virginians had migrated to Geneva as far back as 1800 and manumitted their slaves there, and that their descendants are there to this day. One of the trustees of Hobart College, whom I knew quite well, was Philip Norborne Nicholas, a descendant of one of those pioneer Virginians.

On that Sunday afternoon drive Dr. Durfee pointed out the home of a retired admiral and his wife; which was interesting to me because the admiral had once been a beau of my mother in her girlhood in Norfolk. I remember the anecdote Dr. Durfee told me about the admiral and his wife, which I think is worth relating, as follows:

The old gentleman may have gotten tired of looking at Seneca Lake, after all such an insignificant body of water compared with the Seven Seas he had been accustomed to on board ship; at any rate he had grown a little irascible in his old age. One morning he was late for breakfast which was served in a delightful little room in his home overlooking the lake. He tasted his coffee, which was waiting for him on the table; it had had time to cool, the admiral flung the cup down on the floor and shattered it in pieces. His wife, sitting opposite him, took up her plate and hurled it past the admiral's head on to a glass mirror on the wall behind him. Fragments of the mirror fell on his bald spot; he was bewildered. He gazed at his wife reproachfully. "Admiral, it is your go," she said sweetly. They must have mended their quarrel if not their crockery; for I met the admiral and his wife afterwards, and I think I never saw an aged couple who appeared to be more thoroughly in harmony.

The next two days, Monday and Tuesday before the first day of the new session of Hobart College, whenever I was free from social engagements, were spent in wearing out shoe-leather, roaming around town, going from door to door, and trying to find board and lodgings that were good and cheap at the same time. The cost of living in Geneva was not high, but it was higher than it was in Baltimore, and the accommodations were inferior. However, the conclusion of this business was, I believe, the best possible under the circumstances. I rented an upstairs room in a substantial two-storey brick house at 48 Park Place, about five minutes' walk from the college-campus and moved into it Tuesday afternoon. The landlady, who was the only other occupant of the building, was Mrs. Kellner, the widow of a German school-teacher and the mother of an eminent scholar who was a professor in the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Cambridge, Mass. She was a lady and had her good points, but she was a thorough-going yankee when it came to trading. Her main object in life was not to let her adversary get the better of her in a bargain. I was compelled to sign a lease for the room in advance for the whole length of the college-year. The compartment was a large front room overlooking the "park"; which was a grass plot about a city-block square conveniently located at the end of South Main Street where the hill descends to the shopping-district on the level of the lake. The house was scrupulously neat and in good repair; the plumbing was primitive but sanitary; hot water was a luxury not to be had more than once a week, namely, on Saturday when Mrs. Kellner and I each took a bath in the order named. The chief recommendation of my new quarters was that I had an option of renting a smaller adjoining room that could be used for a bed-room when Jeannie came at New Year. On the whole, it was not a bad bargain, an honest one too. I never quite forgave Mrs. Kellner for stipulating in black and white that the party of the second part (as I was denominated in the bond) had to carry all his slops downstairs and bury them in a hole in the back-yard, but I was in an amiable frame of mind all that year and submitted to indignity.

Another advantage (so it was reckoned) of my lodging with Mrs. Kellner was that I could get my meals next door with good and worthy Miss Black who had a table full of boarders from all over town. The fare was wholesome, abundant and uncanny. Miss Black's coffee (to mention only one staple) was not coffee at all, it was perfidy (I know no other word for it). Yet Miss Black herself was not perfidious; on the contrary, she was above reproach. She charged little and deducted every meal you had elsewhere. The rank and file flocked to her table and went away filled with thankfulness, contents and content. Yet

when I try to recall Miss Black with her hair parted in the middle, the vegetable rhubarb comes into my mind, for it was at her table that I first encountered rhubarb outside of an apothecary's shop.

Among all the nondescripts who got their victuals at Miss Black's boarding-house, the only companion I remember distinctly is Miss Julia Hand, a handsome young lady who was going for a missionary to Japan, and actually did go a year or two later. When Jeannie came after Christmas, she and this sweet girl got to be warm friends and corresponded with each other three or four years; until Miss Hand came home from Japan, quickly got married, and vanished from our lives.

It was that same Tuesday when I went to live at Mrs. Kellner's that I had lunch with the President of Hobart College in his elegant mansion on South Main Street close to the campus. He was Rev. Dr. William Ellis Jones, a widower at the moment, who soon afterwards married an heiress, daughter of Hon. Seth Low of New York City. He was in the prime of life then and reputed to be very scholarly. I remember his showing me his fine library. He professed to be abreast of the recent advances in physics and said ingratiatingly: "I am afraid you were discouraged when you saw your laboratory." His voice sunk almost to a whisper, though there was nobody present besides me, unless perhaps it was his brother Mr. Gomer Jones who lived with him. "You see the old gentleman" (he was referring to Dr. Hamilton Smith, the incumbent of the chair of physics), "a very gifted man in his time, is—well, in his dotage now and has lost step, but with you at the helm, we'll soon catch up!" He patted me on the back. When I came away from that first interview with my new chief, I do not know why it was, but somehow I had the feeling that I had been conversing with Mr. Veneering in *Our Mutual Friend*.

Dr. Jones did not inspire confidence. Early in October, much to my satisfaction, venerable Dr. Hamilton Smith, "an authority on di-atoms" (so I was told), long time Prendergast Professor of Physics in Hobart College, relinquished his post; thereby leaving it vacant for me to occupy at the beginning of the following session, with a slight increase of salary, from \$1000. to \$1200. So it came to pass in 1900-01.

Not more than a week after Dr. Smith's retirement, the President visited me at my lodgings, and told me to go ahead with my plans for a new laboratory, to cost \$6000. I was elated and went to work immediately, but the money never was in sight.

Meanwhile, Jeannie and I, far apart on opposite sides of Mason & Dixon's Line, wrote to each other by every post and throbbed in per-

fect unison. Just as John Bull had his hands full all that autumn trying to keep British generals from being captured by old Oom Paul Kruger on the under-side of the globe, so also Uncle Sam over in this hemisphere must have been kept busy conveying those 12-page letters that gushed from our hearts and flowed from our pens. It was like natural gas in a pipe-line, only our pipe-line was a two-way circuit with sender and receiver at each end. My letters bubbled over with enthusiasm, yet were laden with impatience too: "Darling, you will like this town and its inhabitants, you will even like Mrs. Kellner. You will worm your way into her heart, and before she knows it, she will be giving us hot water twice a week, once for you and once for me. Yesterday I bought a little gas stove, and the salesman, an awfully nice chap, assured me it would cook chipped potatoes in less than five minutes without having to use a knife and without making a smell, either. It is a way of getting our necks halfway from under Miss Black's yoke."

In another letter I wrote: "O Jeannie, why do we wait until Christmas when we can get married here in Geneva any week-day for under five dollars? I hear Heath Dabney and Lily Davis are going to the altar on Thanksgiving Day; it would be the easiest thing in the world for you and me to get ahead of them and be married on the Fifth of November, the day of the Gunpowder Plot; I know that is a holiday in England and in Canada which is just across the border from Geneva."

The letter continued:

The whole town is on tiptoe awaiting your coming. All I can do is to promise that you will be here and will more than come up to expectations.

Yesterday at a big reception in one of the fashionable homes on South Main Street I was introduced to "Mrs. Silver, B. T."—the letters, I was told, stood for *bon ton*, and certainly she was very elegant and handsome too. She looked at me through her lorgnette, held out her hand, and drawled: "Oh, so you are Lothario I have heard so much about recently—and are going at Christmas a thousand miles to fetch The Fair Maid of Perth for your bride! Romance is coming to Geneva!"—"How beautifully you express it!" I replied. "Only, you have got the proper names wrong, and you exaggerate the distance, far as it really is. I could never masquerade as Lothario, who I believe wore knee-breeches, yet I believe I am fully as gay as he is. I never laid eyes on The Fair Maid of Perth—Perth is out of my bailiwick entirely. However, I can take my oath, the lady to whom I am engaged is fairer by far than any girl in Scotland. Caledonia is stern and wild; in Virginia lasses are born with roses in their cheeks. I do not think it is fair to The Fair Maid of Perth to bring her into this controversy."—"You take my breath away," exclaimed Mrs. Silver. "I can hardly wait till the New Year to

see this paragon.”—“Then you can imagine my impatience,” I sighed and subsided.

All this notable autumn Bellevue High School went on pretty much as usual: Mr. Abbot and Charley, with their two good lieutenants, taught and wrought as faithfully and vigourously as ever, and maintained strict discipline in the Palais and in the dormitories; dull boys were “kept in” on Saturday and required to get their lessons over again, and pranksters, caught *in flagrante delicto* were condemned to “write columns.” In the big house itself extraordinary industry was manifest; preparations for the wedding were in full blast; skilled workers were busy making Jeannie’s trousseau. Alice Scott, coloured dress-maker in Charlottesville, came to Bellevue and stayed two weeks at a time. Nobody on earth could equal Miss Channing Goode in the fine art of exquisite hem-stitching of which apparently there were miles to be done; so she took up her abode at Bellevue and never ceased stitching day and night except for short naps she took in Jeannie’s bed. Loulie was another big helper in all this sewing business, but, as she was to be bridesmaid in two other weddings that took place before ours (for Gertrude Howard in Lynchburg and Lucy Matthews in Georgetown), a good part of Loulie’s time that autumn was taken up in making her own dresses.

It worried me to realise the big strain Jeannie was under in that beehive at Bellevue where she was queen-bee; and both her mother and I pleaded with her to leave this work to others to do for her. Nevertheless there were tasks that could not be delegated. She was obliged to take several trying-on trips to Lynchburg, Charlottesville and Washington that were mighty troublesome and fatiguing. However, in the end it all turned out well: when Jeannie did come to Geneva, she came with a big wardrobe and a dress for every occasion. Her beautiful costumes were greatly admired; and when she went to a party and got a big ovation, I was as proud of her as Svengali was proud of Trilby on the stage, though Jeannie’s triumph was certainly not promoted by hypnotism.

In those exciting days I myself had a heap to do and a lot to learn. It was the first time I had even studied the part of bridegroom and was obliged to learn the minutiae of his lowly but indispensable office. When Jeannie wrote me one day that it was my bounden duty to be dressed for the ceremony in a Prince Albert frock-coat (like Rev. Dr. J. William Jones at the Miller School), it was a whole week before I recovered from the shock of that communication. She sent me a clipping from *Harper’s Bazaar* entitled “The well-groomed Bridegroom” with a picture of the poor nonentity not more than two paces from

the altar. Every detail of his dress, including parts that were not visible in the picture, was itemised and described. He wore a peculiar kind of striped pants with a braid on each leg. His hair was parted in the middle and curled around his ears. He was more like a Fuller's Brush Man than like Richard Coeur-de-Lion; it took me the best part of six weeks to be made into a perfect copy of that rueful picture. After all, what did it matter? A bridegroom at a wedding is no more than an effigy and is of as little consequence as the wooden Indian in front of a cigar-shop. Yet a bridegroom has to have his trousseau too. The worst thing about it was that it was expensive.

When I landed in Geneva in the middle of September, all the cash I had left was thirty dollars (which I suppose was fully as much as a hundred dollars is today). I reckoned what it would cost me from that time to the first of January when the wedding would be over and I would be back in Geneva with Jeannie in my arms: the items were living expenses, wedding apparel, wedding ring and Tiffany prayer-book, railway tickets, gold-piece for Rev. Mr. Lemoise, tips, brandy, etc. At the lowest estimate it was necessary for me to raise between three and four hundred dollars before New Year's Day! How this feat was accomplished, remains a mystery; just as it is a mystery to me now how my neighbour, whose salary I happen to know, takes his family to Europe in the summer and puts up at the best hotels.

Luckily, I did have one windfall amounting to a hundred dollars, that was enough to pay the tailor's bills in those unbelievable days when a new overcoat with a velvet collar could be bought for \$25. In my mother's attic in Norfolk there reposed a pile of bound volumes of old newspaper files that had belonged to my father; I was ignorant of their existence until Mother wrote me I could have them for what they were worth. The collection (as well as I recollect) turned out to be a complete file of the Richmond *Enquirer* for the first half of the nineteenth century and included also two or three volumes of the old *Argus* for 1798-1800, say. I put an advertisement in the Sunday edition of *The New York Times* and called attention to the widespread influence of the Richmond newspapers "in the days when a little coterie of Virginia politicians made and unmade the presidents of the United States." However, not knowing the real value of my treasure, I was brash and foolish enough to offer to sell the whole parcel for the cash sum of \$110; the extra \$10. having been added to defray the cost of packing and delivery. The following day I got a telegram from the old Astor Library accepting the offer and notifying me that cheque in payment was being forwarded by letter. Several other libraries answered the advertisement a day or two later, and I am satisfied that I might

have sold those old newspapers for \$500. as easily as for \$110. I was elated; the day the cheque came the tailor in Geneva took my measurements.

The wedding ring was an item on my agenda that involved much unnecessary correspondence and took a heap of time; which was due mainly to a misunderstanding between me and Mother. In the kindness of her heart, but without my knowledge, she had been consulting her jeweler in Norfolk on this subject. He was old Mr. Greenwood, a personal friend, who had been making wedding rings for the Sharp's of Norfolk for two or three generations. Meanwhile I was in communication with Tiffany in New York and Bailey, Banks & Biddle in Philadelphia on the same business. The result of these different negotiations was that I purchased two wedding rings. I wrote Jeannie: "You might think I was a Mormon, but both are for you."

However, the big thing that happened and relieved dire poverty in the nick of time was Mr. Abbot's handsome gift of a thousand dollars to his darling daughter! The wedding day had been set for Saturday noon, 23 December, and it was nearly time to send out the invitations, when Jeannie wrote me of her father's dowry.

Mr. Abbot was generous to all his children. Each of his sons on coming of age was given a thousand dollars; which was a considerable sum of money in the days of my youth.

My memory is not clear, but I am afraid I must have borrowed money from Jeannie to pay pre-nuptial debts. In one of my letters I speak of returning her cheque. The thought of such a transaction is a great mortification.

How wearisome, yet how blissful too, that long waiting time was in Geneva! when I counted off each day as it came and brought me one day nearer the far-off Wedding Day. In the daily letters that kept going to Old Bellevue the most prominent character was a rascal called the "Dummy," who was my inseparable companion and *alter ego*. He was a low-down fellow, much addicted to profanity, yet so useful withal that I could not do without him. For one thing he was my amanuensis and penned all those pages and pages I wrote to Jeannie. The worst thing about him was that over and over again he interlined the letter with his "asides," most of them not fit for Jeannie to hear; and many a time I had to box his ears and remind him that Jeannie was a lady. "She's my girl, I know that!" he would shout with glee. That was what redeemed the Dummy, his impure and unfeigned adoration of lovely Jeannie Abbot; even though it was coupled with his equally unfeigned contempt of me. Often when I was dictating a soulful passage, he would fling down his pen in disgust and call me a

"hypocrite" and "word-monger." I have known him to leap up from his chair in a rage and exclaim: "The Lord deliver me from you and Robert Browning! Neither of you has the faintest idea of true love, you white-livered, mealy-mouthed fop! Jeannie don't give a damn for you, it's *me* she loves! If it wasn't for you and your temporising, your psalms and your sonnets, do you believe she would wait till Christmas? don't you know she would elope with me to-morrow?"—The Dummy put me in a fury, he was so impudent, so unruly. I had half a mind to kick him out of the room, only I was afraid of annoying Mrs. Kellner downstairs. At the same time his love of Jeannie was so virile and genuine that I couldn't help sympathising with him and even admiring him. Separation from Jeannie was more than the Dummy could bear. Some days the wretched fellow was just sulky: I have seen him sit in a corner with tears rolling down his lean cheeks, and then I used to feel really sorry for him. Jeannie always took up for him and pleaded with me to spare the rod and forgive his tantrums. The Hundred Days before the wedding was for me an interval of incessant activity, though I was supposed to be marking time.

If ever I relaxed and tried to take my ease, Jeannie prodded me. "Who is to be your best man?" she wrote. "You have to have a lieutenant, and he has to get his uniform too." Straightway I applied to Raleigh Minor: "I know you disapprove of matrimony on a thousand a year," I wired him, "but stand by me, old man, this once, and I'll never do it again! By the way, lest I forget it, please lend me the splints you wore at your wedding to keep your knees from wobbling." Raleigh consented but denied ever having used splints. "Never show a white feather," he exhorted me. "If you falter at the altar, you'll be henpecked for life." He forgot that I had been present when he was "spliced" and had witnessed the pallour on his countenance.

That year the Christmas Holidays began on Wednesday, 20 December, but the Dummy and I, impatient to be gone, left town the night before and were well on the way to Virginia early next morning. Mrs. Kellner, who was not quite dead to the stirrings of romance, did what she could to help me. She promised to have the two front rooms upstairs spick and span for the bride when I brought her to Geneva, and said she would be on the lookout for parcels coming by express in my absence.

All was in readiness when the Dummy and I got on the train in Geneva. Rev. Mr. Lemoise, who had just returned to St. Stephens' rectory from his own honeymoon, had been alerted several days earlier and charged to bear in mind the nuptials that were to be celebrated at Old Bellevue at noon Saturday, rain or shine. Mr. Bolling, clerk of

the court in Bedford City, had forwarded me the marriage-license by registered mail. It and the two wedding rings were tucked away in the inside pocket of the brand-new Prince Albert frock-coat; and that garment itself neatly folded was laid in the patent-leather dress-suit case. The luggage was under my berth in the Pullman car, where I could reach down and feel it from time to time and make sure that it was safe all night long. "Dummy," I said, pinching his leg to see if he was awake, "do you know we are getting nearer and nearer to Jeannie every minute?"—He sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes: "Holy Moses!" he shouted at the top of his voice. (I think he had been dreaming of Mr. Lemoise, whom he irreverently called "Moses".)—The porter poked his head through the curtains: "Mister," he remonstrated reproachfully, "this is a sleeping car!"—"Don't I know it?" cried the Dummy, flinging the pillow at him; "and I'm going to wake it up. Moses and his disciples are at the Switch expecting me now any minute!"

The Pullman was due in Baltimore by six o'clock in the morning, and there I had to change to another railway, but it was eight o'clock before it rolled into the Pennsylvania Station. Who should greet me there on the platform that dark winter morning but two of my last year's comrades in Johns Hopkins University? They had received the wedding invitations and were apprised of my passing through Baltimore, but I never dreamed of their coming to the station to meet me. More than two hours they had been waiting and shivering until the late train arrived. I embraced them with joy, there was plenty of time to spare; and we went upstairs and had a good breakfast in the dining-room of the little St. Charles Hotel. I think we must have had a bottle of California champagne afterwards, for I know they sang a duet:

Oh, rescue quick
Sick Benedick!
He's lost to shame
And lost to fame,
And lost is his degree!
He's ta'en a wife,
He's in for life!
He's turned his back
Alas! Alack!
Upon his Ph.D.

While they sang this doleful ditty, the Dummy danced a jig around the table, and I tried to compose an impromptu distich in rebuttal. The best I could do on the spur of the moment was:

Farewell, dear youths, who pray to Rowland!
God help you in that dreary lowland!

The Dummy stood between them and clasped each by the hand. The waiter was astonished to behold the trio performing a rowdy cancan in the little dining-room above the railway station at ten o'clock in the morning. My train was due, we said adieu, and I went on my way rejoicing. Many years were to come and go before I ever laid eyes again on those envious youths who paid me the compliment of coming to the station before daybreak, and hailed me on my triumphal march.

That afternoon Raleigh met me in Charlottesville, as affectionate as ever, yet rather patronising as a man versed in matrimony. When I said, "Raleigh, have you learned your part? You know I don't want any hitch to be in this wedding;" his reply was: "That's all a wedding's for, getting hitched!" The idea, more than the jest, tickled me, and I laughed gleefully; but Raleigh was serious: "If anybody is likely to make a mess of it Saturday, and perhaps make the marriage null and void, you are the man to do it," he said, shaking his head and looking at me dubiously. Here the Dummy took up the cudgels and retorted: "I may have heart-disease, and I know I've got dyspepsia, but I haven't got house-maid's knee or whatever it was that made you shake so when you tried to put the ring on Natejus's finger, and one of the bridesmaids burst into tears!" Then Raleigh laughed too, and we were all mighty jolly, Raleigh, Natejus and I, thinking of the dangers we had passed and how bright the future lay before us. "After all," I said proudly, grasping Raleigh's hand, "'tis everlastingly true,

'Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.'

We ought to have had our photographs taken in that heroic posture; yet I am afraid the grimace on Natalie's face would have spoiled the effect.

I wired Jeannie: "The Duke of Wellington is in Charlottesville! The gobble-ins will git you if you don't watch out!"—and next day I continued my journey, leaving Raleigh and Natejus to follow me on Friday. As luck would have it, the Southern Railway train was late (as I might have known it would be at the Winter Solstice next door to Christmas); and when I reached Lynchburg, the N. & W. train had come and gone. Nothing daunted, I hired a horse and buggy and bade the driver make haste over the long, muddy road. Neither he nor I knew the way; we fled past Old Bellevue and went nearly to Bedford City.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house—
They all aloud did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tired:
Said Gilpin—So am I!"

It was nearly dark when that panting steed, having retraced his steps, came to a halt at last at the foot of the porch of Old Bellevue, and darling Jeannie, frantic by that time, not knowing what had become of the Duke of Wellington and the faithful Dummy, rushed down the steps to greet me. Who paid the driver, who took charge of my precious luggage and salvaged my overcoat and gloves, all this I have forgotten, if I ever knew. What I remember distinctly is that after more than a hundred days I held Jeannie in my arms again. I can only wish that Emily, who was fond of all quadrupeds, gave that foaming nag a bucketful of water and that he got a good rest before going back to town.

The house was crowded with guests already, and bridesmaids were everywhere. It was said that I strutted in front of Mr. Abbot, but I do not believe it. I was at the acme of my earthly existence, but I never felt more humble and unworthy; before Jeannie's sire I was like Samuel in the presence of Eli.

Raleigh and Natalie came Friday, and he was my room-mate in lower Siberia. My recollection is that he never left me out of his sight; he said he was afraid of my falling into the cistern. He brought with him a bottle of "Old Crow," which was efficacious whenever I seemed to be short of breath.

Evelyn came on Friday too and was not only useful in helping Loulie with the interior decorations but a tower of strength to me. She bade me hold up the reputation of my forebears (which was not hard to do), but when she enjoined me to think on whatsoever things are lovely and of good report, I said, "What's the use? You know I can't take my mind off of Jeannie." I was much disappointed at Mother's not coming, but Evelyn said she was better at home in Norfolk getting ready for Jeannie and me on our honeymoon under her roof.

That pre-nuptial Friday is blurred in my memory. I know that Helen and Lucy Bentley, "Cousin Lily" and her husband, and Emily Matthews came from Georgetown, for their names are all inscribed in the little wedding prayer-book. Estelle Burthe, Mary Stuart Smith and Kate Minor, and, of course, Heath Dabney and his bride came from the University of Virginia. It was Estelle who led me to the big dining-room to see the display of wedding-presents. Dolphin in his coachman's blue coat with brass buttons stood guard, a loaded shotgun was propped in the corner. I was dazzled by the pile of riches all to be ours; yet I sighed to notice the superfluity of chafing-dishes. Estelle, who was a mind-reader, whispered in my ear: "They can be exchanged." I was ashamed to think how sordid I was in spite of

Evelyn's exhortation; I was sorry too that Estelle could see through me so easily.

Now and then in all that *Hochzeit* Jeannie and the Dummy contrived to steal off and be by ourselves for a minute or two, but not much longer. On the whole the Dummy behaved with great propriety.

The Wedding Day dawned at last, the day for which I had been yearning longer than a year, the day the Dummy feared he might never live to see. He and I got up early and laid out all our clean linen and fine raiment on the smooth counterpane of the extra bed in the corner of the room. The Dummy, assuming command, summoned Archie and bade him shave and anoint him and rub out all his blemishes as well as possible. "*Ars est celare artem*," he said pompously, imitating Mr. Abbot who was wont to speak to Archie in Latin during the toilet-hour. "Make me look like Sir Galahad over the mantel-piece," he translated the Latin, pointing to the picture of that honest gentleman.

The Dummy was serious and abstemious, duly aware that he had come to the turning-point of his existence. At breakfast he drank a cup of coffee and swallowed a raw egg, but declined the cigarette that Loulie held out to him across the table: "No, Toodle, thank you," he said politely. "The Book of Deuteronomy says, 'Son, keep a stiff upper lip on thy wedding day, and cut out tobacco.'" Breakfast was very informal, for the table had to be cleared quickly and made ready for the wedding-feast in the early afternoon. Fair Rosalind was having breakfast in her chamber upstairs. Loulie called to her from her seat at the table: "O Jeannie, you ought to see Little Ootch" (that was her pet-name for me); "he looks like a morning-glory, yet I don't believe he will last till noon!" The impudent speech was lost on Jeannie, for the door of her room was shut tight.—"You can't tell a morning-glory from cedar of Lebanon," said I to Loulie; "yet you do recognise Glory when you are sitting opposite to it." "Old Crow" may have been partly responsible, but at that moment I was as "glorious" as Tam O'Shanter astride his old grey mare. Loulie rose from her chair and curtsied to me.

Raleigh nudged me and led me back to Siberia; he said it was time to put on my striped pants, waistcoat and Prince Albert. Bill Abbot, dressed already, came in, sat on the bed, and joined us in emptying the bottle of "Old Crow". He and I were old college-mates, dear to each other; yet behind my back I thought he stared at me rather coldly while I stood in front of the Siberian mirror brushing my hair for the last time. His manner seemed to say: "That's a sorry-looking chap for Sister Jeannie!" and, what was worse, I was thinking the same

thing myself. My knees were beginning to tremble, Loulie's morning-glory had faded. "Damn this mirror!" I muttered, turning away from it. The room was all in a mess; I flung open the door and went out on the porch. Faithful Natejus, with a bowl of flowers, was waiting outside: "I never dreamed I'd live to hear a bridegroom curse less than a hundred yards from the altar!" she said reproachfully.—"You have been eavesdropping out here?" I asked. "Let me take you inside and hold you in front of that mirror!" She pinned a white carnation on my coat so big and so high that I had to stand on my toes to peep over it; and then she pinned one on Raleigh too. Natejus complimented us: "No matter how false you both are, you look like noblemen! Any girl would be deceived, just as I was."

Ours was the second and last wedding at Old Bellevue, and according to all accounts it was a swell affair. I was there and played a minor part, but I did not see it, neither the ceremony nor the feast and reception afterwards. The wedding was in the chapel; that is, in the spacious room by the side of the two parlours that on week-days was Mr. Abbot's study and the place of chastisement and on Sundays when school was in session could be converted into a chapel for Episcopalians, be they jews or gentiles, it mattered not, for everybody had to attend.

In old days when servants were plentiful, it was the easiest thing in the world to change the big study into the little chapel; and the boys helped too. All that had to be done was to remove the desk, the big chair and the sofa and substitute for them rows of school-benches for the congregation, with an aisle between them leading from the porch-door at the rear to the pulpit or lectern in front. The latter, lighted by two tall candles, one on each side, was in the alcove of the bay-window. Two cushions were put in front of it for the bride and groom to kneel on. The little school-organ was off to one side in the corner by the window. Ordinarily, Mrs. Abbot herself played the organ, but at the wedding I believe this function was performed by young Mrs. Lemoise, the clergyman's wife, who was a recent bride. The room was garlanded and festooned with evergreens and flowers and ribbons. I believe my sister Evelyn put the finishing touches on all the decorations, for she was very expert in that business.

All was in readiness. There was not room in the chapel for all the invited guests, some of whom had to stand up out on the back-porch. A solemn and expectant hush spread through that crowded room as the time drew nigh (though I heard it said afterwards that Captain Blackford, the handsome gentleman on the front bench, had to nudge his wife, "Cousin Sue", to make her keep quiet, for her tongue was hard to subdue). Rev. Mr. Lemoise, in cassock and gown, was in the

hall at the foot of the stairs, his prayer-book open in his hand, a godly expression on his countenance. Raleigh and I, concealed for the moment, were in the corner of the front parlour between the mantel-piece and window, waiting for the signal to advance. The bright and beautiful Bride, with her father and her attendants, was out on the back-porch at the door of the chapel, ready to enter.

The clergyman passed by me and stood in front of the altar; Raleigh led me to my appointed place in full view of the congregation, and the Dummy said "Amen!" under his breath. The little organ pealed "Here comes the Bride!" and Archie flung wide-open the porch-door and stepped aside. There was She, the Queen of Hearts, regal and resplendent in her wedding gown and flowing veil, arm-in-arm with her proud father. Her handsome little nephews, William and John Abbot, held up her train; and close behind Loulie and Emily Abbot, resplendent too and glorious in their own right, followed after; only, I did not see them, my eyes were fixed on Jeannie, my heart beat fast. How graceful she was, how exquisite, coming up the aisle with measured pace, her eyes cast down, while her father's moist eyes looked straight ahead through the big window towards the blue mountains in the soft sunlight of that winter-day! That was all I saw at my wedding, but they told me afterwards that Jeannie's big brother Bill, standing off to one side, wept gently and unconsciously all through the service.

Jeannie and Bill were devoted to each other. She dearly loved her brothers and sisters, and they loved her.

No longer ago than last night, looking over the treasures I have left, I came upon Frank's beautiful German picture-card, post-marked "Goettingen, 7-XII-99," and despatched just in time to reach Bellevue before the wedding-day: "Dear Jane, I send you two little angels of love and happiness to watch over you and be with you always."

Nobody, not even Raleigh, ever would tell me how I conducted myself on that supreme occasion. Apparently, I escaped notice. If it was true, it was no small feat. Jeannie's wedding-ring (one of them at least) was on her finger; and who else but me could have put it there? The gold-piece I had in my right-hand trousers-pocket was gone; and where else could it be unless it had dropped furtively in the palm of Moses's hand? I do not even remember kissing the Bride—which shows how potent "Old Crow" must have been.*

* Everybody was kissing her right and left. I think it was then, and then only, Mr. Lawrence Campbell's lips touched hers. He deserved that reward, for he was a gallant gentleman and high in Jeannie's esteem.

You can take my word for it, the wedding-feast was bountiful and hilarious too; though I sat off in a corner by Mrs. Abbot. Now and then somebody (whom I did not know from Adam) passed by, slapped me on the back, and shouted, "Lucky dog!"—a compliment so short of the mark I scarcely heeded it. Alexander sighed for more worlds to conquer, but I was content to rest on my laurels, I told Mrs. Abbot, squeezing her hand. Little incidents stick in the memory and come back lifelike after the lapse of years. "Who is he?" I asked Jeannie, pointing to a disconsolate gentleman lying flat on his back on the red-plush sofa, his eyes fastened on the ceiling.—Jeannie giggled and whispered: "You were introduced to him a little while ago. He's Cousin Charley Blackford, one of the most prominent citizens of Lynchburg and one of the nicest persons on earth; but he gets bored to death at any party where he is not the centre of gravity." Though she spoke in a whisper, Mr. Lewis, close by, overheard and guffawed. He was Lucy Lewis's father, devoted to Jeannie, and as prominent in Lynchburg as Captain Blackford. "Jinks," he said, putting his arm round her waist, "Bellevue will never be the same when you are gone!"—Jeannie sighed: "That's just what I was thinking. How can it be? But you can have all the asparagus now."

The last sentence was an allusion to a vow Mr. Lewis made one day at his own dinner-table in Lynchburg when Jeannie was present. Cephas, the butler, handed Mr. Lewis the dish of asparagus; Jeannie had eaten most of it, and there was not much left in the dish. Mr. Lewis waved it away from him: "No, Cephas, no! I'll eat no more asparagus till Jinks Abbot has had her fill!"

Mr. John H. Lewis, outspoken and warm-hearted, was a very lovable man.

Festival and reception were comparatively brief, for not only the bride and groom but nearly all the wedding guests were leaving on the afternoon trains; though nobody could tell how late the trains would be so close to Christmas. Jeannie and I had to change our wedding garments, pack our travelling bags, and say our fond adieus. It was the one and only time I ever departed from Old Bellevue without a sigh of regret. Darling Jeannie was going with me; she was mine now to have and to hold; and I longed to test and verify it by having her all to myself.

The Switch was crowded with passengers and onlookers. Eastbound No. 4 came at last and waited, puffing and snorting, till everybody got on that was headed for Lynchburg. Jeannie and I, under a shower of rice, and with a load of luggage, climbed on the Norfolk Pullman Car; Evelyn was with us, and Heath and Lily Dabney too. By the greatest

good luck, the five of us had that coach all to ourselves after passing Lynchburg, it was like a private car. We were tactful not to molest one another: Heath and Lily, who were on their way to Richmond to spend Christmas at "Laburnum", found their seats at the rear end and billed and cooed to each other to their hearts' content as far as Petersburg, where they had to take another train; while Jeannie and I, no less resourceful, had our headquarters up front as far away as possible, and no doubt behaved with equal decorum. Poor little Evelyn, unattached, sat demurely by herself midway between the two love-sick couples and either looked out of the window or read the sequel of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Now and then the three groups coalesced and chatted together for a short interval, not only for the sake of mutual friendship but also to enliven the journey for Evelyn.

In the gay nineties (which, by the way, came to an end with our wedding) it was a long and wearisome ride on the train all the way from Lynchburg to Norfolk, but for Jeannie and me it was blissful enough and restful that first evening of our wedded life. It was close to midnight when Jeannie, Evelyn and I alighted at the old depot in Norfolk at the end of Main Street.

Not far from the station was the old brick house that had once been the residence of my grandfather William Willoughby Sharp (1801-1871) who died the year I was born. It was my mother's home when she and my father had been married thirty years before. Evelyn and I had both been born in that house, though I believe it had been pulled down in 1899 when the residential section of Norfolk had moved far away.

Norfolk was Mother's birthplace and so full of our kinsfolk that some of them lived across the ferry in Portsmouth. One of my cousins with a carriage was at the station to meet us and take us to Mother's home on Freemason Street. There at the front door high above the pavement was Mother with outstretched arms waiting to clasp her children in her arms, Jeannie first of all. The house was lighted from basement to garret. Our next-door neighbours, knowing that bride and groom were coming, got out of bed and lighted their houses too. A bright fire glowed on the hearth in the parlour; the old mahogany furniture, fresh-polished and glistening, shone welcome to me as I entered, for I was their time-honoured, familiar friend and had played hide-and-seek with those chairs, tables and book-cases. Supper was waiting in the dining-room, but did not wait long. Evelyn was in command and knew exactly what to do and how to do it.

No feast of Lucullus was ever half so delicious as the wedding-supper Mother had prepared with her own hands; Norfolk was famous

for good food, and Mother was even more famous still! Our stomachs were empty, our mouths were open, and our tongues were unloosed. I, for my part, sat to work to eat, and let Jeannie and Evelyn deliver "a round, unvarnish'd tale" of all that had happened that day at Old Bellevue. Mother had to be told every incident, every detail. She looked at me fondly as I held a Lynnhaven Bay oyster on my fork, it suspended and I suspended too, wondering how to "negotiate" that whopper.

"Jeannie, did he do nicely?" Mother asked timidly.—Jeannie, sitting next me, patted me on the cheek; then swallowing her oyster as daintily as if she had lived all her life by the sea, she replied: "'Liza, I wish you could have seen him! Everybody said that in his frock-coat he was the image of Sir Isaac Newton, only not so buxom!" I was a little astonished myself, but I patted Jeannie on the cheek. Evelyn giggled, the oyster was in my mouth wiggling its way past my Adam's apple; I looked at Evelyn sideways, and she held her tongue for once in her life. Evelyn herself could not help seeing that I was no ordinary person, Jeannie was there to prove it.

The night was far spent when we rose from the table and went upstairs to bed, three or four hours before daybreak; which, fortunately, came late on Christmas Eve. Evelyn, laden with bundles, led the way; Mother trailed behind. I remember our slowly climbing two flights of stairs to the top of the house, pausing at the turnings and landings and resuming the endless flow of talk, the continual embracings. Evelyn, who was chief architect and *arbiter elegantiarum*, was eager to show Jeannie and me our royal apartment, which was literally right under Mother's roof and occupied the whole third storey, a spacious place for a bride. I knew it well, but it was different now, for Evelyn had redeemed and glorified it in our honour and for our reception. She could make a mansion out of a hovel, if she set to work to do it; and her taste was equal to her *savoir faire*. The biggest room, which was living-room and bed-room combined, was the size of two rooms; and there the fire in the big grate burned and crackled and shed its cheerful glow on the pieces of old furniture, the comfortable chairs in front, the canopied bed against the wall, the many-coloured quilt spread over it, the vases of roses and the wreaths of holly, the books on the table, the bucket of coal by the hearth and the brass shovel, everything that could gratify a wish and delight the eye. Knowing so well the natural state of my youthful chamber, I could hardly believe my eyes, I marvelled at Evelyn's thaumaturgy and took a notion to kiss her and ask her forgiveness for all the wrongs I had done her. (That day I was so in the habit of kissing ladies right and left, between Bellevue and

Norfolk, counting the female cousin who fetched us from the station, I wonder my lips were not covered with fever-blisters.) "Evelyn," I said gratefully, "I would not exchange this bower for the bridal suite of the Waldorf-Astoria!" and then I really did kiss her.

Next day when one of Mother's intimate friends came to see us and was ushered upstairs where Jeannie and I, sitting before the fire, were having a late breakfast, she was taken by surprise by the splendour of our apartment. "Dear me! 'Liza," she exclaimed, "I had no idea your garret was so nice. You know I never was up here before. It's more than uxorious—it's luxurious!"

That "attic time" (as I called it), the week after the wedding, when Jeannie and I basked in the warmth of Mother's hospitable home in Norfolk and had not a care in the world, is dim in my memory; it was too good to be true. Christmas Day came on Monday, and I know we stayed upstairs all day long and had company; and it seems to me it was that way nearly every day. Yet I know we went to parties and were wined and dined by uncles, aunts and cousins, all strangers to Jeannie and hard for her to keep straight in their proper relationships. Visitors came to see us from all over town, mostly Evelyn's friends: Taylors, Tunstalls and Tuckers; Ethel Neely and Alice Robertson with her husband Allen Hanckel. Now and then an old sweetheart of mine turned up and was for me a source of mild embarrassment; but I plied her with eggnog and fruit-cake and, without saying it, implied that it would be well to let bygones be bygones. My greatest pleasure was the outspoken admiration of Jeannie that came spontaneously to the lips of all who gazed upon her and were captivated.

Christmas night when we went to bed tired after being in company all day long, Jeannie asked me, rather searchingly: "Charlotte Irvine? who is she? I never heard her name before."—"O darling," I answered nervously, "that was when we were eleven years old! You are like old Mrs. Noah!"—"That's a pretty speech to make to me," said Genevieve, peevishly. "You mean the old Jewish lady in the Bible?"—Then I repeated this limerick from the *Princeton Tiger* (which shows, I think, that I had some presence of mind even on our honeymoon):

When the Ark was just over Genoa,
Mrs. Noah burst forth at poor Noah:
"Who's this Joan of Arc?
You're keeping her dark!"—
"I'm sure I don't know her," said Noah.

Nevertheless, our honeymoon in Norfolk, when Jeannie met all my kinsfolk and other strangers too, was a strain on her; it was too strenuous. She was grateful, but she was tired; the hundred days before the wedding had exhausted her and me too; we wanted quiet. I think

Mother and Evelyn were exhausted too; it must have been a relief to them when we took our departure. Mother gave us her blessing, Evelyn said a fond farewell:

“Wi’ mony a tear and lock’d embrace
Our parting was fu’ tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder.”

Jeannie was on her way to my humble lodgings in far-off Geneva. We went by boat to Baltimore and thence by train next day all the rest of the journey. Dr. Durfee, according to promise, was at the station to meet us. “Here She is,” said I, pointing to lovely Thais who stood beside me; “the fulfilment of all my words, good measure and running over!” Dr. Durfee kissed her and led us to the carriage that was in waiting. Mrs. Durfee and her mother, standing at the open door of their home, were eagerly expecting us and gave us a cordial welcome. They went into ecstasies over Jeannie and swore allegiance to her then and there, I was proud of my bonny bride, and proud to have such true and honest friends.

It was all like a dream. I asked myself: “Can this be true? Is Jeannie Abbot really here in Geneva, my lawful wife?” I was upstairs wide awake; Jeannie called to me from the other room, Mrs. Durfee’s guest-chamber, that delightful room which I shall remember to my dying day. I kneeled down by the side of the bed and kissed her. “Darling,” I said, “here we are in Geneva! It was from here I wrote you all those letters, the Dummy and I together. Oh, how we longed for you to come! This is New Year’s Day, the first day of the last year of the century. When you wake to-morrow morning, sit up in bed and look out of the window. You will see Seneca Lake, as wholly different from the cow-pond at Old Bellevue as if you were in another world!”

NOTE.—*Some time after writing this chapter, I happened to find a letter written by Emily Abbot the day after the wedding at Bellevue to her brother Frank in Germany. Her description of the ceremony differs from mine in at least one important particular. She says the bridal procession came into the chapel from the front parlour instead of from the back porch. Of course, her account is correct. My version is the way the wedding is wont to take place in my dreams of it, oft-repeated from that day to this. Emily also reports that there seemed to be quite a stiff “breeze” around my knees; which I suppose was her way of telling Frank that I trembled in my boots. However, she and I both agree that it was a legal wedding, a splendid spectacle, and a credit to all concerned.*

CHAPTER XIII

Turn of the Century (1900-01)

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Whither shall I wander?
Upstairs and downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber.
Mother Goose.

IT WAS not yet breakfast-time; I had nearly finished shaving. The sun shone through the window; it was a glorious winter-day, the second day of January, the last year of the century. Seneca Lake in the silver sunlight was, if possible, even more picturesque than it had been the first time my eyes ever saw it through that same window more than three months earlier.

Jeannie sat up in bed and yawned; she rubbed her eyes. I came from the wash-stand and sat beside her: "If thou would'st view fair Melrose right, get up and look out of the window," I whispered to her.—"How I hate to get from under this warm blanket and smooth linen sheet!" she answered. "Oh, that's the lake!" She leaped off the bed and stood at the window. "How lovely and how strange it all is! It's the first time I was ever on the other side of Mason & Dixon's Line!"—No matter how happy I am, I cannot help thinking of a bad time that lies ahead; I dreaded what Jeannie would say when she saw my lodgings and could not have hot water but once a week. "Remember, darling, you haven't encountered Mrs. Kellner yet," I said rather ominously.—Jeannie threw her arms around my neck: "I'm just dying to meet her, for then I'll feel really at home!"

If I dwell on all that Jeannie said and did before breakfast and after breakfast that first day she was in Geneva, I shall never come to the end of this new chapter. Suffice it to say, she fascinated and was fascinated too. It goes without saying, Mrs. Durfee's breakfast was as good as a breakfast can be; nay, even better, for neither Dr. Durfee nor his spouse could conceal their outspoken admiration of Jeannie and her dress or their high opinion of my prowess. "That man yonder," said Mrs. Durfee, pointing her finger at me, "kept telling me you were charming, and I halfway believed him, he was so earnest and persistent, and so woe-begone; but now I know he was tongue-tied just as I am myself!"—Jeannie said, "O Mrs. Durfee, would that I were a fraction as nice and

clever as he is!"—My voice choked, but I seemed to be the presiding officer, and so I stammered: "The motion is, 'Resolved that we here at this table are the most delightful human beings on earth today.' I do not hear a dissenting voice. The ayes have it, and it is so ordered." So saying, I hugged Dr. Durfee, he kissed Jeannie (which was getting to be a habit), she threw her arms around Mrs. Durfee, and there was nothing left for Mrs. Durfee to do but to pat her ancient mother on the cheek.

Before we finished breakfast, Professor McDaniels came from next door and welcomed Jeannie and me in that courtly way he had of paying compliments, always making an appropriate speech. We made him an honorary member of the union we had just formed. He invited us to his house for supper that evening and said he was going to have batter-cakes, knowing how fond Southerners were of corn-meal. "But it has to be water-ground," said Jeannie.—"We get ours from the Haxall Mills in Richmond," Mrs. Durfee interposed.—"You mean flour," I said.—"Flour and meal both," Mrs. Durfee insisted. (Professor McDaniels did have batter-cakes for supper, but they were funny, not more than a dozen in all, each about the size of a half-dollar. Jeannie whispered to me: "One of the first things I mean to do on our gas-stove is to cook batter-cakes for Professor McDaniels. I hate to think of his dying some day and never having even seen a batter-cake, much less tasted one!")

Just as we were getting up from the breakfast-table, Mrs. Leighton rushed from her house across the street and clasped Jeannie in her arms: "I just couldn't wait another minute," she exclaimed, whole-souled and impulsive as she was. She was Victoria Leighton, the Chaplain's wife; the Chaplain was Rev. Dr. Joseph A. Leighton ("an intellectual tramp," he called himself, professor of moral philosophy, a man about my own age). Jeannie and I soon got to be exceedingly fond of the Leighton's.

The college-bell rang nine o'clock; I had to meet a class at eleven. No time was to be lost if I was to take Jeannie to her new domicile and let her see what she was in for, now that she was going to sea in my boat. The air was crisp outdoors; I buttoned her stylish new cloak tight round her neck. Two students took our satchels. We sallied forth and walked briskly down South Main Street past all the fine houses, and in not more than five minutes were at Park Place. Mrs. Kellner, at her window and already on the lookout for us, came to the door before I could find the latchkey in my pocket. She was a trim little woman and had a good heart deep inside her that was seldom touched, but it responded to Jeannie's presence. Mrs. Kellner made a low obeisance;

she was cordial to me too. "Your trunks came early this morning," she said; "I made the man put them in the back room with the other parcels that came by express." I reimbursed her then and there.

Trembling with excitement, I almost hesitated to lead Jeannie upstairs. What would she think of my apartment that was to be her abode?

"O but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come."

I opened the door: "'Tis better than Corsica outdoors in the Mediterranean," I murmured.—Jeannie entered and stood in the middle of the room; she looked around, right and left, up and down: "I think it's heavenly!" she said. "So this is where you and the Dummy wrote me all those love-letters that are in my trunk. I can read them over again and check every word." She darted into the other room: "It couldn't be nicer!" she exclaimed, flinging her hat on the bed and beginning to unbutton her cloak.

She told me to unlock the trunks and put the trays on the bed. "I want to get my apron. I've got all that unpacking to do and putting things where they belong. Go to your class, and come back as soon as you can. There'll be a heap of litter to sweep up."

That was the last I ever saw of my old furnished room at Mrs. Kellner's, for when I returned from college a couple of hours later, just in time to go to Miss Black's for lunch next door, it seemed to me not a vestige of my bachelor-apartment was left. It is true, the four walls and the ceiling were still standing, the dimensions were the same, but everything else was different; it was as though the Angel of the Lord had passed through that tabernacle and metamorphosed it. It was not just the new ornaments and pictures (where on earth had they come from? out of the Saratoga trunk?)—nor was it the changed positions of chairs, table and desk—it was the *tout ensemble*, the air of comfort, the delightfulness of it—a fairy had come and done all that was possible to be done in that place! "This is paradise!" was all I could say. I went to my desk—it had a new blotter and a new inkstand, yet I missed Maggie Mason's pen-knife marked "In remembrance" which I had carried around from pillar to post for years and years, a poor thing, but mine own. "It's in the waste-basket," Jeannie said quietly. "I've put a brand-new paper-cutter on your desk, and when you use it, it will bring Maggie Mason to remembrance better than the one she gave you, for hers wouldn't cut butter."

Should I ever revisit Geneva and find again that horrid hole in the ground far from the house in Mrs. Kellner's back yard, it is possible I might dig up lovely Maggie Mason's dull pen-knife along with other *lares et penates* that Jeannie flung in the waste-basket. Possibly those ancient relics in remembrance of me and my chores may one day be piously preserved in a museum of Hobart College; like the finger-ring of the Roman centurion of Eboracum I remember once seeing in York museum in England.

Mrs. Kellner, who had been helping Jeannie off and on all morning and who by this time was completely subdued, brought a kettle of hot water upstairs for Jeannie to wash her hands: "You wouldn't know your own room, sir," she said; "it's worth double the price now, but a bargain's a bargain."—"You remember, I told you in the beginning, I was going to Virginia to bring back a goddess," I replied, making the sign of the cross and bowing before Jeannie. The goddess was taking off her apron preparatory to going to Miss Black's for lunch. She liked being admired and worshipped, and took our homage as simply what was due for all the work of creation she had done that morning.

To me the strangest event of that wonderful first day of Jeannie's coming to Geneva was her real relish and enjoyment of Miss Black's cold potato salad! Jeannie ate it by the mouthful and hobnobbed with all the boarders. The whole table was animated, neighbour passed mustard to neighbour without grumbling, and even I was in a good humour for the first time in that stale and uncivil environment. Usually I could not bear to use the five-and-ten-cent salt-cellar at my plate; it was clean and not fly-specked, but to me it was the symbol of degradation and made me think of Adam when he was driven from the Garden of Eden and condemned to live by the sweat of his brow. Eve, that is, Jeannie, was adaptable; she knew how to make the best of a bad plight and could eat what was put before her, provided it was clean and wholesome. Yet she sympathised with me too and knew that I was a dyspeptic and had myasthenia of the stomach. There were times when we cut out Miss Black's dinner (the evening meal that was the worst of all), stayed at home, and had supper all by ourselves. Then Jeannie ground Mocha and Java in the coffee-mill screwed on the wall, while I went to the dairy-shop two or three blocks away and bought a half-pint of the richest cream on earth for ten cents and a pat of unsalted butter. The little gas-stove was lighted, Jeannie baked the biscuits and buttered them, maybe she cooked a tender piece of steak with onions (though Mrs. Kellner groaned downstairs and complained that smoke, grease and garlic were all over the house, "and the first thing you know, you'll set the house on fire"). I licked the platter clean and came back for another helping. I never had supper at Del-

monico's, but Delmonico never had supper with Jeannie, and that's where I got ahead of him!

Of course, I had a heap to learn the first six months. Living in two rooms with a lady was very different from living alone with the Dummy; and though the latter was a great favourite with Jeannie, she insisted from the start on his behaving as much as possible like a gentleman. The first thing I noticed was that he took off his hat when he came into the room and hung it on a peg instead of tossing it on the table or even on the floor, as he had been wont to do, B. J. (which is short for "Before Jeannie"). He shined his boots in the morning and put on his slippers in the evening, and was careful not to rest his feet on the desk, with or without shoes. If he took off his coat, he put on a jacket or a wrapper, and was never seen in his shirt-sleeves again except for the twinkling of an eye; and to my certain knowledge he washed his hands three or four times a day. If he swore at all, it was under his breath and not objectionable; but the fact is there was almost nothing to curse, A. J. C. (short for "After Jeannie's Coming"), unless it was taking out the slops. (I never could blame the Dummy for using profanity, going and coming, on that errand; he did his work cheerfully—I can see him now carrying those two buckets, one in each hand, and singing "On the road to Mandalay".) I think the Dummy would have passed for a gentleman almost anywhere outside of Buckingham Palace.

All the nicest folks in town, including Mrs. Silver, came to see the newly wedded couple; and Jeannie and I, it seems to me, were invited everywhere that winter and spring. Jeannie's dresses were simply beautiful; they fitted her as if they had been sewed on her tall and graceful figure, and, what is more, she knew how to wear them. Wherever she appeared, on the street or in the drawing-room, she was simply stunning-looking. For the truth of this statement (for there are sceptics in the world) I refer you to the society-column of the Geneva newspaper of that year 1900-01.

"*Ne savez vous pas*, Don't you know," said Voltaire to Prussian Chancellor Jarriges one day," that where there are two Frenchmen in a foreign court or country, one of them must die (*faut que l'un des deux périsse*)?"* In 1900 there were two bridegrooms in Geneva, the other one besides myself being Rev. Dr. William Ellis Jones, President of Hobart College, and apparently that was one too many. All I know is that before either of us was married, President Jones and I got along famously together with no sign of friction, and that afterwards we were uncongenial; which as things go in this world, was greatly to my dis-

* Carlyle's *Friedrich*, Book XVI, Chapter 9.

advantage. The first intimation I got of his unfriendliness was at the big reception he gave in honour of his bride soon after she became "the first lady of Hobart" (as the President's wife was styled). Jeannie was the belle of the ball that evening; while Mrs. Jones was what used to be called a "wall-flower," as perfect a specimen of that night-blooming plant as was ever on exhibition. Neither of the two ladies could help being what she was, one rich as Croesus and the other poor as a church-mouse. I was polite to Mrs. Jones, but unenthusiastic; I was proud of Jeannie and strutted. Dr. Jones was a little and a jealous man, that is why he vented his spleen on me. When I bade him Goodnight and told him what an enjoyable occasion it had been, instead of being cordial and slapping me on the back, he extended two fingers that barely touched the palm of my hand. On the way home I complimented Jeannie on her triumph; "but," said I, "did you notice Saul?"—"Who is Saul?" she asked innocently.—"Saul envieth David and bodeth no good to him," I replied.

Jeannie enjoyed society and had a natural gift for it. She liked going to parties, but what she liked best of all was to give a party herself; and no wonder, for as hostess, whether the affair was big or little, I never saw her equal. Even when we lived in barracks at Mrs. Kellner's, Jeannie used to invite Dr. and Mrs. Durfee or Dr. and Mrs. Leighton, sometimes both couples together, to come and have supper with us; and occasionally we had other guests also. Then Jeannie would get out all her china and glass, her napkins and doilies, set the table and cook the victuals; and everybody had a good time and marvelled at Jeannie's delightful ways: not only her skill and cunning, her courtesy and grace, but her wit and wisdom and her loveliness too. If she gave an afternoon tea and had maybe a half-dozen guests, as many as the room would hold, suddenly when the conversation was at its height, the cover of my old roll-top desk would be lifted, and there were the refreshments, the most delicious anybody ever tasted. Nobody could say we led a dog's life on a thousand a year, for every Sunday, regularly as Sunday came (just as I had been in the habit of doing all autumn, B. J.), Jeannie and I went to Dr. Durfee's for midday dinner and had roast-beef, and plenty of it, and much else besides; enough to ward off hunger for another week. For my part, even though I went *sub jugo* and ate or left uneaten most of my meals at Miss Black's, I never doubted that I fared well and was a lucky dog indeed; as all the on-lookers kept telling me, and as I knew better than they did.

Best of all were the evenings Jeannie and I stayed at home and were alone together. She sat by the table and plied her needle and thread; I sat opposite her and read aloud long chapters of her favourite book,

whatever it happened to be at the moment; and we conversed about it. She liked to listen and complimented me, and I never was weary; but I was her disciple and sat at her feet. The books were all new to me; I learned to think as she thought and to see what she saw. Jeannie was spiritual and original; and, truth to say, I was nothing much one way or the other, until she came into my life and reconstructed me. I remember that winter we read Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, the greatest of all novels that ever were written. We thought the Rostovs were the nicest family in the world and in a general way much like the Abbots of Old Bellevue. I was crazy about Natasha, "for" (said I), "darling, she is so like you!" I hoped she would say that I reminded her of Prince Andrew, who was another one of my favourite characters; and so I was somewhat taken aback when Jeannie compared me to Pierre, who was the only person in the book that bored me. "He is the real hero," said Jeannie, "and you are my hero;" and I was content to let it go at that. I still insisted that the only resemblance between Pierre and me was that we were both heroes.

The test of a good book is to read it over again and enjoy it more the second time. I believe it is no exaggeration to say that Jeannie read *War and Peace* over again from cover to cover once a year as long as she lived, certainly every year after she got hold of Louise and Aylmer Maude's translation published by the Oxford University Press. She knew it by heart.

The last time I read *War and Peace* aloud to her from cover to cover was in 1951 close to the end of her days. She held my hand and followed every word, but she was too feeble to talk, I was too deaf to hear. When I looked up from the book, our eyes met in mutual love and sympathy. Her bright smile haunts me still—thank God for that!

It is quite customary to speak of the earth disparagingly as a vale of tears. I may have used that phrase myself when I was down in the dumps. Yet I know by experience, there are joys on earth which, I believe, are unsurpassed in heaven. The happiness Jeannie and I shared together in our little two-room apartment under Mrs. Kellner's roof and watchful eye was like the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

Outside our humble abode, the place we enjoyed most in Geneva was the delightful home of the Lovetts on South Main Street at the corner of Hamilton Street about midway between Park Place and the college campus; for the Lovetts (Mr. and Mrs. Lovett and their two sons and two daughters between ten and eighteen years of age), one and all, were certainly as charming a family of gentle-folks as ever

lived in Ontario County in Western New York. To Jeannie and me they were hail-fellows-well-met.

Jeannie, coming home from market one bitter cold day in February, had an armful of bundles, one of which fell on the pavement. A tall gentleman close behind her picked it up for her and said in the pleasantest voice: "I'm going by your house, put your hands in your pockets, and let me carry your parcels." That was the way we first came to know Mr. Lovett and soon afterwards got to be intimate friends of all the members of the Lovett family. I shall never forget the first time I ever crossed the threshold of their beautiful home: the big sitting room was so cheerful and spacious; the wicker chairs with cushions in them were so light and comfortable; the light blue *fleur-de-lis* rugs strewn on the floor were so harmonious and tasteful; above all Mrs. Lovett was so hospitable and so agreeable; the picture stands before me just as it was then. That was the beginning of a mutual friendship that never waned as long as Mr. and Mrs. Lovett lived.

By the side of Mr. Lovett I was a dwarf; he was fully seven feet tall, and as handsome as he was lofty. When he stood in the centre of the room and with his kindly eye looked down on all the bystanders, he was kingly. As yet in the prime of life, Mr. Lovett wore a close-cut, iron-grey beard that blended perfectly with his sunburnt, almost swarthy complexion; and had it not been for his benign countenance, he might easily have been taken for a Spanish *conquistador* come to life in a northern clime.

Already in his lifetime Mr. Lovett had roamed all over the globe and would have been almost as much at home at Sheppard's Hotel in Cairo as he was at the club in Geneva, N. Y., where he and Dr. Durfee played billiards. He had nothing on earth to do, and he did it with all the nonchalance of Walt Whitman. Just to see him saunter down the street, usually bare-headed winter and summer, with his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his Brobdingnagian trousers, was enough to make an ordinary loafer turn green with envy.

Mr. Lovett had a sail-boat and was an expert sailor, as one had to be if he ventured forth on the treacherous waters of Seneca Lake. He was the skipper and one of his two youngest children took the rudder, either his son Norman or his daughter Eleanor, though they were both under twelve years of age. Two or three times Jeannie and I were invited to go for a sail and went with him, for we were ignorant of squalls and did not know the risk we took.

Dear Mrs. Lovett was, I think, the bright particular star of all that galaxy. She was clever and witty, blithe and gay, and to me an unfailing source of delight whenever I was with her. She was very fond of Jeannie, and we both admired and loved her.

The children were like their parents, handsome and debonair, helpful and jolly. The two boys, Louis and Norman, are dead now

(1954); the only survivors of all that group are Kathleen and Eleanor.

Spring takes a long time to come in Geneva, but when it does come about May Day, it comes in all its splendour. Then Jeannie filled all her vases with flowers, just as she used to do at Old Bellevue; and I was nearly bitten to death by mosquitoes on the margin of the lake where I went to get wild-flowers. My first session in Hobart College was coming to an end. Dr. Hamilton Smith had both resigned and died; and I was to be full professor at a salary of \$1200. We had many irons in the fire. For one thing we were going to house-keeping next year, and we already had our eye on the house we were going to rent round the corner from the Lovett's.

The session of 1899-1900 in Hobart College came to an end; a memorandum tells me that the baccalaureate sermon was preached 17 June by the Bishop of the diocese of Western New York. My contract with Mrs. Kellner expired about the same time also. Jeannie and I packed our belongings and stored them somewhere, perhaps in Mrs. Kellner's house. Like homing pigeons, we were going back to Virginia to spend the summer and make ready for the big adventure we knew was coming in the autumn. Accordingly, Wednesday, 20 June, Jeannie and I were on board the Lehigh Valley "Black Diamond" fast passenger train *en route* to Philadelphia where we planned to spend the night. How was I to know that the Republican National Convention was in session in Philadelphia? and that there was not a vacant room for rent anywhere in the city that night when President McKinley was being nominated for a second term and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt for his running-mate? If I had had my wits about me, I would have gone on to Baltimore or Washington either of which cities could have been reached before midnight. As it turned out, I paid an exorbitant price for a filthy room close to the old Broad Street Station, Jeannie did not sleep a wink all night long, and I was in high disfavour next morning. However, we were up early and got a good breakfast at Acker Merrill's; that evening we caught the Norfolk boat at Washington and reached Norfolk Friday morning in time to have breakfast with Mother and Evelyn. We stayed nearly a whole month in Norfolk; then (20 July) went to Bellevue and stayed nearly two months. Before we left, Mother paid her first visit to Old Bellevue (15 August—3 September) and was so enchanted that thereafter for the rest of her days a summer hardly ever passed without Mother's coming to Bellevue.

Here again my memory of that first summer in Virginia after our marriage is all blurred. Emily Abbot must have been getting ready to

go to Miss Duval's fashionable finishing school for young ladies in Staunton for the session 1900-01; which was a big adventure in her life and proved of much consequence in the subsequent history of Old Bellevue. All I know for certain is that Jeannie and I were never apart from each other a single day and rather impatient when September came to go back to Geneva and settle down in the little new house (76 Hamilton Street) next the Lovetts' back-yard which we had rented from old Mr. George Nicholas for \$25. a month. All summer long we had been accumulating odds and ends of furniture, first in Norfolk and then at Bellevue, that had all to be crated and sent to Geneva by freight. Moreover, we had ransacked the woods around Bellevue and found an uncouth coloured girl to take with us to Geneva for maid-of-all-work, absolutely untrained and untried. Her name was Ariana, and while it had a classical sound, she herself was pure heathen and, I believe, less than half-witted.

Accordingly, Jeannie and I, with Ariana on a leash, returned to Norfolk for a day or two and then proceeded to Geneva, reaching there 16 September, and next day we were in our new home. It was in a good neighbourhood, not only close to the Lovetts, but directly opposite the rich Herrendeens (stove-manufacturers who sold us a good kitchen-range at a very reduced price) and diagonally across the street from the Misses Hopkins, two aristocratic old ladies, who did us many favours.

What a pleasant, comfortable little house it was! two storeys besides attic above (where Ariana lived in luxury) and big basement underground, all brand-new and equipped with steam-heat, electricity and modern conveniences. The only lack was that we had so little furniture, two of the five or six rooms, one downstairs and the other upstairs, were as yet not furnished at all. "Never mind," we said to each other, "Rome was not built in a day."

My private delight was a photographic dark-room which I made myself in a corner of the spacious cellar. I believe Dr. Durfee helped me with that job, and if so, that is the explanation of its excellence. It had every convenience in the way of plumbing, lighting and ventilation.

Down in the basement also Jeannie kept a keg of ale on tap—that good country ale that was brewed in western New York and cost mightly little in those days. It rested on a high stool, and all she had to do was to hold a pitcher, turn on the spigot, and fill the pitcher to the brim. Then she would take it upstairs to Dr. Durfee and Mr. Lovett who happened to be there some time or other nearly every day; for when Jeannie came back to town and had a house of her own, Durfee and Lovett quit loafing at the club and hung around Jeannie instead. I didn't blame them, in fact I did the same thing myself, for she certainly was sitting pretty with her

embroidery in her lap and her hair tucked up in a Grecian knot. That was as good company as I ever enjoyed in my life, but it kept me from preparing my lectures as I knew I ought to have been doing.

The first piece of furniture I bought in Geneva was a rocking-chair for Dr. Durfee to sit in. Mr. Lovett did not mind sitting on the floor, especially as he was liable to break any ordinary chair and land on the floor anyhow.

Nominally, I was a student, and occasionally I wrote a scientific paper. The words were long and hard to spell; I needed a good dictionary. So one day I wrote to John Wanamaker in Philadelphia and asked him to send me Funk & Wagnall's huge *Standard Dictionary of the English Language*, price \$5., as advertised. It was an extravagance, but I deemed it justifiable, and considered it in the nature of an investment, as indeed it turned out to be; for here, considerably more than half a century old now, both of its board-covers gone, yet otherwise in good condition still, it sits by my desk today, though it is too heavy for me to use and the type is too fine for me to see. The vain-glorious inscription on the fly-leaf is as legible as it was the day it was penned, 11 October 1900: "To dear little Jeannie from her lord and master." Of course, she didn't need a dictionary and didn't want it, but I had covenanted to endow her with all my wordly goods, and as soon as I came in possession of any new article, even a pair of pajamas, I made it over to her immediately. I think she must never have noticed the inscription; else she might have boxed my ears; which was exactly what I hoped she would do. It was absurd for me to be Jeannie's husband; we both knew it, and that was what made it so agreeable.

The fact was, at that particular time my Jeannie was doubtless not in the mood for banter or playfulness of any kind; she was face to face with a great and serious adventure, though neither she nor I realised how close it was at hand. It was Saturday evening (two days after the dictionary came), we had just finished dinner, one of those good dinners that Jeannie cooked herself. She got up from the table and went into the kitchen to tell Ariana what to have for breakfast; and then, without my noticing it, went upstairs and called down that she had been working hard all day and was tired: "I am going to undress, get in bed and have, I hope, a long night's sleep." Dear, beautiful Jeannie! I suppose I went to her room and kissed her Goodnight.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep"—
that was a boon not to be vouchsafed to anybody under that roof all night long, least of all to my precious wife!

We knew of course that the Baby was coming but never dreamed

he or she was so imminent. Jeannie had counted on Loulie's coming next month and being there in ample time to help her at that crucial hour; and that was why we were anxious to get that as yet unfurnished chamber ready for Loulie's reception.

Rather unexpectedly, but much to my delight, Dr. Durfee, who usually came in the daytime, dropped in to see us soon after dinner, and was visibly disappointed when I told him Jeannie had gone to bed. It was lucky, his coming that evening. He was one of those true friends in need that are friends indeed, always within reach when it was time to be helpful. He sat down in his rocking-chair and lighted his pipe; we drank our ale and talked agreeably. Presently (about nine o'clock I reckon), Jeannie called from her room upstairs; there was something strange in the tone of her voice; I ran to her bedroom, two steps at a time. She was sitting up in bed, frightened to death, sobbing: "O me, O me! if only Mother and Loulie were here! Send for the doctor—quick!" I clasped her in my arms and shouted to Dr. Durfee who was then just outside the door: "Fetch Dr. Eddy!"—and away he sped, like an arrow from a bent bow. Ariana in her nightgown came down from the attic. I left Jeannie with her for a minute while I rushed across the street to get Mrs. Herrendeen, who had promised to help when the time came. She was the young mother of two or three children, kind, sensible, efficient and an expert in obstetrics. In less than five minutes she was at Jeannie's bedside and took command. She brought with her a big stock of helpful appliances; she knew what to do and how to do it.

Meanwhile, Dr. Eddy, a good physician, took the precaution to get a nurse and bring her with him, a big, sturdy young woman, who was competent enough but phlegmatic and uncharitable. By that time I had been hustled downstairs and was left to shift for myself.

Dr. Durfee brought Mr. Lovett back with him, and they kept me company nearly all night long while I paced up and down the floor and winced and shuddered every time I heard that heart-rending shriek from the bedroom upstairs. I am glad I cannot remember all the details of that long and dreadful night. Morning came; I recollect sitting by the nurse at the breakfast-table, drinking one cup of coffee after another, and begging her to say something that might cheer and comfort me; she was absolutely dumb, while the shrieks upstairs were louder and oftener than ever. I went out on the front porch, yet did not notice the empty truck backed up to the pavement early Sunday morning with two workmen in overalls standing by it. I heard a soft voice behind me, it was Mr. Lovett's: "Professor, Miss Loulie's room is ready," he said in my ear, "she can come any time now." The words did not

make sense or I did not comprehend them. I saw him wave to the men by the truck, and I saw the truck ascend the hill that led up to South Main Street. "Have you had breakfast?" I asked Mr. Lovett, and I think he said: "Oh, long ago." Dr. Durfee joined us: "Well, that was a quick job, and a slick one too," he said; "come upstairs and look at it." He led me to Loulie's room, and I was astonished; a few hours before it had been bare and absolutely empty, whereas now it was completely furnished, far better furnished than Jeannie's room across the hall: mattress and springs on the big bed, sheets, blankets, counterpane, pillows and pillow-cases all in place, clean towels by the washstand, window-shades and curtains. I must have asked: "Who hath wrought this miracle?" At any rate, Dr. Durfee answered me by pointing to Mr. Lovett: "Atticus," he said, leaving me more in the dark than ever. How was I to know (what I found out afterwards) that some time during that long night Mr. Lovett had gone from my house straight to his own attic where enough old furniture was stored to fill a warehouse, most of it good as new, and that then he had hired two stalwart men to haul a wagon-load of it down the hill and set it up all in place in Loulie's room? for that was just what he had finished doing before breakfast. "The pictures are in the attic too," said Atticus, "but I thought it best to wait until Loulie comes and let her choose the ones she likes." I stared at him, not comprehending.

All I was aware of was that the long, dark night was gone, it was daylight; yet Jeannie was in agony still, and there was nothing, nothing I could do. I sat down on Loulie's appointed bed, folded my arms, and waited. Presently, there was a lull inside the chamber across the hall; a hand touched my shoulder; it was Dr. Eddy's; I looked up at him. "All's well," he answered and vanished in the bathroom before I could leap up and embrace him. Deliverance had come at last!

Shortly before eleven o'clock Sunday morning, 14 October 1900, our "Little Jim" was born, plump and red as a pumpkin; but my recollection of him that first day is exceedingly dim. The nurse brought him out in the hall for me to see.

"A heedless gaze,

As o'er some stranger glancing,"

was as much as I vouchsafed him; and he was equally indifferent to me. I had to wait, it seemed to me a half-hour, before they let me enter Jeannie's room. She smiled as I came, trembling, towards her; the babe was by her side and on her arm; it was a heavenly sight to see. I leaned down and kissed her; I put her cheek to mine and sobbed for joy. Yet I was afraid to take her in my arms, afraid to molest her after all she had suffered and endured, afraid too of arousing baby's indignation,

now that he was so blissful after getting back in mother's soft embrace. They would not let me stay long. Jeannie pressed my hand and looked fondly in my eyes. The nurse beckoned and pointed to the door. Jeannie was exhausted and went to sleep as I went downstairs.

I avoided the company in the sitting-room and out on the front porch and stole out the back way. I was tired too and wanted to be by myself; I had been frightened to death and had to regain my poise; besides, I had something on my mind that had to be done, and done quickly. I walked down-town to the Western Union telegraph office and, first of all, sent this message to Loulie: "Unto us a son was born today. Hasten here and bring your golf-sticks."

Loulie was prompt and punctual as Stonewall Jackson. The following Wednesday evening I was at the station to meet her. She was so stylish-looking when she got off the train and so *distinguée* that I verily believe the porter took her for the Duchess of Marlborough. "*So pius Aeneas* is proud *pater* now," was her greeting to me.—"Yes," said I, "some are born great, and some have greatness thrust upon them. You are in class A, and I am in class B; but Geneva is not Bellevue, and now that you are here in my dominions, so to speak, I must insist on your showing me the respect that is my honest due. I am *paterfamilias* in Geneva and may get to be an alderman."

From the moment Loulie arrived in Geneva we had smooth sailing and soon were able to dispense with the big, taciturn nurse, who was mechanically efficient enough but got on Jeannie's nerves, and on my nerves too. Loulie was wild with delight over the baby, who showed plainly that next to his mother he preferred his Aunt Loulie to any other human being, not excepting me; though by this time he and I, still preserving a proper distance between us, were getting to be on fairly good terms. Loulie thought our little house was charming. She had expected to have to sleep on a trundle-bed and dress in the bathroom, and was agreeably surprised when she found she had a completely furnished guest-room all to herself. She and Mr. Lovett (who came to see her the first morning after her arrival) fitted each other as though they had been made to order for that purpose; and soon he and Loulie were to be seen together all over town, certainly one of the pleasantest and most picturesque sights to be seen in Geneva that winter. Loulie made a big hit in western New York and was invited everywhere in Ontario County. She stayed with us nearly eight weeks, and I really believe she never had a better time in her life.

Jeannie recovered quickly from her confinement and was as active and gay as a young mother can be; which is very gay indeed in spite of all the diapers and concomitants of a sprightly, new-born infant.

One of the concluding events of the nineteenth century was the christening, Sunday, 9 December 1900, of Master James Cocke Southall (the name of his deceased grandfather); who by that time had grown to be a perfect little gentleman and behaved with the utmost decorum on this occasion. The ceremony took place in the Chapel of Hobart College and was performed by my colleague and friend, Dr. Joseph A. Leighton (who, I hope, is still alive, though I have lost touch with him in the last two or three years). Little Jim's godmother was his dear Aunt Loulie, and his two godfathers were Dr. Durfee and Mr. Lovett who had known him from his birth. Both Jeannie and I rejoiced to think that no little boy had ever started out in this world under better auspices. (That christening day is so long ago, it is like ancient history now: Little Jim at the font of the Chapel of Hobart College seems to me in my old age as though it were contemporary with Moses in the bulrushes of the Nile!)

Three days later Loulie, who had been a godsend to us, both useful and ornamental, took her departure, much to our regret, and went back home to Old Bellevue in time for Christmas. I daresay she was really more needed there than she was in Geneva; for of all her brothers and sisters Charley was the only one who stayed with her mother and father the long time she was away. Old Bellevue, for the first Christmas anybody could remember, was lonesome at the end of the century. Emily came home from school in Staunton, and no doubt brought school-mates with her, minnows and fresh bait for Charley. Frank Abbot was still abroad, and, for aught I know, may have celebrated *Noël* 1900 in Paris.

What I do know is that Jeannie and I (including Little Jim of course) had Christmas dinner with the Lovetts. That was another Christmas Day I have never forgotten, for it was as merry as Christmas at Old Bellevue. If I took notice of its being at the turn of the century, it was when I put my arm round Jeannie's waist and tried my best to dance the Highland Fling, for I honestly believe that then I was the happiest man in the world.

Ere the new century was a month old, Queen Victoria, who was Great Britain incarnate, ended her long reign and gave up the ghost. It is a little remarkable, how closely the end of an era coincided with the end of the nineteenth century. On the day of the funeral, I attended the solemn service in the Chapel of Hobart College; Dr. Leighton, who was a "Britisher" (or at any rate a native of Canada), was so overcome with emotion that it was as much as he could do to find the right place in the prayer-book; but I doubt whether I shed a tear. What did I care? I was alive, and life was too good to be true!

Professor Rowland, still in his prime, died that year also (1901), I believe from a fall from his horse. His brilliant career came to an end at the time when modern physics (as distinguished from the so-called classical physics that stemmed from Galileo, Newton and Huygens) was coming to birth. Little did I realise then how hard it would be for the men of my generation to keep pace with "the brave new world" that was going faster and faster and taking shape from one year to the next.

Early in April 1901, in the middle of the night (not more than two or three minutes before my 30th birthday), Jeannie and I were roused from sleep by a sudden and totally unexpected commotion in the attic over our heads. Before I could sit up in bed, the coloured girl Ariana, bare-footed and in her night-gown, shrieking at the top of her voice, flitted past the open door of our room, on her way downstairs. I called to her, but she neither paused nor heeded; I heard her unbolt the front door and bang it behind her. I leaped out of bed, put on my slippers, and rushed down the steps, hoping to overtake her. It was snowing hard outdoors, two or three inches were on the pavement already. I shivered with cold as I stood on the porch and saw that ghost-like figure under the street-lamp just before it disappeared round the downhill-corner less than half a block away. Ariana was still shouting, and as well as I could make out, her constant refrain was that either I or Jeannie (Mr. or Mrs., I couldn't tell which) had "done turned into the devil!"—an accusation that I was afraid our neighbours would hear.

There was nothing I could do about it at that time of night with snow on the ground, and I went back upstairs to Jeannie, who by this time was terribly alarmed and all unnerved. Our worst apprehension was that this poor coloured girl, naked out in the midnight snow, would catch her death from pneumonia. There was no clue to her behaviour; nothing had happened that day to make us fear she would go crazy or run amuck. We knew she did not have a grain of sense and was nearly half-witted; she was stupid but rather amiable. During the half-year she had lived with us, she had made friends in the queer little colony of negroes in the town and used to visit them especially in the evening after dinner; and one time she came home so late (after I had gone to bed) that I gave her a good scolding. The only way I could account for her flight was that she had had nightmare and was walking in her sleep.

Ariana was arrested before dawn and locked up in jail. I never could ascertain the particulars. By the end of the week she was taken to Willard Asylum for observation, and in less than a month she was transported to Virginia and turned over to the negro asylum perhaps

at Petersburg. Within a year she was back home in her father's cabin in the vicinity of Bellevue. Jeannie and I never laid eyes on her again.

This disagreeable episode weighed on Jeannie's mind. A Southerner in a northern town, she was afraid of being suspected of unkindness towards a negro-servant-girl employed by her; but as far as I know, that thought never entered anybody's head in Geneva. "All's well that ends well." Jeannie had to have somebody to help with the baby, and, as usual, her mother came to her rescue. Mrs. Abbot, always totally unselfish, thought nothing of parting with her own best servant "Mandy" (Amanda Slaughter, Archie's unmarried sister); and in less than a week, according to my recollection, good and faithful Mandy was on the way to Geneva to take Ariana's place. It was a come-down for her, a leap-up for us. Mandy had no stain on her 'scutcheon, and, what is more, she conscientiously wiped away all stains that came to her notice; to her cleanliness was next to godliness, not as a motto but as an axiom of Moses. She held Jeannie in the highest esteem as being an Abbot by birth, she held me in disdain for being a spurious Abbot. Undoubtably, Mandy was a great acquisition: Jeannie and she were old friends; Little Jim was passionately devoted to her; and though she and I were scarcely on speaking terms the whole time she was with us, I recognised her worth and put up with her scorn.

It would take too long to tell about Mandy in Geneva, where she made a big impression. Mrs. Lovett took a great fancy to Mandy, took her under her wing, so to speak, and finally took her to the fashionable Episcopal church and bade the usher to escort her to the front pew, much to Mandy's embarrassment. When Mandy came home that Sunday, Jeannie asked her if she had enjoyed the sermon. "Yes'm, Miss Jeannie," Mandy replied a little doubtfully, "I enj'yed it, and I heard every word the preacher said, 'cause I was right there under his nose, only it was kinder over my head." Mandy paused, her face brightened, and she continued: "But when he got on the Prodigal Son, I tracked him then!"

Here I must insert also a short anecdote about Ariana which Jeannie was fond of relating. It was nearly one o'clock, time for me to come home for lunch, and Jeannie, doing her embroidery in the sitting-room, was expecting me. The front door opened, and Jeannie called behind her back: "Is that you, Sweety?"—Ariana shut the door and answered: "This ain't no Sweety!" That reply got to be a form of salutation in the Abbot family, to let the company know who you were not.

The greatest additional pleasure we had that summer (the only summer we ever were in Geneva) was a visit from Mother, who came by herself all the way from Norfolk near the end of June. She stayed a long time and got well acquainted with all our friends. She was

particularly fond of Irene Coit Graves, the charming young wife of Henry B. Graves, Esq., who is now a hale and hearty nonagenarian and until quite recently used to come in an air-plane to see me once a year. Little Jim seemed to know instinctively that "'Liza" was his grandmother and liked to lie in her lap; yet he couldn't help feeling that Mandy's lap was safer.

It was a heavenly time when Jeannie and I lived in Geneva, and Little Jim came down from the sky, as it seemed to me, and entered into all our happiness. If there was any cloud on the horizon or any anxiety (as I suppose there must have been now and then, considering that we were human beings and inherited the curse of original sin), it was wiped from memory long ago.

"Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

Undoubtedly, I must have been grief-stricken when, before the first of June, I heard of the untimely death of my beloved cousin and boyhood-playmate, Emily Voss Southall (1869-1901), "Dolly," as she used always to be called. She was certainly one of the loveliest and gayest girls that ever lived on earth. A host of swains pursued her when she grew up in Charlottesville, among whom I remember especially James Lindsay Gordon and Charles Venable Carrington. "Dolly" married Thomas L. Waters and went to Washington to live. The last time I ever saw her was in her home in that city the first day of Spring 1898; and I had a presentiment then that all was not well with her.

About a month after "Dolly" 's death, Cantey McDowell Venable (young Mrs. Clarence Dallam, of Paducah, Ky.) died also. She was the younger of Natalie Venable's two elder sisters.

Leap in the Dark (1901-02)

"I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference."

ROBERT FROST

TO ME now looking backward over more than fifty years, the transition from the nineteenth century to the twentieth century seems as abrupt and revolutionary as the change in the Bible from the Old Testament to the New Testament; and yet at the time it was so smooth and noiseless that those of us who were adults then were blissfully unconscious of the storm that was brewing and that would come upon us like lightning in a dozen years or more in what, for lack of a better name, is still called The First World War. Old things that we cherished were being discarded; novel ideas were being promulgated and sent up like trial-balloons, most of them soon to fall to the ground, be extinguished and forgotten. Yet not a few of these new notions had the seed of life within them and were destined to bear fruit, sweet or unpalatable, every man according to his taste.

Even at the outset of the new century the change from the Old South to the New South was already far along. In Virginia the troubling of the waters was easily to be seen in the field of education. I suppose the best illustration of what was taking place there was the long and bitter agitation in the University of Virginia over the remodelling of Mr. Jefferson's "academic village" and conforming it to the pattern of the big colleges in the North (especially Harvard, Yale and Princeton); which culminated finally in 1904 in the choice of Dr. Edwin A. Alderman (1861—1932) as first president of an institution that up to that time was *sui generis* in the United States and had for at least two generations wielded a kind of hegemony over all the schools in the South; a primacy which it lost and never afterwards regained. Dr. Alderman was himself a product and living symbol of the New South, a gentleman and a scholar, who made the undignified faculty of the university array themselves in caps and gowns on "Founder's Day" (as Mr. Jefferson's birthday came to be called) and march in

procession the whole length of The Lawn from the Rotunda to Cabell Hall. It was like Susie Minor's "Roman Triumph"!

Mr. Abbot, who was past three score years of age, was a keen and intelligent observer of the signs of the times and the trend of events. He had devoted much study to the subject of education and, I daresay, was more abreast of the best thinking in that field in Europe and America than any schoolmaster of that day in the state of Virginia. The old "field-schools" (such as famous Hanover Academy, for example, where Lewis Minor Coleman had taught the classics, indoors or outdoors, at noon or at midnight, just as the fancy took him) had all long since vanished (see Matthew Page Andrews, *Virginia The Old Dominion*, 365-6), no doubt naturally enough; but, what was worse, from the standpoint of the established private academies that still continued to flourish in Virginia (Episcopal High School, Bellevue, McCabe's, McGuire's, Norfolk Academy, etc.), was that the whole scheme of secondary education was being challenged and overhauled, not so much from within as from pressure outside that was bent on refashioning it on a different foundation. The indictment was two-fold: (1) The curriculum was outmoded, too much classics and too little science; and (2) The accommodations and equipment were wholly inadequate. What was needed were new dormitories, laboratories and gymnasiums.

Of late years Bellevue High School had begun to decline. There was no lack of pupils, but, generally speaking, the pupils themselves were of lower grade and inferior quality as compared with their predecessors in the 70's and 80's, and were no longer scions and representatives of the cultured and aristocratic families throughout the South. Parents, some of whom had never been to school and had little or no conception of real education, told Mr. Abbot for one thing that modern school-boys were not used to sleeping on shuck-mattresses, much less to getting out of bed on a cold morning and kindling the fire in the grate; or, to put it more plainly, the modern school-boy had to have not only a soft bed but steam heat also and a sanitary bath-room. I believe this ultimatum was the straw that broke the camel's back; at any rate by the end of the gay nineties, the Principal of Bellevue High School, who had given the best years of his life to his task, was beginning seriously to consider giving up the school rather than giving in to all this clamour. This was the problem that confronted him and was being revolved in his mind when I came down from Geneva like a wolf on the fold and snatched his daughter from him.

The prestige of Bellevue High School for Boys was very high. Mr. Abbot was proud of its record and gratified by its renown. He hoped

that one of his sons, preferably his eldest son, in whom he had great confidence, would take up where he left off and carry on the school for another generation at least. In some ways Willy was a chip of the old block and for that very reason not likely to work well in harness with his father. One or the other had to take command, and Mr. Abbot was not quite ready to abdicate and give Willy free rein. Besides, Willy was not a scholar and high priest on the order of either Mr. Holcombe or Mr. Abbot. He had much ability and self-reliance, but he had no zest for teaching. On the whole, it was well that this first plan fell through, and Willy went to Bedford City to practise law for which he had great talent.

The first time I was at Bellevue Charley Abbot had already succeeded Willy as his father's right bower and was being groomed for the rank of associate principal of the school. Charley was cut out for a teacher and was both loved and admired by his pupils, but he was not a captain in any sense of the word. The most that could be said for him was that he was a first-rate subaltern, perfectly obedient and subservient, without a particle of initiative. In my opinion, both father and son were to blame: the elder for not giving his son a chance to take command, the younger for not asserting himself and showing his mettle.

The consequence was, after taking everything in consideration and weighing the situation carefully, Mr. Abbot regretfully came to the decision to close the school and end its existence. Everybody, I believe, was dumbfounded when he made the announcement at the conclusion of the session 1900-01, the new century not yet a half-year old. Patrons and pupils were dismayed. To the country-folk all around who were used to school and school-boys year in and year out and indeed were more or less dependent on them, it was like saying that Elk Creek had gone dry and would never flow again.

Doubtless Mr. and Mrs. Abbot, who were getting along in years, felt at first a sense of relief and release. Nevertheless, Mr. Abbot made a mistake; he acted too soon. He mortally wounded the school and afterwards repented. The session 1901-02 was a hiatus; there was no school that year, but, as will be seen presently, it was resuscitated and went on crutches for seven or eight years longer.

The other signal event at Old Bellevue about the beginning of summer (soon after the end of the session) was Emily Abbot's historic first house-party in which the chief participants were *les jeunes filles en fleurs* together with their camp-followers for *beaux*. I was not there on that festive occasion, but I heard about it afterwards and witnessed its consequences. It was the fountain-spring of the first "New Deal" or

Raw Deal in the United States, as notable in the annals of Old Bellevue as the Council of Nicea in the Catholic Church.

Emily Abbot was eighteen years old the year she went to school in Staunton. My information concerning that time in her career is meagre and untrustworthy too. Emily herself was reticent on the subject. Her school-mates boasted and giggled so much whenever they alluded to their exploits that I never succeeded in obtaining a coherent picture of what went on in that seminary. However, one fact was plain: Emily Abbot, without making the least effort, was the most popular girl in school that year; in that respect she was like her big brother Bill who in his college-days had a troop of followers at his heels. The other item of information came from Emily's boon-companion, Anne Churchill Berkeley (known far and wide as "Annie C."). She crossed her heart and told me on her word of honour that both she and Emily had graduated in Conic Sections, if not *magnâ cum laude*, yet unequivocally and with room to spare. This was hard for me to swallow, for knowing Emily and Annie C. as I did for years and years, I would be willing to bet my last dollar that neither of them would recognise an ellipse if she saw it or could tell the difference of a parabola from an opossum.

I cannot have misunderstood Annie C., for I made her repeat her statement, not once, but once every year for half a century. The only way I can account for it is that it was gross exaggeration. The teacher of mathematics at Miss Duval's finishing school for young ladies was Mr. Berkeley Minor, not only a scholar but a gentleman of spotless reputation. In a roundabout way Emily and Annie C. were both cousins of Mr. Minor. If either of those girls was in his class and got a passing mark, it was nepotism pure and simple, or else a flirtation was in progress. I can't believe Mr. Minor was guilty of the former or susceptible to the latter. The story involves three individuals, each with an unblemished reputation; yet the truth of the story remains a puzzle to this day.

The chief *débutantes* at Emily's coming-out party were her three first lieutenants, namely: Annie C. Berkeley of Danville (at least that was the way she signed her name like John Randolph of Roanoke); Mary Beirne, whose bailiwick was Richmond and vicinity; and Emily Peter, who originated not far from the banks of the Potomac. They are all historical characters, there is no need to describe them. Suffice it to say, they had every conceivable virtue and no vices to speak of. Their attitudes were those of the Three Little Maids from School in *The Mikado*—just as cute and just as fetching. Old Bellevue succumbed to them, much in the same way as the school-boys took measles, because they couldn't help it. Loulie aided and abetted them, for she doted on Emily and connived at all her projects, even the most subversive and

revolutionary. Naturally, Charley fell in love with Emily's charming hand-maidens, each in turn, and buzzed like a bee from flower to flower. Mary Beirne (who was pretty as a picture and smart as a steel-trap) said, "Time and tide wait for no man," and annexed or partitioned Charley with as little compunction as Adolf Hitler afterwards displayed towards Poland.

Of late years Mr. Abbot had had another trouble on his mind in addition to perplexity of coming to a decision about the school. He was worried about Sister Lucy and her family. Things had been going badly in Kansas City. The boom had collapsed, and instead of everybody being richer, nearly everybody was down and out. One of the luckless victims was Brother Dan or "Mister Henderson" (as Lucy, who dearly loved him, never got out of the habit of calling him). He had been well-to-do when he and Lucy were married, but now (I suppose) he had lost every penny he had in the world and was heavily in debt besides—literally without a roof over his head. He had to start life all over again. The consequence was that, being a lawyer by profession, he soon got to be a leading attorney for various tribes of Indians scattered all over the country in Michigan, the Dakotas, California and Oklahoma. These tribes had very considerable claims against the government of the United States. The litigation was complex and long drawn out, and even when the cases were decided in favour of the Indians, the money had to be appropriated by Congress, and that took a long time also. Mr. Henderson's headquarters and office were nominally in Washington, but a big part of his time was taken up in visiting the Indian Reservations for the purpose of obtaining the requisite data and affidavits for the preparation and conduct of the lawsuits. It was a tedious business and unremunerative as long as the cases were still pending in the courts and waiting on Congress. For years Mr. Henderson had a hard time of it and was separated from his family except for brief and occasional visits. He triumphed in the end and eventually got a substantial fee for his reward; but the reward was not till near the end of his life when he himself was too old and infirm to enjoy more than the satisfaction of his hard-earned success.

It is an ill wind that blows no good. Sister Lucy had to abandon her home in Kansas City, but the result was she came back to Old Bellevue again and lived there or close to it practically all the rest of her days. It was hard on her to have to be separated from her husband and hard too to take care of her big family all by herself and with very little means of support. On the other hand, "the return of the native" to Old Bellevue was felt to be a blessing by the old folks at home and her brothers and sisters. She came about the middle of September 1901

and took up her abode in the two eastern rooms of lower Siberia; and there, with all her "livestock" (six children to start with and two more to come), Sister Lucy dwelt more than half a dozen years till she moved to "Trivium" less than a mile away. At the outset Little Lucy, the oldest of the children, was thirteen years of age and already quite a competent nurse for the babies, Virginia and Frances ("Ginna" and "Pons"), four and two years old, respectively.

The apartment of two rooms in Siberia must have been awfully crowded for Sister Lucy and all her offspring. I suppose they had their meals in the big house along with everybody else, but I have forgotten. My recollection is that sooner or later Loulie "adopted" little Frances and kept her in her room upstairs.

It was when Sister Lucy came to live in Siberia that I got to know her well and was soon devoted to her. She was not only agreeable but lovable beyond all that words can say. She made sunshine wherever she was and was a tower of strength in the hour of need. Dear Sister Lucy had so many beautiful traits of character that it would be hard to say which was best of all; but at this moment while I write the crowning virtue that excelled them all seems to me to have been her unswerving loyalty to all that she loved, things as well as persons. She loved intensely her traditions and childhood memories (including "the lost cause" and General Lee who died in her infancy); she loved her husband and children, and would have given her life for any one of them; she loved her father and mother and brothers and sisters (including me); and each of them loved her in return. Frank Abbot simply adored "'Cinda," as he called Sister Lucy affectionately. Lucy hated with vigour too. She hated "Readjusters" in Virginia politics in the early 1880's. I remember her flying into a rage with "Eula," the house-maid at "Trivium", because she waited on the table with her skirt "hind part before"; and I remember also her furious indignation with her own son Dan when he helped himself at breakfast to the last two batter-cakes.

Sister Lucy's picture (taken when she was sweet sixteen long before I ever saw her) hangs on the wall in the room where I am writing; it is one of my ikons. If I go over there and stand before it (as I often do), all her purity, loveliness and charm will flow out to me; then tears come in my eyes, for now

"I know, where'er I go,

That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

The Henderson children came at the right time to dispel the gloom that session (1901-2) when there was no school at Old Bellevue and Loulie and Emily moaned and groaned because school-teachers and school-boys, all who wore pantaloons, were nowhere to be seen. Those little Henderson boys and girls fresh from Kansas City made quite an animated congregation, had some mighty cute tricks and ingratiating qualities, and indeed enlivened Old Bellevue, not that one jejune

year only, but for many joyous years yet to come. You might almost say they were a godsend, as Sister Lucy herself undoubtedly was. The lasses were like molasses, sweet and sticky both. They and their brothers were useful too and not only helped their mother but went on errands for grandmother and grandfather. Charles and Abbot Henderson, who could be as stubborn as two Missouri mules when I essayed to give orders, were as complacent and polite as Little Lord Fauntleroy in the august presence of their grandfather. Master Charles soon got to be an exceedingly competent swine-herd (I suppose you might call him without being derogatory); his business was to feed the pigs. There is no counting the pailfuls of swill that little fellow "toted" from the pantry and emptied into the hog-trough not far from the kitchen without spilling a drop along the way, although he had to use one hand to hold his nose. Master Abbot, not nearly as exemplary and uncomplaining as his elder brother, did his fair share of drudgery too. He brought in wood for the fire and emptied the Siberian slops, often too close to the cistern in my judgment. If Abbot was rocking the baby to sleep, and I called out in derision "Weary Willy" from the upstairs porch, the retort I would be likely to get was a mouthful of Kansas City billingsgate.

In brief, Lucy and her children in Siberia were like my recollection of "The Swiss Family Robinson", each individual in his or her appointed place and all contributing with might and main to the general welfare. On Sunday the older children put on shoes and stockings, washed their faces, combed their hair and went to church; as I believe I have already related. Little Lucy sat next her grandmother and behaved with the utmost propriety. She did not need to be marked chemically pure or strictly pious; her countenance and whole demeanour proclaimed it. Jane, on the contrary, was just as plainly worldly-minded. I don't believe she opened her prayer-book, but she peered at every member of the congregation, those behind as well as those in front; and when the collect was read, she heeded it no more than if it had been a tinkling cymbal. I came to the conclusion that Jane was a heathen. I have a dim recollection of her brother Charles's taking up the collection one Sunday and holding the plate before me so long that at last I gave up a dime and blasphemed him under my breath. On the other hand, Mr. Christian Hutter, who usually passed the plate, never wasted his time trying to extort a mite from a niggard like me.

One habitual and indispensable inhabitant of Old Bellevue was absent the entire session of 1901-02 for the first and last time of his life (except the years when he was in college and one year long afterwards when he was exiled in Huddleston, a place not on the map).

Since there was no remunerative work for him to do at home that year, Charley Abbot got a post as principal of a public school in Norfolk and earned \$1200. During that time he was a frequent and most welcome visitor in the home of my mother and sister and made a multitude of new friends all over town; but he never ceased to be home-sick for Siberia and the Peaks of Otter.

Before the end of that memorable first summer of the new century, Jeannie and I, contrary to all our original plans and expectations, were back at Old Bellevue, with Little Jim in Mandy's arms; on the verge of a new and doubtful adventure. I take it for granted that the reader, having kept awake and not having skipped the end of the last chapter, distinctly remembers that, while Emily was having her first house-party, summer had come in Geneva also, and my dear mother had come all the way from Norfolk on purpose to see her little grandson and spend the summer with Jeannie and me in our nice little home on Hamilton Street.

Perhaps I forgot to mention (and if so, it was a bad oversight), that earlier in the winter our constant friend Mrs. Durfee had had a baby too, a little girl named Mary, and that consequently for months she and Jeannie had long conferences on the subject of rearing boys and girls not only to be healthful and robust but also to be (in the words of Milton) "dear to God and famous to all ages." The *rôle* of father was not a new one for Dr. Durfee, yet he was mighty proud of his new daughter and, according to Mr. Lovett, rather boastful. If he strutted, it was no more than I had been doing for several months all over town. The great difference between Dr. Durfee and me was that I could not "fling away ambition," whereas he was perfectly content to be Dean of Hobart College all the rest of his days.

I myself was disgruntled by the small wages I was getting; moreover, I was beginning to have some misgivings about Hobart College; it had great charm but lacked *vis viva*. Nobody was hard at work, nobody had any anxiety or any zest. I was afraid of being anchored there and going to rust. Besides, I was vexed with President Jones and was more and more distrustful of him. Soon after I came to Hobart College he had volunteered and promised to give me a new laboratory and equipment; the need was beyond dispute. I drew up the plans and submitted them to him, on the basis of his own estimate of the cost; and that was the last I ever heard of that business. I tried to have a talk with him at the end of the session, but he and his rich wife vanished from Geneva the day after commencement and were to be away all summer in Newport, R. I., or at some other fashionable resort along the coast of New England. Dr. Durfee and I were almost the only members of the faculty

left in town that summer. Professor McDaniels, who, next to Durfee, was the most powerful friend I had in Hobart College, had gone to Kennebunkport in Maine, as he was in the habit of doing in vacation.

Such was the state of affairs in midsummer 1901 when quite unexpectedly I received a letter from the President of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute (at Auburn about 60 miles north of Montgomery) offering me the post of associate professor of physics with a salary of \$1600 and the prospect of speedy advancement. (Something was added about the possibility of getting a house rent-free.) I did not remember ever having heard of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, but I had often heard of the writer of the letter, Dr. LeRoy Broun, for he was a distinguished man and a friend of Colonel Venable and Dr. Mallet, and was held in high esteem by Captain Vawter.

Dr. William LeRoy Broun (1827-1902), who, according to my recollection, had been president, first, of the University of Tennessee and, second, of the University of Texas, before becoming president of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, was one of the foremost leaders of education in the South. In his cordial letter to me he spoke of his admiration of my father and of the pleasure it would be to him personally to have me as a member of his faculty. He himself was head of the department of physics and lectured to the senior class, but he was old and infirm and planned to relinquish that task. Indeed the situation there with respect to the chair of physics was quite similar to what it had been in Hobart College when I succeeded old Dr. Hamilton Smith.

Subsequently, I learned that during the civil war LeRoy Broun had been a lieutenant in "Southall's troop of artillery" that was organised and equipped by my uncle William Henry Southall (1826-1890); see *Va. Mag. Hist. & Biog.*, xxiv, 214 & xlv, 294. Later in the war he was transferred to the Ordnance Division of the Confederate War Department, and it was there I suppose that he got to be acquainted with Dr. Mallet. After the war was over he taught school at "Bloomfield" about five miles west of Charlottesville; where he must have come in contact with Mr. and Mrs. Abbot who lived in Charlottesville from 1865 to 1870.

It was incumbent on me to come to a quick decision one way or the other. Dr. Durfee wired immediately to Professor McDaniels in Maine and urged him to communicate with President Jones and devise some way of keeping me at Hobart College if possible. Jones was slow in replying to McDaniels, and it was a couple of weeks before Durfee got an answer from McDaniels. The latter wrote that the president declared he had already done everything in his power to induce me to stay at Hobart and could do no more. Actually there was not a scintilla of truth in that statement; Jones had had no communication with me

before he left Geneva and had not intimated a raise of salary. Unfortunately, McDaniels believed Jones and wrote Durfee that under the circumstances he saw no way of inducing me to remain if I was determined to go. I was incensed by that time; it seemed to me I had no alternative. Reluctant as I was to leave Geneva and all our friends there, and entirely ignorant of this far-off place in the deep South, I wrote Dr. Broun and accepted his proposal. It was rash, and it was foolish. "What fools these mortals be!" We had lived in our little home on Hamilton Street, where Little Jim was born, less than a year, and were blissfully happy. I have often wished that Jeannie and I had lived there all the rest of our days.

The time was short, the approaching session of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute was due to begin early in September. All our household goods, including the heavy kitchen-range from Mr. Herrendeen's stove-factory, had to be packed, crated and sent by freight across the width of the United States (from Lake Ontario, one might say, to the Gulf of Mexico). As always, Dr. Durfee came to my aid; he gave an entire week to doing the crating, and he did it so thoroughly that it was a Herculean task to uncrate it in Auburn afterwards. All this furniture was hauled to the freight-depot in Geneva and deposited in a single Lehigh Valley R. R. boxcar; the car was locked and sealed; and I made a note of its serial number in case it got lost between Geneva, N. Y., and Auburn, Ala., and I might have to trace it. In those days transportation by freight was reasonably safe, incredibly cheap, and everlastingly slow. I figured that it would probably be a month before the car got to Auburn, wherever that was.

The following day, 22 August (exactly three years from the date of my first journey with Jeannie to Old Bellevue), the sorrowful Virginians, that is, Jeannie, Mother and I, and Mandy with Little Geneva Jim in her arms, left the little house in Hamilton Street all littered with trash and got on board the train. Many of our friends were at the station to say Goodbye. There must have been tears in my eyes when I embraced Dr. Durfee and Mr. Lovett, and I believe there were tears in their eyes also; they were my staunch friends as long as they lived. At Washington Mother left our party and took the boat for her home in Norfolk, while the rest of us pursued our way to Old Bellevue.

President Jones returned to Geneva about a week before I departed, and I had the satisfaction of having one last interview with him. Dr. Durfee was present. I told Jones to his face that he had lied to Professor McDaniels. He did not try to deny it, he sobbed and admitted it. I turned and left him without another word.

Jones's career in Hobart College was short-lived. About a year

later Durfee wrote me that they were rid of him, and that the lie he told about his dealings with me was put in evidence against him.

Years afterwards when I was a professor in Columbia University and Rev. Dr. William Ellis Jones was Canon of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, I used to pass him occasionally on Morningside Drive. I recognised him, and I am sure he recognised me; but we passed each other as strangers.

No doubt, tired in mind and body, I may have had a head-ache on the train; if so, to alight at the Switch and be welcomed home again, I know, was enough to drive dull care away. Old Bellevue was for me a haven of rest where a servant came to the door of my room punctually every morning and blacked my boots before I got out of bed, and where I was sure a good breakfast and good company were waiting for me in the dining-room downstairs.

Even in those early days, long before the inhabitants of the United States lived in fear of the Kremlin and its "all-dreaded thunder-stone" or Hydrogen Bomb, I got in the habit of thinking of Old Bellevue as not only the nicest but the safest place on earth; and I still believe that even if Charlottesville, Richmond and Norfolk were wiped off the map by Muscovites, the site of Siberia would be the best refuge on the globe today.

I rested at Bellevue about a fortnight before continuing on the way to distant and unknown Alabama. The plan was to leave Jeannie and the baby in peace and plenty at Old Bellevue until the weather turned cool and I had had time to spy out the land and, if possible, find a pleasant habitation for them in the little village of Auburn. In the interval before I departed, Little Jim pushed forth two or three more teeth and won everybody's heart in his new surroundings. His grandfather took him on his knee and bounced him up in the air; and the little boy took great delight in pulling grandfather's white moustache. I noticed too that Emily was more respectful and affectionate to me, now that I had the rank of Little Jim's sire.

Then it was that Mr. Abbot and I drew nearer together. He was the only one of us all that seemed to be in high spirits. I believe he was truly glad to have the school off his mind for the first time in thirty years. We conversed like old comrades. It fortified me to know that he approved of my taking the bit in my mouth and taking his daughter to Alabama. I was grateful for his favour, yet I had grave doubt and was afraid I might be leaping from the frying pan into the fire.

Professor Thornton, who wrote the sketch of "A Virginian Schoolmaster", was a keen observer of human character. Of his long-time friend William R. Abbot and his capacity for friendship he

said truly, that he "was not a man for facile friendships; yet when he unlocked his bosom and opened it wide, the compact was sealed and signed without any more ceremony." I can boast that he was fondly attached to me all the rest of his days.

Ordinarily, the first week of September was the time of washing, scouring and scrubbing; putting everything in order for the opening of school. This year there was going to be no school. Old Bellevue was clean enough, it was quiescent and rather sombre. The servants were gloomy; the country-folk, who liked the school-boys and the pennies they spent in the neighbourhood, were disappointed and disgruntled. I happened to be at Goode one day and saw Mr. Jopling, justice of the peace; in his cane-bottom chair as usual propped back against the weather-boarding on the porch of Mr. Macauley's general-merchandise store. He was a dignified man even when he was drunk. He said to me solemnly that the closing of the school was nothing short of a calamity: "It's worse than the panic of ninety-three was in Goode when we had all them locus's besides!"

The very next day we heard of the dastardly assassination of President McKinley in Buffalo, N. Y. Loulie and Emily declared that the way things were going on in this world, it would not surprise either of them "if something like the French Revolution were to break out in Bedford City before Christmas—with not a school-boy at Bellevue to help nip it in the bud."

Bereavement (1901-02)

"What is this that God hath done unto us?"
Genesis, XLIII, 28.

IT TOOK all my courage to leave Jeannie and Little Jim at Old Bellevue and go alone more than a night's journey to some little village in the heart of Alabama. On our wedding day I had supplemented the vows in the prayer-book and solemnly sworn nevermore to be parted from my dear wife day or night; and now, less than two years afterwards, I was breaking my word and breaking my heart too; but there was no help for it. My feet faltered when, all alone, 8 September 1901, I stepped on board the southbound train in the station at Lynchburg. Worst of all, I was fearful of what might be in store for Jeannie when she rejoined me in that far country where neither she nor I had as yet set foot.

Shall I ever forget that lonesome and doleful ride when, waking in my berth early next morning and peeping through the window, I found that the coach was standing still in the station at Atlanta? It was as hot, in some ways as strange and foreign, as if I had come to Damascus. Before I had finished shaving and dressing in the filthy little toilet-room, the train had started again, and I was on the last lap of the long journey, not much more than a hundred miles still to go. Looking out of the window while I was eating breakfast, I saw for the first time in my life broad fields of ripe cotton glistening white in the glare of the sun which was already high in the sky. The sight of those cotton-fields sent a pang to my heart. I sighed, took out my watch, and turned the hands back to do over again the hour that went for naught when we changed at Atlanta from Eastern to Central Time. It was as much as I could do to munch the dry toast the waiter set before me; I could hardly bear to sip the lukewarm coffee that kept spilling over the edge of the cup and soiling the table-cloth. When I finished breakfast, it was not yet eight o'clock by the new time. I scribbled a short note to Jeannie just to tell her how I missed and longed for her already, yet I was afraid to let her see (as see she certainly would) the low state of my spirits now that I was deep in Dixie-land.

The conductor came and sat down in the seat beside me. He was a stout, fine-looking man about middle age, affable and genial. "How far is it to Auburn?" I asked him wearily. He pulled forth his big nickel-plated watch, glanced at it for a moment, and replied cheerfully: "Right on time to the dot, we are due at Auburn at nine-ten. It's the first stop after we pass Opelika. You've never been this way befo', suh?" he asked me, spreading out a time-table map and underscoring with a crayon-pencil Opelika and Auburn close together on it. "You're riding over one of the oldest railroads in the United States, Atlanta & West Point, built long befo' the wah, I tell you. I've been runnin' on it from Atlanta to Montgomery and back again ever since I growed up, till now I know every inch of it with my eyes shut." Just then the train was coming to an important station. The conductor got up to help some passengers who were getting off at West Point, Ga., but soon he was back again in the seat beside me, and had resumed his confidential soliloquy: "That's the Chattahoochee we have just crossed on that high bridge and now we're in Ala-bam-ma. These place-names are all Injun words. Opelika, that's Injun for Buzzard's Roost, so they tell me, but maybe they is jes' foolin'," he added with a chuckle. "It's a nice enough town now, nearly half a mile right along the track, but a dozen years ago, or maybe more than that, it was rough and tough, you betcha! I can remember when the passengers, and me too, all got down on our knees and crouched under the seats when the train passed Opelika without stopping. God A'mighty! how the bullets used to fly with glass scattered all over the seats and on the flo'! Those guys weren't tryin' to kill anybody, they was jes' shootin' at the windows. They had nothin' to do all day, they was jes' sittin' there all in a row, chewing' terbacker, ev'ry man in front of his shop with a rifle 'cross his knees, waitin' for the train to go by. Auburn's diff'rent from Opelika, not Injun at all—it's where the collidge is, but them Auburn cadets, I believe they is wuss than Injuns! They don't mean no harm, they's jes' full of life an' up to all kinds of devilment from mornin' to night and at night too. They never wait for the train to stop but climbs on board and jumps off again. One of these days there'll be an accident, and I'll be to blame! Folks say Auburn's the bes' all-roun' school in these parts, not excep'in' the University at Tuscaloosa or even Georgia-Tech in Atlanta; but I dunno, suh, I ain't never been to no collidge myself. It seems like people jes' as well off without eddication as with it. That whistle's blowin' for Opelika now."

My friend, the conductor whom I talked to on the train that day, was a mighty agreeable and intelligent gentleman. I found out afterwards that he was more or less typical of the average "man on

the street" I was likely to meet in Alabama, *in urbe* or *in rure*. He was warm-hearted, unpretentious and self-reliant; and he was pure Anglo-Saxon. He had latent ability and displayed it when he had the opportunity. Boys who graduated at Auburn made a good showing when they went to New York to earn a livelihood. The average white adult in Alabama did not have much education; he murdered the King's English without knowing or caring. He dropped his g's as a matter of course and ignored the letter r as though it did not belong to the alphabet at all. My intimate and accomplished colleague Professor Crenshaw told the servant to "shet that do'", and his command was executed to the letter. The double negative was used deliberately and invariably, by preference rather than from ignorance. It was "not no use" to remonstrate.

Five or six Auburn boys got on the train at Opelika, rather fine-looking fellows, I thought, without heeding them much one way or the other. I could tell they were cadets by their grey uniforms, patched and shabby though they were; for the Alabama Polytechnic Institute was a land-grant college (agricultural and mechanical), where the pupils were subject to a certain amount of military discipline and training. A few minutes later there I was standing in front of the little two-room wooden depot marked Auburn over the door; the train had gone, and I was left behind with my trunk a few yards away where it had been thrown from the baggage-car. I was at Auburn, Ala., beyond a shadow of a doubt. There were no shadows of any kind to screen me from the pitiless sun high overhead. A wide dirt-road leading uphill from the village two or three hundred yards away came up to the railway-track, crossed it at right angles, and disappeared behind me. The instant the train had passed all the by-standers at the station dispersed, and I was left standing alone except for a bare-footed coloured boy, who was the picture of woe and who had automatically taken charge of my luggage. I handed him my trunk-check and bade him put the trunk in the baggage-room. The station-agent inside was a pleasant-spoken young man who could have been taken for the son of the conductor on the train, he was so polite and accommodating. I took off my straw hat and wiped the perspiration from my brow. So forlorn I was that, although I had an appointment to see Dr. Broun in his office at the college by ten o'clock, I counted the little money I had left in my pocket and wondered whether it might not be best to sit on the bench in the waiting-room and wait for the next train back to Lynchburg. I had the feeling of standing on the edge of the world in either Alabama or Patagonia. I thought of Dr. Durfee: why had I ever left him? And I gazed across the track at a freight-car standing on the siding under the blazing sun and casting no shadow. "Lehigh Valley R.R." was painted on it in big

letters; somebody had chalked on the side "Geneva, N. Y." I had palpitation of the heart: "That settles it," I murmured; "everything I possess on earth is within that box-car; I'm anchored here on this spot." The station-agent told me the car had arrived a week ago and had been standing there ever since. I told him I would attend to it as soon as I could. "Don't hurry, no worry, it ain't in the way over there," he said cheerfully, sympathising with a stranger who was wiping his brow with a soiled handkerchief and did not know where to turn.

I set out for the college. The sad-looking coloured boy, a heavy satchel in each hand, led the way along the dirt-road, down one hill and up another, pausing every hundred yards to rest and change hands with the two satchels. My guide did his best to tell me the points of principal interest as we passed by them one after another, but it was hard for me to understand his peculiar jargon. He hoped I would deposit the satchels at "the hotel", the first building we came to at the top of the hill, but I nodded to him to go on all the way to the college. Evidently we were on the main street of the village which I believe is called "College Avenue". The odour of the butcher-shop in between the McElhaney Hotel and Zuber's "department store" comes back to me, not quite as evil now as it was *in esse* when I actually inhaled it. Across the street was a row of weather-beaten shops each of which I frequented afterwards (Mr. Little's feed-store, Mr. Dillard's grocery, Renfro's barber-shop, Dr. Yarborough's office, the hardware-shop whose proprietor, Mr. Harris, was the mayor of the town, a shoe-shop, and, last of all at the corner, Shell Toomer's drug-store with its big new soda-fountain).

Mr. Burton's book-shop, where I was wont to loiter when I lived in Auburn, was on the opposite side of the street also the first time I passed it; else I would certainly have paused in front of it to read the verse for the day that was chalked on the rubber blackboard on the little easel at the kerb-stone, for Mr. Burton was the poet-laureate of Auburn. How fondly I remember the fine gentleman he was! A staunch Presbyterian and certainly as abstemious a teetotaler as was ever born in Alabama, Mr. Burton had a cross to bear all the days I knew him: his bilious nose was the nose of a wine-bibber; W. C. Fields, had he seen it, would have envied Mr. Burton his scandalous nose! Occasionally, Mr. Burton (or rather his daughter, Lucile, who generally stood behind the counter) sold a book or two that was not a text-book, there was not much demand for books in Auburn; but most of the day, honest Mr. Burton sat at his desk in the rear of the shop and composed the psalm or the ditty (just as the fancy took him) that was to be chalked on the blackboard next day in his round Spencerian handwriting.

There was nothing prepossessing about Auburn, not even the college itself. Following my guide, I entered the grounds by Langdon Hall and was soon at the foot of the high stone steps at the entrance of the main building. The tall brick edifice, four storeys high including the ground floor, dominated all the surroundings. It was surmounted in front by a tower that had a clock-dial on each of its four sides. It was built for use, not for show; and I doubt whether any structure on earth ever underwent harder usage in the same number of years. In contrast with Hobart College, the Alabama Polytechnic Institute was a place of great activity and industry. Teachers and pupils might be on the wrong track, but they believed that their labour was not in vain.

In Auburn we set our watches by the college-clock which was visible all over town except from standpoints where it was eclipsed by an intervening house. In the first decade of the century there used to be a darkey in Auburn who strolled around town in the daytime and carried the time in his head. If you passed him on the street and asked him what time it was, without changing his gait, he would tell you instantly the exact hour and minute which you could verify as soon as you reached a point where you could see the college clock.

Ascending the stone steps, I entered the front door on the main floor; the president's office, plainly marked, was the first room on the right. Dr. Broun was waiting for me and came forward and shook me by the hand, a cordial greeting. He was a short old gentleman, not more than five feet high, more ugly than handsome, and had an impediment in his speech (the result of a slight stroke he had sustained recently, I found out afterwards). He was so animated and talked so rapidly that at first I had difficulty in understanding what he was saying. His deep-set eyes twinkled from under his shaggy eye-brows; his countenance was kindly; he was active and alert both mentally and physically. There was mutual sympathy between us; the longer we conversed, the more he was magnified in my eyes. His personality took shape; I realised that I was in the presence of a leader, a man born to be a captain. His favour and his advice would be very helpful to me. I gave him my allegiance, and he gave me his friendship.

Dr. Broun led the way to his lecture-room at one end of the wide hall on the main floor. That room and an adjoining small room where the apparatus was were to be my province. When he told me that the smallest class in physics had as many as sixty students, it was obvious that the lecture-room was much too small and that that was a serious difficulty that would have to be remedied if possible; and so it proved afterwards. On the other hand, the equipment of apparatus, antiquated

as it was, I could see at a glance was much superior to what I had had to put up with in Hobart College. I was amused when Dr. Broun told me that he used Dr. Arnott's *Elements of Physics* and Ganot's compendium of physics as textbooks, both old-fashioned and wholly unsuitable for the purpose, valuable as they were as books of reference and general information.

However, the important business for me that first day in Auburn was not to know where I was going to teach to-morrow but to find out where I was going to sleep to-night, and I broached that subject with Dr. Broun. He said he had a proposition which he believed would be greatly to my advantage, provided I was willing to share a vacant house at the Agricultural Experiment Station with another new professor who was detained at present in Oklahoma and would not arrive in Auburn before the first of October, a month longer. As a matter of fact, this individual, whose name was Willcox, and who was to have the chair of biology, was really entitled to the whole house, but did not know it. Nevertheless, Dr. Broun was chieftain and had authority to do whatever he deemed best to be done; and he proposed to give Willcox no more than half of the house and me the other half; not only so, he advised me to choose the half I preferred and take possession of it that very day. The quickest way to settle the question (he said) was to get in his phaeton (which was standing in front of the stone steps) and drive to the Experiment Station less than half a mile away on the edge of the village. The house was on the extension of the main street past the college-campus. The instant I saw it I was agreeably surprised. It was a modern, spacious frame building in the midst of a big yard with a flower-garden that I knew would delight Jeannie and compensate her for much that she had enjoyed in Geneva. The house, pleasantly situated on a high hill, was half-way surrounded by two porches and had six large rooms all on one floor (as was the way in Auburn where the dwellings were all one-storey high, with neither basement nor attic). In addition, there was a room outside that was used for a kitchen, though it was rather small for that purpose. Dr. Broun suggested that I should take the three front rooms with the front porch, and leave the rear of the house for Professor Willcox and his wife. That was the only way to divide the house in two halves, but undoubtedly the front half was the better one. The kitchen was a moot question and would have to be partitioned in some way; though I did not see how it could be done. I had to act quickly, without the benefit of Jeannie's helpful advice. Just as in the case of the President of the United States, I knew that I did not have the power to make a treaty except "by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate";

nevertheless I accepted Dr. Broun's proposal then and there; though I was fully aware that I was likely to have trouble with Professor Willcox later on, who certainly had a right to be a party to the transaction.

I determined to take possession of the house without delay, and accordingly I bought a suit of overalls and spent the rest of that blessed day, hot and uncomfortable as it was, in unloading the freight car on the railway siding, hauling my crated furniture from one end of the town to the other, a distance of nearly a mile, and dumping it all helter-skelter in one of the three front rooms of the house at the Experiment Station. It is no exaggeration to say that it was like a labour of Hercules. Of course, I hired three or four darkeys to help me, not one of them really competent and efficient or able-bodied enough to lift a heavy burden by himself. The vehicle for hauling was a light wagon on four sprawling wheels pulled by a patient donkey. The "dray" (as it was called by the kind of misnomer that was usual in Alabama) had for its body two loose planks side by side that took the load, which naturally had to be rather light, not more than about two pieces of my furniture at one time. The driver, a long-legged, bare-foot negro boy, stood up in front holding the reins loosely in one hand, which were two short pieces of rope; while I sat in the rear of the cart with my back to him and dragged my feet on the ground; the rest of the crew walked alongside. I reckon I must have made as many as two dozen round-trips from railway station to Experiment Station and back again for another load before dark; each way I passed the whole length of the main street and must have become a familiar sight to the shopkeepers seated in their shirt-sleeves under the wooden awnings over the entrances.

The last job of all was to uncrate several pieces of furniture and set up a bed with mattress, sheets and pillows for me to sleep on that night. I remember what a task it was to pull out Dr. Durfee's long nails from the hemlock wood he had used in making those crates for me. I was foot-sore and weary, and hungry too, when at last I took my seat on a wooden box by the open door and ate my supper, a mouthful at a time; a can of sardines, a bag of crackers and a bottle of milk. It was pitch-black dark outdoors before I finished my meal by the light of the solitary incandescent bulb. I could see the starry sky which, according to my recollection, is nowhere so silent and splendid as it is over Alabama. I longed to write a note to Jeannie, just to make an affidavit and send her my signed proxy even if I could do no more; but I was too tired. I believe I got in bed without saying my prayers and went fast asleep.

If I dreamed my first day in Auburn was ended, I reckoned without

my host. It must have been before midnight when that tempest burst forth, the worst thunderstorm and lightning I ever lived through before or afterwards. The wind howled, the rain came down in torrents, the lightning flashed and the thunder roared. I sat up in bed completely bewildered and terror-stricken. The electricity in the air, darting past me in every direction, hissed in my ear and crackled in fire-balls along the edge of the floor and around the ceiling. Worst of all in that pandemonium were the intermittent glimpses I got of my weird surroundings alone in the midst of all those crates of furniture, some tall and ghastly, others low and fantastic. I would have to have the tongue of Eliphaz in the fourth chapter of *The Book of Job* or the pen of DeQuincey to tell how "fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake." The tempest "volley'd and thunder'd" louder than ever in one last *crescendo* and then passed on disdainfully, leaving behind the smell of brimstone and leaving me miraculously upright and unscathed. A rumbling noise as of distant, furious battle was still to be heard, but it grew fainter and fainter; yet still there was the steady patter of rain on the roof. Wide open as my eyes were and thoroughly dark-adapted, no glimmer of light shone from any quarter as I stared all around and groped to put my hand on the box of matches I remembered having carefully put within reach just before getting in bed. I had lost my bearings in the dark and lost my courage too. I sank back on the pillow and never moved again until after daylight.

However, I was up and dressed in time to go to an early breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Hale and their only daughter who lived in a bare house a short distance away across the road and with whom, *faute de mieux*, I had engaged to take my meals at least temporarily. The havoc wrought by the storm was evident enough outdoors: big pools of water everywhere, broken limbs of trees strewn over the yard, a telegraph-pole athwart the fallen fence, the flower-beds uprooted and torn. Luckily, the house itself, as far as I could tell, had not been damaged at all, either inside or out; and I could write to Jeannie that our new home was weather-proof and that for vileness the breakfast I got at Mrs. Hale's was past belief: "I believed I was near to starvation at Miss Black's table in Geneva, but there was something positively sinister about the uneatables I got at Mrs. Hale's breakfast this morning."

According to my recollection, it seldom ever rained in Auburn before Christmas. The autumn of 1901 must have been exceptional in that respect. In January and February the rain came down in a deluge. Then I used to think that the Gulf of Mexico was being poured over my leaky roof. The house at the Experiment Station

was exceptional too, for most of the houses in Auburn that I inhabited leaked when it rained.

Mrs. Hale's table was another exception; generally speaking, the food I ate in Auburn was mighty good, no matter how it was served. Mr. Hale was a wounded old Confederate soldier without a cent of money in the world; he and his wife were poverty-stricken. That was no excuse for having sweet potatoes for breakfast seasoned by chunks of black pepper. The Hales were humble good folks totally uncivilised.

In retrospect that first month I lived in Auburn, it seems to me, was the dimmest month of my whole life, and at the same time certainly one of the busiest. I had little time for recreation or for any other diversion. My college-occupations were at least ten times as onerous and confining as they had been in Hobart College. Over and over again I bitterly repented of my folly in having left Dr. Durfee and easy-going Geneva; but most of all I grieved to think that Jeannie and Little Jim would have to share my unlucky fate; though I must say, when they were afterwards put to the test, neither seemed to mind it. For me those lonely first weeks when I tried my best to get acclimated to my new environment, and could not succeed, were the hardest of all. Here in front of me now is an old note-book with this entry written in pencil the day of the equinox (when I suppose I thought as Governor Dewey of New York used to reiterate in his 1944 presidential campaign, "now is the time for a change"): "21 September 1901, 6 P.M. Here I sit on the verandah of the house at the Experiment Station in Auburn, Ala., alone and desolate. Jeannie still in Virginia." That little memorandum, like "the short and simple annals of the poor" carved on a tombstone, tells the tale; but the long, passionate love-letters I wrote every day told it more in detail, if it needed to be told at all. Jeannie answered every letter and bade me be of good cheer, as much as to say: "O Boy, thy Redeemer cometh, but not before October when it will be safe for Little Jim." The trouble was, October was such a long way past the autumnal equinox!

Meanwhile I uncrated all the furniture and put side-board and everything where I deemed they belonged, knowing full well that Jeannie in the plenitude of her power would alter and undo all that I so unwittingly did. One of my hardest tasks was setting up the great Geneva stove in the little out-house kitchen that was sure to be a battleground when the other tenant came from Oklahoma. It was made to burn hard coal: would it condescend to using Alabama coal, said to be the most fiery soft coal anywhere on earth? I had hard nuts to crack those days when I was all alone in Alabama. I could get no skilled

labour to help me. Mayor Harris who kept the hardware store employed two or three negro workmen, but he was reluctant to lend them to me for a part of one afternoon, and they were not of much account in putting up a stove unless it was made in Birmingham, Ala.

One Saturday I got on the train and went all the way to Opelika five or six miles away and came back triumphant that same afternoon. I bought a crib for Little Jim (who was nearly a year old); it was big enough for the infant Pantagruel and mighty heavy for me to carry on my back. Jeannie wrote that at Old Bellevue that little fat boy was gaining a pound of flesh nearly every week and took up a heap of space.

When Jeannie came, she approved of the crib, but she looked at the stove and said in her soft, sweet voice: "My dear, I think the stove will have to be changed. Don't you see it's on the wrong side of the kitchen?"—"You mean it will have to be taken down and put up all over again?" I asked despondently.—She patted me on the shoulder: "Sweety, I think you have done wonders all by yourself." Several days afterwards I came home for lunch and found, to my astonishment, that the stove had been moved to the other side of the room. "How on earth did you do that?" I asked, both delighted and perplexed. —"The easiest thing in the world," was Jeannie's reply. "What is a Polytechnic Institute for, if they can't put up stoves? I got two or three college boys to help me after breakfast. They knew all about stoves and, besides, were strong as oxen. They changed the grate too, and now there will be no trouble about using soft coal."

I tell this anecdote merely to show how clever my Jeannie was, and how superior she was to me, not in things spiritual only (as was obvious), but in terrestrial affairs also. It used to make me blush, the quiet way in which she took control and performed some deed that I ought to have done by virtue of being "the man of the house." She had the college boys at her beck and call and employed them to great advantage, especially when there was need of muscle and real man-power.

The most important of my accomplishments, during that long September when I was counting the days for Jeannie to come, was the tightening of my ties of attachment to old Dr. Broun. The more I saw of him, the better I liked and admired him. There was never any doubt of our mutual friendship. He consented to everything I asked and approved of all my recommendations. Heavy as my work was, I entered upon it with enthusiasm; believing that it would be lightened for the good of all concerned as soon as I could obtain a suitable assistant to relieve me of some of the drudgery.

Two or three times before Jeannie's advent (and many times after-

wards) I was invited to Dr. Broun's residence on Gay Street (the house and grounds I was one day to occupy myself) for luncheon or dinner and soon got to know all the members of his family. His daughter, Miss Bessie Broun (about forty years of age, I suppose), was house-keeper and mistress of the establishment; who proved to be one of our dearest friends as long as she lived. The only other one of the ladies of Dr. Broun's household that I can remember distinctly was his granddaughter, Sallie Ordway, a beautiful young girl, who was already a senior student in college (for even in 1901 the Alabama Polytechnic Institute was co-educational, though then the number of girls in attendance was less than a dozen). In Dr. Broun's hospitable mansion I soon got to be very much at home.

The first time I had lunch in Dr. Broun's home was the day after my arrival in Auburn, when a number of other guests were invited to meet me, all of them prominent and influential members of the faculty; namely (as well as I remember): Dr. George Petrie, Professor Otis D. Smith, Professor Charles C. Thach, Professor Bennett B. Ross, and perhaps one or two others. Petrie, Professor of history, I knew slightly already, for he was the son of Rev. Dr. George Petrie, distinguished pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Charlottesville; his wife was one of the four "Lane girls," college-belles of Auburn, daughters of General James H. Lane, professor of civil engineering. Professor Smith, head of the department of mathematics, and senior member of the faculty next to Dr. Broun, was a native of Vermont who had lived all his adult life in Alabama and was a thorough Southerner. Professor Thach, professor of English, who was Professor Smith's son-in-law, had studied a year in Johns Hopkins University. Professor Ross, head of the big department of chemistry, was a very tall man, rather awkward, but evidently a man of considerable ability. The company was pleasant and agreeable enough, but (as I said writing to Jeannie) decidedly provincial or "home-grown" in the same complimentary sense as the grocer uses that term when he recommends a basket of fresh strawberries. They lived in Auburn and were destined to die there. They were the chief priests of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, intensely loyal to it, a privy council into which "a foreigner" like myself had no chance of admittance. It was a pity I did not realise at the start how powerful this coterie was.

I may as well add that the two members of the faculty who were most congenial to me were Professor John E. Wiatt, professor of French and German, and Professor Bolling Hall Crenshaw, who a few years later succeeded Professor Smith as head of the department of mathematics. I was very fond of each of them.

There were two or three exceptionally able men in the faculty, one of whom, Professor Dunstan, an Englishman by birth, and a pupil of Michelson in Chicago, is today professor emeritus of elec-

trical engineering. So far as I know, he and Albert Thomas, who for several years was my right-hand man in Auburn and who is still a member of the faculty, are the only survivors of my comrades half a century ago.

The long-awaited day came at last. I got on the train and went to Atlanta, and early next morning (2 October 1901) I embraced Jeannie and Little Jim in the New Orleans Pullman coach of the train from Lynchburg, *en route* for Auburn. Joyful was our reunion! Imagine my delight and the pleasure of all the passengers when my precocious little son saluted me as "Pa-pa", as distinctly as if he was being prompted by a ventriloquist. My old friend the conductor was there in the aisle and heard that speech, and before the train got to Auburn, he and Little Jim were as thick as thieves on one seat, while Jeannie and I were thicker still on the opposite seat, trying to utter all that had been pent up in our hearts for nearly a whole month. I remember what a beautiful day it was, one of those crisp, sparkling days that make the climate of Alabama so delightful from early October till Merry Christmas.

When we reached Auburn (soon after 9 A.M.), and I showed Jeannie her new home with the wide front porch and the flower-garden outside and the three big rooms inside, floors and furniture all freshly polished, she exclaimed with delight, and hugged and kissed me all over again. Then she took off her hat (just as she did at Mrs. Kellner's that first day in Geneva), and, after strapping Little Jim in his carriage, proceeded to rearrange everything according to her infallible taste. She gave me two vases to fill with water to put flowers in. I was demoted: or to speak more accurately, the office of *major-domo* (which was the title I had bestowed on myself in Jeannie's absence) was summarily abolished without putting the question to a vote (though I believe I would have voted "aye" with as much alacrity as Jeannie herself). Domestic felicity was all I craved, and was what I got. The two Senegambians, each blacker than the other, whom I had hired for "cook" and "nurse" on Miss Bessie Broun's cautious recommendations, followed Jeannie from room to room with dumb admiration, more in the way than really helpful. They heeded me no more than if I was the last rose of summer. Little Jim, plainly bored, went to sleep in his carriage; whereupon I put both vases of flowers on one and the same end of the mantelpiece, and paternally and painstakingly transferred him to his brand-new Opelika crib, without disturbing him at all. That was surely one day in my life when I was as blithe as Shelley's skylark, and at heart, if not in throat, just as musical. And

that evening I sat down once more to a good supper and ate as heartily as I used to do on Hamilton Street in Geneva; for Jeannie came laden with the choice viands of Old Bellevue, and she herself made the coffee. I never laid eyes on Mr. and Mrs. Hale from that day to this.

The only shadow that fell on paradise came from a cloud that stretched all the way to Oklahoma and had the shape, if not yet the appearance, of the new professor of botany and his spouse who were destined to be our exceedingly close neighbours. What manner of people were they? We had not the faintest notion except a rumour that he himself was pock-pitted. Jeannie, who solved problems by mental arithmetic, was at a loss about this one, especially as to the division of the kitchen and stove. Could I venture to propose to Professor Willcox that he and his wife might get their meals at the Hales's?—that was one of the questions Jeannie asked me.

We had a reprieve. Professor and Mrs. Willcox were actually *en route* to Auburn and might be expected any time day or night. Luckily enough for us, the lady had a baby on the train and was put off at Opelika, she and her offspring and her husband too. There they were detained another month; but one day early in November (when I was off the premises) suddenly the trio put in appearance and took possession of the three rooms reserved for them; not one of which had a stick of furniture in it. He was a tall, rather handsome man, about my age; she was man-size and stubbornly taciturn; the babe was nondescript but distinctly in evidence at its mother's breast. Jeannie went forth to welcome these Arabs, not merely with smiles and an olive-branch, but with mattresses, sheets and blankets, and offered them all the cow's milk we had in the house besides the milk of human kindness. They took the loans and spurned the intangibles. They were not "house-broke," as the saying is, and ought to have dwelt in tents. They were as hard to negotiate with as North Koreans. It was war to the knife. Jeannie and I and Little Jim and the two Senegambians lived in the same house with those savages all the rest of that session. Neither side crossed the threshold of the other; not another word passed between us. How the Willcox's got their meals, without servant or kitchen, where they hid themselves, and what they did—I cannot answer, for I do not know. I do know that they were a continual thorn in the flesh until we abandoned the place to them at the end of the session.

We seldom ever laid eyes on the Willcox's after that first year in Auburn. To do Professor Willcox justice, he had every right to be dissatisfied with his share of the house at the Experiment Sta-

tion; yet there was no fair way of dividing it in two equal halves. My recollection is that during the entire thirteen years I lived in Auburn, Professor Willcox and I were not on speaking terms. Yet in faculty-meetings he nearly always supported my side of a question, though I was invariably on the losing side. For that reason, if for no other, I deemed Professor Willcox to be both sensible and upright.

Jeannie's advent in Auburn was the occasion of many parties in her honour given all over town. I recall particularly a fashionable dinner in the home of Mrs. Ross, who, if I am not mistaken, was the inventor of the useful word "socialite" that is now current all over the United States. She herself was a notable member of that rather exclusive organisation; indeed, she belonged to everything and was, I believe, president of the Alabama Chapter of U.D.C. Usually, a party in Auburn was either masculine or feminine, but not both. Mrs. Ross's dinner was open to both sexes, and so I was invited too, and sat next to Jeannie, who sat on Mrs. Ross's right hand. Shall I ever forget the pride I felt when Mrs. Ross, rising to her feet, rapped on the plated-silver soup-tureen with the ladle, to call the company to order, and, pointing to Jeannie, proclaimed her to be "the honoree" of that festival?

So one day, perhaps on her birthday near the middle of December, Jeannie, wishing to repay some of these courtesies, decided to give a dinner-party herself, not on as big a scale as Mrs. Ross's party, but, if possible, even more stylish. Not more than a half-dozen guests were invited including both husbands and wives but they were the *crème-de-la-crème* of Auburn society. I wrote to Altman's in New York and ordered caps and aprons for the two Senegambians who were to wait on the table. The guests had accepted the invitations, the appointed day came, and it rained without ceasing all day long. The table was set, the victuals were cooked, Little Jim was fast asleep in his crib, I had on my patent-leather shoes, and Jeannie was lighting the candles. It was dark as pitch outdoors, and the rain descended in torrents. The nearest guest lived half a mile away, the road was muddy, and, except Dr. Broun's open, one-horse phaeton, according to my recollection, there was not another passenger-vehicle in Auburn. Already the hour for dinner had come and gone, yet not a single guest had put in appearance or even sent a message of regret. Jeannie, arrayed in all her splendour, was stupefied and nearly in tears; while I, surreptitiously munching nuts and olives, could not keep my mind away from turkey and ham, cauliflower and salsify, etc. that were waiting to be put on the table. Suddenly, the ace of spades, namely, the Senegambian stationed by the window (who by that time already had a grease-spot

on her Altman apron), called out that she saw a lantern moving about in the yard and apparently coming towards the house. There was the tramp of footsteps on the porch, I threw the door wide open, and in floundered, not a Newfoundland dog wet to the skin as it looked like at first, but Professor Mell with umbrella, mackintosh and muddy galoshes. He was all out of breath, but his dinner-jacket was dry and the black tie needed little adjustment. He was a thoroughly good sport: "Better late than never!" he shouted. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Mell couldn't make it. She started out with me but had to turn back." We patted him on the back, I led him to the table singing "Onward, Christian soldiers!" The ham and turkey, savoury-smelling, silently came out of hiding and took their appointed places. The three of us sat down and were as merry as old King Cole. Professor Mell was even hungrier than I was, he ate till I thought he would burst, not his own dinner only but Mrs. Mell's too; and between mouthfuls he told some good stories. Ten o'clock came, and he rose to go. We told him we could put him away for the night. "No," he said, "I came in the rain on an empty stomach, I'll go back in the rain all re-fuelled; and I'll tell Mrs. Mell what a good dinner she missed. She never tasted ham like that, and I can't describe it to her." Naturally, Jeannie made a sandwich for him to take Mrs. Mell, wrapped it in tissue-paper, and stuffed it in the inside pocket of Professor Mell's wet mackintosh. It had turned out to be a delightful evening, but it was a long time before Jeannie gave another dinner-party.*

Christmas came that year as it always does, and New Year's Day a week afterwards; and no doubt we had a jolly time, Jeannie and Little Jim and me too all by ourselves, with nobody but the Willcox's to mar our pleasure; but I have no distinct recollection of that holiday. I know I liked nothing better than to be waked at dawn by Little Jim's calling out "Pa-pa" and insisting on getting out of his crib. If I had any real worry on my mind, it may have been on account of the poor state of my health, which had not mended much in spite of Jeannie's constant watchfulness and tender care. We could not help lamenting that we had ever left Geneva, yet we looked on the bright side and counted all our blessings. It never entered our minds that ere the first month of the new year was past, a big disaster would befall. Yet so it came to pass.

Dr. William LeRoy Broun, our steadfast friend, was stricken by

* Professor P. H. Mell (if those were his initials) and his wife were natives of Georgia and very prominent in Auburn society. He was in the Agricultural Department. They left Auburn at the end of the session, and we never laid eyes on them again.

apoplexy in the night and died before dawn, 23 January 1902. That was a public calamity, for both as a leader in education and as a devout Christian gentleman Dr. Broun was irreplaceable. For me personally his death was a sad bereavement and a dire misfortune. In the short time I had known him near the end of his days he gave me his affection and showed me his favour. Those assets were wiped from my ledger but never erased from my grateful memory.

During the latter half of my first session as teacher in the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Professor Otis D. Smith, senior member of the faculty, was acting president of the college. I never knew what went on behind the scenes in that interregnum. "For ways that were dark" and for keeping them secret, the clique of provincial chieftains that I called "the privy council" was more "peculiar" than Bret Harte's "heathen Chinees". All that I know for certain is that, when the next session began, Professor Smith's son-in-law, Professor Charles C. Thach, was peacefully and comfortably seated on the throne and anointed as Dr. Broun's successor, and that all the rest of my days in Auburn were spent under the reign of President Thach; who, if not my mortal enemy, was a formidable opponent.

President Thach, like Dr. Broun, was a gentleman by birth, but in all other ways he was as different from his predecessor as a fox is different from a lion. He had much sagacity and was loyal to the college according to his lights. Unfortunately for me, he and I were thoroughly and openly uncongenial. Yet often as we quarreled, sometimes bitterly, each retained a certain respect for the other.

If there had been a contest for the high office made vacant by Dr. Broun's death, the struggle was not in public. Yet it was rumoured that Professor Mell was an aspirant and that his defeat was the reason of his leaving the Alabama Polytechnic Institute at the end of the session 1901-02.

Summer comes early in Alabama. By the first of May Jeannie and I (and perhaps Little Jim likewise, though he seemed to be perfectly satisfied and was growing perceptibly month by month) were eagerly looking forward to spending the long vacation at Old Bellevue. The Willcox situation was getting to be more and more disagreeable and unendurable, and I think we had reached the decision to abandon the house at the Experiment Station and make new arrangements for the coming session, but I do not remember. Then suddenly one day (25 May), almost on the eve of our departure, out of a clear sky, Little Jim came down with dysentery, that dreadful malady that used to be so hard on babies in hot weather and, I believe, was frequently even harder still on the baby's mother. Instead of rallying and getting better,

the poor little fellow got iller and iller; and by the end of a week his plight was exceedingly alarming. Jeannie was nearly frantic. Dr. Drake, the college physician, was untiring and stayed all night by the baby's bedside. He strongly advised us to make haste and take our sick child to the mountains of Virginia where the bracing air would help him to recover. We took a night train (3 June), hoping and praying to be at Bellevue before breakfast next morning. That was a frightful journey, every mile of it. Jeannie sat up all night, and I stood by, while Little Jim lying in his berth grew steadily worse hour by hour. I wired Dr. Samuel Lile from somewhere in South Carolina to meet us at the station in Lynchburg with an ambulance to take little Jim to his hospital, St. Andrew's Home on Court Street. He was there when the train arrived and did everything that could be done, but by that time the case was desperate.

Sam Lile and Annie, his wife, were both distant cousins of Jeannie's and we stayed in their pleasant home on Court Street not more than a couple of blocks from the hospital and just across the street from the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Lewis, Lucy Lewis's parents. Tears come in my eyes when I remember all the sympathy and kindness we received from our friends in Lynchburg; while Dr. Lile and his partner Dr. Terrell worked day and night to save that little life that was hanging by a thread. Little Jim's grandmother came from Bellevue and stayed with Jeannie and me, and his godmother Loulie came too; but the greatest solace of all was Little Jim's Aunt Lucy Minor Abbot. Dear Sister Lucy was helper and comforter both in the hour of need.

With sincere gratitude and admiration I remember Dr. Terrell and Rev. Dr. John Lloyd, whom I never saw before or afterwards, but who I know were even better men than the Good Samaritan. I could name a number of others who sustained and fortified Jeannie and me in that long fortnight of anguish; yet on the list of benefactors, above the name of Abou Ben Adhem, Sister Lucy's *caro nome* leads all the others.

"It's spinal meningitis now," the doctor said in my ear. I walked from the sick room to the front door and went outside; I needed to have a breath of fresh air. Yet I could not leave Jeannie, no, not for an instant, and I went back in the room and sat beside her. She was dumb.

Little Jim died, 19 June 1902. His life went out like the falling of a star. He had come and gone (1900-1902) like a meteor from the sky that flashed past us as though his own mission on earth had been to mark the change of the calendar from one century to the next; and Jeannie and I were left lamenting.

Next day we buried our darling little boy, all that was left of him here on earth, under the trees in St. Stephen's churchyard. I clasped Jeannie in my arms and whispered, "Dearest, we have each other still." Then we drove to Old Bellevue and stayed all summer long. It was a good haven.

Our Little Jim was the first of the Abbots to lie in St. Stephen's churchyard. His grave was six miles from Bellevue; St. Stephen's was often without a rector, and then there was nobody whose business it was to take care of the church and grounds. Many years afterwards, doubtless in the summer of 1913, according to Jeannie's wish, the little coffin was taken up and buried again on the hilltop of the garden at Bellevue by the grave of Little Jim's big Uncle Willy.

Mr. and Mrs. Abbot had sixteen grandchildren, all of whom except darling Little Jim are alive to this day (1955).

Fortune's Buffets and Rewards (1902-04)

Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
 Wer nicht die kommervollen Nächte
 Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
 Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.
 GOETHE, *Wilhelm Meister*, Bk. ii, Chap. 13.*

IN 1902 Old Bellevue, and Timbuctoo too, were fairly launched on the uncharted sea of the twentieth century, for weal or for woe, that is, for whatever was on the knees of the gods. In my old age I like to look back to that placid time now more than fifty years ago, when, according to random headlines in *The Literary Digest*, the chief troubles in the land apparently were on account of such items as these: "Cleveland, Bryan and Democratic Discord," "Admiral Dewey and Aguinaldo," Teddy Roosevelt "declares war on the Trusts," and "Changes in Sunday School Methods." I think it was then that the Kremenz One-Piece Collar Button was invented. It was a far cry from the common doom that afterwards "engulfed hundreds of thousands of 'peaceful citizens' of Hamburg and Dresden, London and Coventry, Berlin and Cologne, Warsaw and Rotterdam, with atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki as the climactic blows of a new total war which threatened to become a contest in unlimited annihilation" (Wm. H. Chamberlain, "Forward to Barbarism," *Human Events*, 26 May 1954). In the old days before these things came to pass, we had joys and sorrows, births and deaths, goodness and badness; yet, say what you will, our fathers and mothers had a certain piety and *ne plus ultra*, now and then their consciences smote them, they shuddered at evil and cruelty, and were, generally speaking, half-civilised at any rate.

At the turn of the century a few ungainly females wore bloomers in public and seemed to have a cocoanut in each hip-pocket, but nobody except occasional Scotch Highlanders went bare-legged on the street.

* Thomas Carlyle's translation:

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
 Who never spent the darksome hours
 Weeping and watching for the morrow,
 He knows you not, ye unseen Powers.

My recollection is that in the Spring of 1902 Frank Abbot came home from abroad, not because he was tired of Europe and homesick, but for the very simple reason that his purse was empty. Frank had gotten everything in Europe that the continent had to offer except his German Ph. D., which, according to his father, he went there to get. According to the same authority, Frank had wasted his time in Germany, besides spending a heap of it across the border in neighbouring countries. He had not wasted his time entirely, for he had certainly learned to speak both German and French, I daresay, better than either of those modern tongues had ever yet been spoken in Virginia, and, moreover, he was a polished young gentleman and a real *connoisseur* in music and art. Everybody, including his disappointed sire, believed that Frank could have gotten the coveted degree if only he had coveted it as much as Mr. Abbot coveted it for him. However, I was doubtful, for the simple reason that it takes hard work to get a degree at a German University, and hard work was the one thing in the world that Frank, with all his talents, never could muster the will to do. Frank Abbot might have been a renowned scholar, but he chose rather to be a dilettante and succeeded at that better than almost anybody I have ever known. The sad thing about his not bringing home his degree (which would have been of much service to him) was that it led to an estrangement between him and his father which I think was never completely mended. Each admired the other, but they stayed aloof.

Frank Abbot had a great deal of charm and was a notable personage. He was deeply attached to his native soil, and liked to dig in it and have a garden all his own. In that sense, and perhaps in other ways also, he was of the earth earthy. He took his ease, enjoyed good food, and cooked it for you, if you were lucky enough to come under his roof. He never lived at Bellevue after he was grown, but his mother, whom he idolised, kept his room in lower Siberia ready and comfortable for him whenever he came home; as he often did at Christmas and nearly every summer as long as she lived. He was fonder of his sisters than of his brothers, and he simply adored Sister Lucy. He and Jeannie had many tastes in common and were mighty congenial. As compared with Willy and Charley, Frank Abbot was a little effeminate. Neither of the former would ever have knitted a pair of woolen socks, and if Frank ever played a game of baseball or tennis even in his boyhood, nobody could remember it.

In society Frank Abbot was a bright particular star, the centre of attraction in any company, just as Captain Charles Blackford aspired to be, only Frank reached that level without effort. He was a good "mixer" and a delightful *raconteur*. He could speak all the

dialects of Virginia, both Tuckahoe and Cohee, both white and "cullud". A party couldn't be dull, a charade or a play couldn't be a flop, if Frank Abbot was at it or in it.

Wherever Frank happened to sojourn, in Virginia or far from home, he was quick to make friends and was a welcome guest. Some of these new acquaintances got to coming to Old Bellevue on visits and were usually high in favour not only on Frank's account but on their own merits. That is the way I got to know Dr. Miles Sherrill (now professor emeritus of chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology), a delightful fellow whom Mr. Abbot and indeed everybody else liked and admired; and it was through Miles Sherrill that Joe Chipman, also of Boston, came to know Frank and very soon got to coming to Bellevue a part of nearly every summer as long as Loulie lived (for Loulie and Joe Chipman were great chums).

The big and joyful news at Old Bellevue in the summer of 1902 was the re-opening of the school after the dull hiatus of the session of 1901-02 when the School had been put in cold storage, so to speak. Loulie and Emily were elated, and I think Mr. Abbot, and Mrs. Abbot too, looked forward to resuming their old tasks. The curriculum was to be practically the same as before, the accommodations and equipment were unchanged; but the pupils were different, not the same quality and calibre as formerly when so many of them came from cultured homes in the South. Charley, the co-principal, was the same superior teacher and good disciplinarian, beloved and admired, but the same subaltern also. The School revived and went by its own momentum more than a half-dozen years longer when it suddenly ceased one day and came to an end, more from lack of zest, it seemed to me, than for any other reason.

Between 1902 and 1909 Mr. Abbot and Charley employed a number of young men to be teachers, but I have no recollection of any one of them. The Willcox boys from Norfolk went to school at Bellevue in this last period. Their mother, Mary Cary Ambler, was my first cousin. Claiborne Willcox, who got to be an eminent physician, was a devoted beau of Emily Abbot, of whom she was very fond.

Quite a number of Mr. Abbot's grandchildren (Little Lucy, Charles, Abbot and Jane Henderson and William and John Abbot) were pupils at this time also. Others from Bedford County who were their schoolmates were: Sam Macauley (whose father kept the store at Goode), Morris Gibbs (who studied medicine and practised his profession in Bedford County), Adrian Overstreet (who made the best map of Bedford I have ever seen), and Herbert Thomson, son of Henry Thomson at Cifax (who made a fortune in Coca-Cola and built a handsome home not far from St. Stephen's Church, where he lived all the rest of his days).

Mr. Abbot was a very level-headed man, and I think he did wisely in continuing the School after he made the mistake of closing it. Bellevue High School for Boys had great prestige and much in its favour. In my opinion it should never have been abandoned.

For Jeannie and me the summer of 1902 was the most sorrowful time of our lives, but suffering and grief welded us tighter together than ever, and in that way we reaped blessing out of affliction. Let me never forget the tender sympathy and loving kindness that Jeannie's devoted mother heaped upon us both. Jeannie herself was such a high-born lady she always bore more than half of every load in life that she and I had to carry. She was equal to any adversity. The thought of going back to Alabama without Little Jim and beginning all over again was like a nightmare; yet we knew we had to face it. Jeannie planned everything and made the arrangements beforehand; all I did was to approve and acquiesce. I trusted her wisdom, I knew her efficiency.

Accordingly, when September came we said Goodbye to Old Bellevue and set out for Auburn; and next day landed, of all places in the world! at the McElhaney Hotel in sight of the railway station; for Jeannie had stored nearly all our furniture and engaged board and lodgings for us for the entire session of 1902-03. She and I entered that strange and gloomy place and took up our abode there a little before noon, Tuesday, 9 September 1902; like two convicts registering at Sing Sing.

We might have gone farther and fared worse; yet as it was, we fared badly enough for the next nine months. The so-called McElhaney Hotel with the lofty pillars in front of it had been an elegant mansion once, but, "like Darius good and great," it had fallen from its high estate and was a ramshackle two-storey building that was converted into a tavern or "ordinary" under the ownership and management of two widow-ladies, Mrs. McElhaney and her sister Mrs. McNamee. It was patronised chiefly by transients (drummers, nomads, etc.), who spent one night and left next day; yet a few towns-people got meals there more or less regularly; as, for example, Rev. Mr. Jeter, handsome young rector of the tiny little Episcopal Church, who came when his wife and children were out of town, and Dr. Petrie, who had no children but did have a devoted wife who for one reason or another sometimes sent him there to get his dinner. As far as I know, Jeannie and I were the only two persons on earth who ever had the hardihood to live at the McElhaney Hotel.

Our room was the big front room upstairs that had two windows so tall that they might have come from a cathedral; anyhow, they came

down to the floor and opened onto a spacious piazza. This covered porch, supported by the pillars in front of the house, was considered as belonging to the room and was indeed a great addition to it. On good days (of which there was no lack in Auburn even though there were nasty ones too now and then) Jeannie could sit on this broad porch and do her embroidery and at the same time command a view of the whole town. She could see the trains come and go and wish she was on board any one of them going somewhere; she could see across the street the fruit Mr. Dillard had for sale that day on the sidewalk in front of his grocery; and if it was the right time of day, she could turn her head and see me coming home for lunch and kissing my hand to her as well as I could with all those books under my arm. The high-ceiling room was plainly but comfortably furnished and had in it a four-post bed that was big enough for little Bo-peep and all her sheep. Of course, Jeannie, who was an "interior decorator" on the order of Michael Angelo, painted the room and made it all over again. Often it was very cold in Auburn, and wind rushed in through every gap and crevice it knew so well and had been helping to widen for years and years. Nevertheless, even on the coldest days, Jeannie and I could keep warm and comfortable in front of the blazing fire whose flames leaped up the chimney all the way to the roof and constantly threatened to start a conflagration and burn the McElhaney Hotel to the ground; for when fire caught hold of a house in Auburn, it was never put out, it went out of its own accord and left the ashes only.

The McElhaney Hotel made no pretensions; like the city of Philadelphia, it was corrupt and contented—it was filthy as a building could be, and there was nothing you could do about it. The two widows who were the proprietors were as good and honest as the pastor of the Presbyterian Church and had every upright intention as laid down in the Shorter Catechism. The principal servants were Laura, the chamber-maid, Jeff, the porter, and an anonymous *chef* who presided over the kitchen and had come out of darkest Africa; but besides them there were innumerable dwarfs and piccaninnies who hovered around the premises, and, like their ebon superiors, were accompanied by a cloud of flies.

(Here I must pause and ask myself seriously, What on earth has the dining-room of the McElhaney Hotel, which I am about to describe, to do with the Abbots of Old Bellevue? Does it really belong in this concise narrative? The answer to that question is simple enough: Fair Jeannie Abbot ate her meals there nearly a whole year, and how she lived to tell the tale, and never once complained, is one of the marvels of her sweet and blessed existence on earth. I have no desire

to perpetuate the memory of that preposterous restaurant, but as a conscientious historian, I have no alternative. After all, Jeannie is the heroine of this story, and eating her meals in the McElhaney Hotel was one of her heroic deeds.)

To begin with, the dining-room was never meant to be a room at all; originally, it was a long uncovered porch two or three steps above the ground that extended the whole way along one side of the house from the front to the rear. The floor slanted down sideways, to let the rain-water drain off of its own accord. I suppose a man standing upright on that tilted base deviated nearly as much from the vertical as the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Consequently, when the porch was sealed in and went inside the house to become the dining-room, the upper side of the long table that rested on the floor was two or three inches higher than the lower side; so that a guest seated on the lower side had all he could do to keep from falling over backwards.

When it came to eating dinner, Mr. Jeter, for instance, whose seat was on the lower side, was at a real disadvantage with Dr. Petrie who sat opposite him; for Jeter had constantly to be ready to clutch the table with one hand the instant his centre of gravity ceased to be vertically over the area beneath his chair. Dr. Petrie, who was inordinately fond of blackberry jam, was not in bodily peril; yet he spent most of his time, it seemed to me, patiently peeling captive flies from the top layer of the jam-pot.

Flies were natural in Auburn, and the inhabitants learned to put up with them; but they were so plainly a nuisance in the McElhaney Hotel that at last the management declared war on them. The weapon that was employed in the dining-room was a row of funereal fans that hung down from the ceiling over the table at intervals of about a yard apart and flapped in unison listlessly to and fro during meal-hours. They were connected by a cord that passed over a pulley and ultimately arrived in the hand of an invisible little darkey crouched down on the floor by the kitchen-door. He was the engine of this contraption. As well as I could tell, the flies delighted in the apparatus; riding on those fans was for them like having an outing at Coney Island, leaping from the one in front of me to the bald spot on my pate was a thrill that no fly could resist when it had the opportunity.

The kitchen where the victuals were prepared was next to the dining-room just behind Mrs. McElhaney's chair at the top of that hundred-foot long table. Every now and then, just for an instant, the kitchen-door was flung wide open, to let Jeff come through with a tray of hot soda-biscuits held high over his head, and then, if you happened to be looking that way, as if by flash-light, you caught sight of what looked

to me like Dante's *Inferno*. The light was lurid, more greenish than yellow, more purplish than red, the figures were shades of dancing dervishes darting hither and thither, and at night when you went to bed you shuddered to think of that picture. As for Jeff and his tray of hot biscuits coming towards me at the rate of sixty miles an hour, I tried my best to ward him off before he arrived. I shouted to him, "No, thank you!" I waved him back, but it was no use. He came and stood over me; he implored me to "butter a biscuit while it was hot!" Wherever Jeff went, he carried with him an odour that was like the Day of Judgment and unlike anything I have ever smelled before or since. I avoided him even in the dark, for Jeff did not have to be seen to be recognised. "The Jeffersonian ordeal", Jeannie and I used to call it, anointing ourselves and making the sign of the cross.

Bare-footed Laura waited on the table too and added her flavour; but she was absent-minded and rather indifferent. I doubt whether she noticed that Dr. Petrie's plate was empty, when he said to her sullenly: "If you are going to feed me on air, pump it in." Thereupon Laura thrust a dish of cabbage-grease under his nose and retorted: "I wish to God I could fill you up on sumpin'!"

However, to give Mrs. McElhaney her due, most of her boarders ate heartily and seemed to enjoy their meals. Rev. Mr. Jeter (I remember so well), holding on to the table with his left hand and helping himself to another plateful of batter-bread with his right hand, confided to Dr. Petrie opposite him: "You know, Doc, I am rather fastidious for a parson, but I tell you right now, if I had my choice to eat all the days of my life either at the McElhaney Hotel in Auburn or at the Exchange Hotel in Montgomery, by Jove, sir, I'd choose McElhaney with my eyes shut!"—Dr. Petrie looked mournfully at the nearly empty jar of blackberry jam, and said: "I've heard that the Exchange is pretty rotten nowadays, but I didn't know it was as bad as all that."—"Cheer up, Doc," responded Mr. Jeter; "I'll be meetin' you in heaven some day, and you'll be complainin' of the poor supper you had at Saint Peter's the night befo'!"

It was when Jeannie and I, wrapped up in each other and sufficient unto ourselves, lived and flourished in that indescribable "hotel", that I used to read aloud to her in the evening from the brand-new American edition of *The Complete Works of Lyof N. Tolstoi* that had just been published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York, in ten or more volumes (the last of which contained *Resurrection*). Those wonderful writings made a deep and lasting impression. King Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. So likewise Jeannie and I came very near being disciples of Tolstoy whom we

never ceased to admire and revere; for I think no man ever tried harder to be a true Christian than the great Russian novelist.

Christmas 1902 took Jeannie and me back home to Old Bellevue. Frank Abbot was there, I remember, and likewise Emily's friends Annie C. Berkeley and Emily Peter. I believe that was the last time I ever saw dear old Grandma Abbot, for my recollection is that she died that winter soon after Jeannie returned to Auburn. It is sad to think how old folks who were important in their day and generation quietly vanish one day and are no more heard of. They sink out of sight as if they had been buried at sea. I cannot find any memorandum of the death of Mr. Abbot's mother.*

Early in January I was back again in our upstairs room in the McElhaney Hotel all alone. Imagine what that place was like without Jeannie! for I had gallantly and deliberately left her behind at Old Bellevue, to recuperate and gain strength. It was three weeks or more before she rejoined me, and here on my desk is the package of love-letters I wrote her every day; wherein, with my customary ambiguity, I advised her by all means to stay and get a good respite and at the same time implored her to return before I gave up the ghost. When Jeannie was absent from me for a single day, I moped like a chicken that has jaundice.

In April 1903 we had a piece of rare good luck, as enjoyable as it was totally unexpected. Jeannie was sitting on our private porch upstairs gazing wistfully towards the railway station; the northbound train had just come and gone; the three or four passengers who got off at Auburn were wending their way slowly up the hill; Jeff had a little trunk in his wheel-barrow; but who was that gentleman, more than a head taller than everybody else, who sauntered along with his hands in his breeches-pockets and had the air of being perfectly care-free? "Look," cried Jeannie, turning to me who was reading the afternoon paper, "it's Mr. Lovett!" It was not so surprising after all, for Mr. Lovett had a habit of going all over the globe and turning up anywhere under the sun.

Sure enough it was Mr. Lovett! there he was sitting by Jeannie's side on the upstairs-porch of the McElhaney Hotel in Auburn, Ala., just as he used to sit by her side in the little house on Hamilton Street in Geneva, N. Y. "Where on earth did you come from? and how did you get here?" I asked with both delight and astonishment.—Nothing could be simpler or more natural than his explanation: "I was in Havana, you see, and that's not very far from Mobile, and at Mobile

* I have reason to believe that Mrs. Ellen Jane Harris Abbot may not have died until 1904.

I got on the train intending to go to Geneva, but when the train got to Auburn, I got off and thought I would look you up." He puffed his cigar. "Besides," he added, "I had a Panama hat in my trunk I wanted to give the professor and some Mexican lace I picked up for you, Jeannie. I'll step downstairs and get them." I went with him to his room. The little steamer trunk, pasted all over with foreign labels, was all the luggage he had. It was very light, for it contained nothing but straw hats, a lot of Mexican drawn-work, and some odds and ends of clothing. "The hats are for my friends in Geneva—and along the way," he added, selecting one that he believed would fit me. "You need few clothes in the tropics, most of mine I have on me, and when they wear out or get soiled, I buy new ones—that's the easiest way for a traveller."

Mr. Lovett was our guest in the McElhaney Hotel for a whole week and got to know everybody in Auburn. He took a great fancy to Professor Wiatt who was a Tidewater Virginian by birth and a delightful companion, but he liked also to loaf in the drug-store with Shel Toomer and Mr. Jeter, both of whom were sportsmen and good fellows. Jeannie and I were proud to show him to our friends all over town, he was so handsome and so agreeable. He departed at the end of the week just as casually as he had come. He said he was going to stop off at Bellevue and "see Loulie again," but when next we heard of him a few days later, he was in my mother's home in Norfolk where he got acquainted with Evelyn and took quite a fancy to her.

According to my recollection, both Mr. and Mrs. Lovett were at Old Bellevue once. I think they went to Charlottesville first and met Estelle Burthe, who was fascinated by them; but I cannot remember what year it was. Some years before Mrs. Lovett's untimely death (which I believe was in 1911), the Lovetts ceased to live in Geneva, but before they moved, Jeannie and I paid them two or three visits. The children, all except Eleanor, got married; and now the only survivors of that happy and delightful household are the two daughters who live together in New London, New Hampshire.

Jeannie and I must have left the McElhaney Hotel a day or two before the end of the session, for, according to an authentic memorandum, we were back again at Old Bellevue a day before the end of May just in time for supper that evening. Earlier that month Sister Lucy in Siberia had had another baby, a boy this time, who was destined to be named Dan after his father; though I, supposing that he was certainly the terminus of his tribe, suggested that he ought to be called Benjamin. At first not much notice was taken of Dan, apparently he was an innocent, well-behaved little boy, and if anybody had any

ground of complaint, it was Little Lucy who had to go on washing diapers another year or two.

Was that the summer when, soon after School closed in the middle of June, Emily Abbot had her second big house-party at Old Bellevue? and for a whole week the place swarmed again with giddy girls and boys, who paid no more attention to Jeannie and me than if we were relics of the gay nineties? Helen Bentley's two Boteler step-children, a boy and his sister, were at that party, I remember, and added to the gayety. I myself wore a beard and deserved to be behind the scenes. The truth is, I was occupied with business of great pith and moment; no wonder if I do not recall distinctly whether it was then or later when Emily had her second famous house-party. Jeannie's ordeal was near at hand, the time to which she and I had been looking forward with joy, yet with fear and trembling too.*

I believe the hottest time in the world was the hour after midnight, 3 July 1903, when the second of our two little boys was born in the upstairs room over the front parlour at Old Bellevue. That night, for the first time I suppose in over thirty years, there was no regular supper at Old Bellevue; servants went about on tiptoe; if you wanted a cup of coffee, you beckoned to one of them to fetch it, but you did not speak above a whisper. To save my life, I could not tell you whether the moon came out or not, for to me everything seemed in abeyance, off duty, so to speak. I saw the Dipper and watched it turn slowly around the North Star, for Mr. Abbot and I, out on the lawn beneath Jeannie's open window, were seated side by side and gazed up at the sky all night long without ever speaking a word, as I recall that long vigil. Now and then old Dr. Lowry came downstairs during a lull in the labour, took his seat beside us, and cut a chew of tobacco from his plug. "It won't be long now," he said to me, "Aunt Margaret knows when to call me." (Aunt Margaret was the coloured midwife and used to delivering Abbot babies and nursing them too a month after their arrival.) At last at half past one o'clock the agony was over, and Jeannie breathed freely. "He weighs nine pounds, brother," Loulie said in my ear.—"He is too big for his breeches," I replied, a little horrified, tears rolling down my cheeks. "I can't stand this sort of thing, I'm through with having babies!" I rushed upstairs to Jeannie and embraced her.—"Have you seen him?" she murmured in her sweet voice. The baby was lying on his back on a pillow; he hadn't got his wind; he was wagging his arms and legs and trying to cry; he uttered little expostulations, but they didn't begin to express the indignation that was pent up in him. "Yes,

* I am wholly mistaken about the time of Emily's second house-party. That was still four years away in the early summer of 1907.

darling, I have looked at him, and I think he is the luckiest little beggar in the world to have you for his mother."

I cannot leave Dr. Lowry without paying a tribute to him. He lived not far from Goode and came whenever he was summoned. He was a very present help in time of trouble and as formidable as a man could be when you were only a little "under the weather" and might have got along without him. I have never known a physician who not only prescribed but administered such powerful doses of calomel and castor oil, medicines that rent the patient in twain, but, as he said, "stirred up the secretions." I thought twice before sending for Dr. Lowry, for I knew by experience that the road to recovery would be long and painful. If he pronounced the boil on your neck to be a veritable carbuncle, woe be unto you! No sooner was the word out of his mouth than Dr. Lowry pulled forth his jack-knife, whetted it on his boot, and cut you to the bone, no matter how much you squirmed and protested.

He used profanity sparingly and judiciously with an emphasis of understatement that made every syllable do its duty. Dr. Lowry himself did his duty manfully all the days of his life, and when he died, nobody was ever found in Bedford County to take his place.

That little boy lying there on the pillow, furious and helpless all by himself in the wide, wide world, was Jeannie's ewe lamb all the rest of her life, and worth to her many times his weight in gold. To me also he was a godsend without my knowing it at the time; for now he has grown to be a sterling and an upright man, and he and his children are all I have left in flesh and blood to comfort and cheer me in my latter days.

A month later (4 August) the two little first-cousins, both on their good behaviour, were baptised in the front parlour of Old Bellevue and ceremoniously christened: Daniel B. Henderson, Jr., and William Richardson Abbot Southall ("Dan" and "Abbot" for everyday use). Rev. Mr. Meredith, rector of St. Stephens, was the clergyman, but god-mothers and godfathers were so plentiful and so interlocked with one another that I doubt whether a Philadelphia lawyer could do more now than lump them all together without saying which was which or who was who.

Master Dan Henderson, with whom I soon got to be intimately acquainted, deserves a special place in this narrative, for he turned out to be one of the most extraordinary youths that ever grew up in Bedford County or anywhere else. Dan got used to Old Bellevue in his cradle, and before he was three years old, he knew every nook and cranny in it and visited regions that his grandfather did not know existed. He climbed upstairs in the big house and got hold of his grandmother's phial of strychnine pills, he penetrated to the store-room and drank her blackberry wine. In those early years it

seems to me we spent most of the time giving Dan emetics and washing out his stomach; which, incidentally, was found to contain most of the lost bric-a-brac in and around Old Bellevue. Dan was as tough as whitleather and as immune to poison as King Mithridates. It was not long before Dan knew every good fishing-hole in California Branch. A catfish was to him a catfish, and it was nothing more; he took it off his hook as unconcernedly as if it was a sun-perch.

I can vouch that Dan Henderson was as delightful a companion as Huckleberry Finn or Tom Brown at Rugby. If he had a single bad habit, it was borrowing nickels from me and never returning them. I honestly believe he owes me at this day as much as fifty cents, but I have no idea of his ever repaying it.

For Jeannie and me the birth of another son to take the place of our lost Little Jim (who, we knew, was irreplaceable) was the beginning of the second volume of the story of our married life. We had gone hand in hand through the valley of the shadow of death and had come out of the darkness into the light. We were no longer dismayed by the thought of having to go back to Alabama. We were getting used to Alabama, and this time at least we were not going back to the McElhaney Hotel, for Jeannie, before she ever left Auburn, had engaged board and lodgings with a young widow lady who had rented a brand-new two-storey house at the corner of Gay Street across the side street from the entrance of the big Methodist Church and directly opposite the Gay Street side of Mrs. Lupton's old home. (Gay Street, parallel to Main Street and only a block away, was the fashionable residential street in Auburn, where Dr. Broun's home was.) Our new landlady was Mrs. Nannie Wills, a native of Virginia about our own age, and a very notable personage in Auburn; where, a few years before, her deceased husband, a young army-officer, had been commandant of cadets in the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. She was pretty, clever and accomplished, and without doubt the most competent housekeeper I think I have ever known. Her only disability (if it could be called such) was her lameness; yet she was so active and so agile her crutches never seemed to hamper her. She lived for the sake of her little son John Wills, a handsome and engaging boy about seven or eight years old, who ran the risk of being spoiled to death. Mrs. Wills was gentle and even-tempered as a rule, but let anybody so much as give John Wills a playful punch in the ribs, she could be like a tigress defending her cub.

We sent for Aunt Margaret who had nursed Little Jim, and she lived with us and got her meals. The new arrangement was pretty nearly ideal. Mrs. Wills and her little boy lived downstairs; while we occupied the upper floor and took our meals at Mrs. Wills's table in

her dining-room, along with about half a dozen student-boarders who came there for their meals also. They were all seniors and perfect gentlemen, exceedingly agreeable too; and Jeannie and I got to be very fond of them. The food was delicious, the service excellent, the company hard to beat; and we were in clover.

Those boys who came for their meals were all pupils of mine. I remember each of them affectionately, but the only names I recall are John McDuffie, who afterwards rose to great distinction in Congress, and W. W. Johnston, who had a homely wit like that of Will Rogers.

Little John Wills, who sat by his mother and was spoiled to death, was the pet of us all and joined in the conversation that never flagged at that table. He was a bright lad, and some years later he graduated in the Alabama Polytechnic Institute *magnâ cum laude* and, I believe, went to West Point, as his father had done before him. The last we heard (when we were living in New York) was that Lieutenant or Captain John Wills had been killed in Flanders before the United States entered the First World War. I suppose his mother died of grief.

Old Aunt Margaret, who nursed our babies one after the other, was a venerable and coal-black descendant of Ham, who took snuff under her gums and took a dram whenever she could get it. No baby had a word of complaint as long as it was in Aunt Margaret's lap. On the other hand, Jeannie and I stood in awe of her, for she constantly reproved us. Clad in her clean white apron and cap, she had the mien of a Vestal Virgin and called Jesus to witness that she was His black sheep and would sit on His right hand on the Day of Resurrection.

That was the first of the two sessions (1903-05) Frank Abbot spent in Alabama as teacher of French and German in Hopson Murfee's military academy in Marion. Before we were fairly settled in our new home with Mrs. Wills, Frank came and stayed with us more than a week (13-22 September); he came again at Christmas (23-30 December), and we had a jolly time together. Frank was so adaptable that by that time he was already more at home in Alabama than we were after having lived there two years. Soon he had friends all over the state and liked to visit them in their homes.

At Mrs. Wills's I accomplished a heap of work reorganising my courses in college and preparing syllabuses of lectures that were first mimeographed and subsequently printed for the use of my students. The consequence was that by the end of the session I was tired and worn out. It was then that I had that bad spell of dysentery which came near putting an end to my life. I was weak as a kitten and could take no nourishment to speak of; I could not stand on my feet. To make

matters worse, little Abbot, not yet a year old, had something like the same illness. It was a terrible time for Jeannie who had to nurse us both and was nearly frantic with anxiety and fear. Then, as always whenever there was sickness, Dr. Drake was the mainstay. He came at all hours of the day and night, though there was not much he could do, except to sit and watch and give Jeannie a little respite when she needed to have a wink of sleep. The baby rallied a little, but I slipped downhill farther and farther; until at last Dr. Drake shook his head and (just as he had advised when Little Jim was so desperately ill) told Jeannie that the best thing to do was to take Abbot and me to Virginia away from the hot summer climate of Alabama. "They need the ozone of the mountain air, they are too depleted to get well here." I was almost too weak to hear what was said, yet I know I longed to be at Bellevue, chiefly I believe because there Jeannie would have no lack of help and comfort. But how on earth could I ever get back to Old Bellevue, lying in bed flat on my back and scarcely able to turn from one side to the other? and poor Jeannie with her sick babe in her arms and nearly distracted! I cannot tell how it was accomplished, for I do not know myself. Dr. Drake and big, strong John McDuffie, my pupil much attached to me, bore me to the station in their arms or on a litter (I can't remember how) and put me in the lower berth of the Pullman car while the train waited. Jeannie and the Baby had the opposite berth. The train hurried fast all night long, and I, for the first time in a fortnight, slept soundly. Jeannie told me afterwards that two or three times I called to her across the aisle: "Dearest, I am getting better!" Something like a miracle was wrought upon me, that's the only explanation I can offer. Next morning I sat up in bed and dressed myself. I ate a piece of toast and drank a glass of milk. I got up and walked about in the coach, a mere skeleton, it is true. The baby was much better too. At Lynchburg we had to wait a half-hour for Number Three to take us the fifteen miles we still had to go. Jeannie and the baby sat down in the waiting-room while I stood on the platform outside. A coloured boy passed by me with a basket of rose-red June peaches on his arm. I called to him, took one of the peaches and smelled it; the perfume was heavenly! I bit off a piece and chewed it without swallowing the meat; at the taste of the juice my stomach leaped for joy. Then and there, without pausing for reflection, I sucked the juice of half a dozen clingstone peaches, one after the other in rapid succession, and gave the boy a dime. I was like a man who had fasted forty days and nights and would have come a thousand miles to get a bite of that fruit. I felt as guilty as Adam when he tasted the forbidden apple in the Garden of Eden, at the same time I felt a whole

lot better. Of course, I did not dare tell Jeannie, though I kept nothing from her and knew she would find out sooner or later.

By the time we got to the Switch, I was in a gale of mirth. Everybody was there to meet us. As the train slowed down, I took the baby from Jeannie's arms and, rushing out onto the vestibule, called to Charley pacing alongside: "Hello, don't stand there like a Georgia Cracker! Take this baby, while I go back in the coach and fetch Jeannie—and, mind you, hold him right-side up!" Again the train waited patiently till we unloaded all our luggage and paraphernalia (malted milk, paregoric, spirit-lamp, smelling-bottle, etc.). Sister Lucy and Loulie clasped Jeannie, I clasped the conductor and the porter, the whistle blew, the passengers waved adieu, the train moved on, and there we were at Old Bellevue once more (8 June 1904). Our trunks were there and everything we brought with us down to Abbot's Philadelphia baby-carriage which was checked with the trunks. Charley and the Baby took to each other and were uncle and nephew from that day forth. The peach-juice whetted my appetite; I asked Loulie how long it was before supper.

It was quite a long time before supper, and therefore (lest I may forget it in all the excitement of this story) this is a good opportunity to pay a tribute to Charley; though if I paid him all I owed him, the panegyric would take up a heap of room. Here I mention only one item of the bill.

As often as Jeannie and I came back to Old Bellevue, and as often as we went away again, it was faithful Brother Charley who drove us to or from the station (at the Switch, in Bedford City or in Lynchburg), in good weather or in bad weather. Never once did he fail to haul us to or fro. His "tin Lizzie" (which he was one of the first to own when tin Lizzies came in fashion) was jitney *nonpareil*; nothing daunted it, dented as it was all over. It went through Coleman's Hollow with mud up to the hub, for all I know it climbed the highest pinnacle of the Peaks of Otter; it had "every virtue, every grace," and every disgrace too, that a T-Model Ford was ever known to have; but eventually it took you where you were going, and you got there safe and not very badly bruised. Charley at the wheel was like Phoebus Apollo in his chariot, just as handsome, just as winsome, yet not quite as punctual. When I think of all the fares and tips I have paid in taxicabs, and then cannot remember a single instance when I gave Charley a dime or a *pourboire* for ferrying me from Dan to Beersheba, not once but a dozen times, it makes me blush for shame. We didn't even pay Charley for the gas he used, and God knows how often he ran out of gas!

As well as I recollect, the summer of 1904 was the time I began work in dead earnest in preparation of my first book on geometrical optics. What I needed most for carrying out that project was access to

a big library, and so for the next five or six years I was wont to spend a portion of every summer usually in Boston in a little room on St. Botolph Street near Copley Square where the Public Library is. Nearly the whole month of July 1904 I was in Boston on this business, while Jeannie and the baby stayed at Bellevue waiting for me to come back to them and finish the summer there. As always, separation from Jeannie was hard to bear, and every day of my absence from her was solitary and desolate. However, on this particular occasion Heath Dabney and Lily Davis (with their little son, Virginius Dabney, who is now the distinguished editor of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*) were spending the summer at Nahant close to Boston, and I had the pleasure of seeing them every week or so.

Ever since I left Geneva three years before, I had had a great longing to go back there and renew my old friendships and close associations. Accordingly, near the end of July when I had finished my task in Boston for the time being, I went to Geneva, considerably out of my way, for the purpose of spending a few days, first, with the Lovetts and then with the Durfees. Needless to say, I had a warm welcome; the only trouble was I caught one of those nasty summer colds that are so annoying and hard to get rid of. Mrs. Durfee was very solicitous about my health and advised me to consult a new physician, Dr. Skinner, who had recently begun to practise medicine in Geneva and had acquired already considerable local reputation. He subjected me to a very thorough physical examination and ended by giving me a poor bill of health. The gist of his diagnosis was that I had incipient tuberculosis and would have to go delicately all the rest of my days. This was news to me, very bad news; although I remembered that I had had much difficulty in obtaining additional life-insurance the last time I applied and was obliged to pay an extraordinarily high premium. Dr. Skinner warned me particularly against taking strenuous exercise and positively forbade me to play tennis or ride a bicycle, as I was in the habit of doing. I thanked him, paid his bill (which was very moderate), took up my hat and

—“went like one that had been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
I rose the morrow morn.”

A few days later I was back at Old Bellevue again, where Jeannie was waiting for me. When I broke the bad news to her, instantly she bade me be of good cheer. “*Renaissance*,” said she “is up my alley. From

this day forth, I am going to take you in hand and make a new man of you." She was true to her word, and that is how I am alive to this day.

Tuberculosis was a much uglier and more frightful disease fifty years ago than it is now when it is less rampant and to a large extent under control. It so happened that while I was in Boston, Jeannie had read an article on the subject by Dr. William Osler of Johns Hopkins University that left a deep impression upon her. That eminent authority maintained that incipient tuberculosis could be overcome provided the victim accumulated enough raw material of flesh and blood to combat it, and the way to do that (he said) was for the patient to take on fat and store up substance that was a potential of strength and vigour (a least that was the way I understood it). The surest and quickest way of gaining this advantage was by stuffing the stomach with wholesome and readily assimilable food, mainly new-laid raw eggs and rich milk fresh from the cow's udder, both at blood-temperature and ready for absorption in the patient's system.

Accordingly, beginning early in August 1904, and continuing many years thereafter as long as we lived in Auburn, my daily diet morning and evening consisted mainly of raw eggs and warm milk, plenty of both. Twice a day I used to go out to the stable with a tall soda-water glass and drink as many glasses as I could swallow of the last, rich drippings from the cow's udder. It was mighty distasteful and mighty boring, often very inconvenient especially in bad weather; but I could neither rebel nor renege, for Jeannie stood over me and saw to it that I lived up to the contract. I did not get well in a hurry, I had many an illness ahead of me still, I think I never failed to have a bad attack of grippe or influenza at least once every year; but, as it turned out, I outlived Jeannie, and that was providential for her sweet sake.

Every year of the decade 1904-1914 the first thing Jeannie did, on returning to Auburn early in September after having been away all summer, was to buy a new cow and calf for about \$25. or \$30. It was always a Jersey cow, the calf had nothing on earth to do with it except to guarantee that the cow was fresh, it was not only superfluous but a nuisance, it had to be given away, for in Auburn a calf had no value whatever, not even for the butcher. The cow grazed in our big cow-lot behind the vegetable-garden and in winter ate the hay that Jeannie had cured and stored in the hay-loft with plenty of cotton-seed meal to boot. William Runnles, who was Alice's husband, came twice a day, morning and evening, to milk the cow; and if William was drunk, as he was often enough, and failed to put in appearance, Jeannie milked the cow herself; for there was nothing Jeannie could not do.

Early in June, just before we set out for Virginia, it was my business to sell the cow and be rid of her. Invariably I sold her to William Runnles, William gave me his IOU, picked up the rope and led the cow through the alley between our house and Dr. Anderson's into the street; and that was the last we saw or heard of that cow. In the ten years this plan was in effect I sold William ten cows and got in return ten IOU's; and that was all there was to it. Both William and Alice, his wife, who without doubt was one of the pleasantest human beings, and certainly the biggest rogue, I have ever known in my life, must have died long ago. I suppose they landed in Purgatory and are there still, for they were too sweet and amiable to be put in hell, and it is hard to see how they could ever have been admitted in heaven.

As a matter of fact, Alice does not come into this story until Abbot got to be three years old, that is, in 1906 or maybe 1907. Then she was maid of all work, and Abbot adored her.

Eating raw eggs and drinking warm milk were not the only measures that were used for making me a new man. All the newspapers in 1904 carried advertisements of Paul v. Boeckmann's correspondence course of "deep-breathing" exercises. According to his picture, he was a giant; the lump of muscle on his arm was terrifying to see. Jeannie wrote to this Hercules, sent him the money in advance, and enrolled me as one of his pupils. She bought one of his tin gas-tanks that measured your lung-capacity. I swelled up and blew into that apparatus until it is a wonder I didn't burst like the vainglorious frog in *Æsop's Fables*. Every week Ajax in New York sent me new instructions and congratulated me on my past performance. Charley Abbot was standing by one day and watched me; when I finished, he put the rubber tube in his mouth and without the slightest effort blew the lid off the gas-tank. What was the use of my trying? Nevertheless, I kept up "deep breathing" exercises for a year or more. One day I saw a notice in the paper of the death of Paul v. Boeckmann and, for the first time, felt a little triumphant; for he had breathed his last, and I was still breathing a little.

In September 1904, when little Abbot was almost beginning to walk, we went back to house-keeping in Auburn. Jeannie had rented Dr. Broun's residence on Gay Street from his daughter, Miss Bessie Broun, who was going to Fredericksburg, Va., to live; and thereafter for the next ten years this property was our spacious and comfortable home. Like nearly all the houses in Auburn it was plain and unpretentious—a simple, one-storey frame building lifted a few feet above the ground with just enough space beneath for a workman to crawl under if need be. Located in the heart of the village, it had a big yard and cow-lot with a number of outhouses, and was, I suppose, the most desirable residence in Auburn. The wide hall extending the whole length of the house from the front to the back porch divided the building in two

equal and symmetrical halves, three rooms with high ceilings on each side. The store-room, pantry and kitchen were attached on one side of the rear of the house and in communication with it by a covered porch. A two-room cottage, a wood-house and loft, and a stable for horse and cow were close at hand in the back-yard, which had an alley-way from the street. A beautiful magnolia tree was in the corner of the front yard, and a big pecan tree close by. The side of the yard where the well was was a flower-garden; and a sun-house or flower-pit covered with glass (nearly a perfect replica of Jeannie's flower-pit at Old Bellevue) was on the other side of the yard. Jeannie was delighted with her new home. In all her life, both before and after, I doubt whether she ever was happier and more content than she was during the decade 1904-14 when she lived in Dr. Broun's old home in Auburn. She bestowed her charm on it, something it never had before; it was agreeable to the eye and pleasant to the touch.

According to my recollection, it was not the first year we lived in Bessie Broun's house but a year or two later, that dark night when a stray cow got in the front yard and stumbled into the flower-pit not far from our bedroom window at the back of the house. The crash of broken glass and the bellowing of the cow made a loud noise and waked both Jeannie and me. Jeannie divined what had befallen and was in tears; I believe she did not get another wink of sleep all night long. The cow, deeming discretion to be best, laid down, looked up at the stars, and mooed plaintively from hour to hour. Next morning Jeannie and her factotum, grey-haired Uncle Aleck, had much ado eliminating the cow and driving her out on the street. Mr. Cullars, the carpenter, spent all the rest of the week mending the sashes and repairing the damage. Aunt Margaret recognised the cow to be a dastardly witch that had been plaguing her in one disguise or another for "nigh on fifty years;" but Uncle Aleck insisted "'Twan't no witch at all, 'twan't nothing mo'n a mean ole cow meddlin' in other folks' bizness, jes' like cows always does." I believe Uncle Aleck was right, but I believe in witches too, for I have seen too many of them in my time.

The first big party or reception Jeannie gave in her new home was on Thanksgiving Day (29 November, if I am not mistaken) in honour of the "Auburn Tigers," the victorious football team. Coach Donahue and I drank toasts to each other, and Master Abbot, standing in the centre of our Grand Rapids mahogany dining table, was publicly proclaimed to be mascot of the team. The other big event that had happened earlier that same month was the triumphant election of Mr. Dooley's "Teddy Rosenfelt" for four years more in the White House at Washington.

Mike Donahue, Auburn's famous football coach half a century ago, was a stocky little Irishman from Massachusetts, popular and phlegmatic. He walked with a leisurely gait, swaying towards each foot as it touched the pavement. Late for my class, I hurried past him on the street one day; he took off his cap and accosted me in words that I remember to this day: "Take it easy, professor!"

In December there was a small-pox scare in Auburn, and both Jeannie and the baby were vaccinated. When Christmas came, they were still smarting from the sores; and to make matters worse, I was down with grippe, which was one of my favourite diseases in those days and for long afterwards. Christmas 1904 was not merry in our house; yet we had a big pleasure in store, for Mrs. Abbot was coming to pay her first visit to us as soon as Christmas at Bellevue was over. Frank was at Bellevue that Christmas, and I suppose he piloted his mother as far as Atlanta on his way back to Marion, Ala. I know I met her at the station in Auburn the last day of the year and that great was our rejoicing when she crossed our threshold. Mrs. Abbot was a delightful guest, for it was her nature to give and take pleasure wherever she abided.

CHAPTER XVII

End of the School and Rise of Trivium (1905-10)

"I thinks about the things that was,
An' leans an' looks acrost the sea,
'Till spite of all the crowded ship,
There's no one lef' alive but me."
RUDYARD KIPLING, *For to Admire*.

BEFORE he was two years old, our Abbot got to be one of the principal citizens of Auburn and was known all over town. Sometimes I thought he courted popularity. Undoubtedly, he liked to be in the lime-light. Mascot or marplot, he played either *rôle*, provided he occupied the centre of the stage. I am sure he was just as glad to see his grandmother the day she arrived in Auburn (31 Dec. 1904) as Jeannie and I were, for he hugged and kissed her and showed every symptom of joy; but grandmother was a very conspicuous person in Auburn, the populace bowed down before her; and I think the baby was jealous. At any rate, the very next day, New Year's Day, Abbot went to bed with bronchial pneumonia and diverted all the attention to himself. For a week or two he was really very sick indeed, and we were thoroughly alarmed; he did not put his foot out of doors again until Washington's birthday long after his grandmother had come and gone. Fortunately, Mrs. Abbot had a good time after all, Auburn was delighted with her and she was delighted with Auburn, and I do not believe she would have gone back to Old Bellevue at the end of January, had it not been time for her to get in touch with deaf old Charles Walker and plant Spring vegetables in her garden. She was the nicest guest that ever stayed under my roof, the easiest to please, loving and beloved, true as steel and good as gold.

Although Abbot was a robust little fellow, somehow he caught every germ and had every disease a child can have, measles and mumps, typhoid fever and pneumonia, and had each one in its worst shape. By the time he was twelve years old, he broke his leg twice and got to be an expert on crutches.

By this time (1905) Jeannie and I were thoroughly acclimated in Alabama and had a large circle of friends in Auburn, which included General Lane and his daughters, the Petries, the Wiatts, the Crenshaws, Dr. Drake and his daughter Mary, Mrs. O. D. Smith (mother of young Mrs. Thach), old Mrs. Thach (mother of President Thach), and others also.

Some of our best friends lived only a few years in Auburn. I believe Mrs. Jones-Williams, who was a Miss Irvine from South Carolina, had come and gone before 1905. Her husband was a Welshman who had had an orange-grove in Florida and who came to the Alabama Polytechnic Institute to learn electrical engineering. Mrs. Grattan, a widow from Virginia, had some kind of job in the college. Another friend of ours was a Turk, over thirty years of age (I forget his name, if I ever knew it); he was in Alabama to study agriculture and stayed a year in Auburn. I remember his sending us a marconigram from the vessel at sea that was taking him back to Turkey. Then there was a German youth named Schoene, who had fled from Germany to escape conscription in the army. The way he happened to come to Auburn was because the Alabama Polytechnic Institute came first on his alphabetical list of colleges in the United States. He was four years in Auburn and tried to teach Abbot German.

Jeannie was much attached to Professor Nathaniel C. Curtis, first professor of architecture (1907-12) in the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. He was a delightful fellow, ten years my junior, who is now (I believe) professor emeritus of architecture in Tulane University, where he went soon after marrying Bessie Thach. I remember his restraining Jeannie from wiping away the dust on Miss Bessie Broun's grand piano, which she had left in the big hall for us to keep for her: "Leave the dust just where it lies," he begged Jeannie; "dust is what gives tone to polish." Jeannie was fond of quoting that speech.

Dr. Albert H. Wilson, now professor emeritus of mathematics in Haverford College, was my own age and one of the most delightful companions. Exceedingly capable and exceedingly modest, he was ill at ease in Auburn and stayed there only a short time. Crenshaw, Wiatt, Wilson and I had a club by ourselves and used to play duplicate whist once every week for several years. We were thoroughly congenial, only all three of them vied with one another in growing asparagus, and beat Jeannie at that game. I was the real victor, because I had more asparagus than I could eat.

Dr. John H. Drake deserves a special place in this narrative, if for no other reason, because he watched over our lives all the years Jeannie and I lived in Auburn, and more than once saved them, and Abbot's life too. He was already past middle age when we first knew him. About medium height, with a florid complexion and a white moustache

(which was often joined to a close-cut beard), and with a jolly countenance, he was rather handsome, certainly very pleasing in appearance. If he was ever out of Auburn, it was not when we knew him. He had an invisible wife, a charming daughter, and a ne'er-do-well son. The wife was an enigma, Mary Drake naturally got married, and "Son Drake," as he was called, left town.

Dr. Drake was seldom at home; or, to put it another way, he was more at home in our house than anywhere else. He was the only physician nearer than Opelika (unless you count Dr. Yarborough who, as well as I could tell, was physician in name only). It was a common saying in Auburn that "Dr. Drake never lost a patient"; which was perfectly true in the sense that all survived who were not doomed to die. The sick man might have small-pox or chicken-pox; fearless and tireless, Dr. Drake watched by his bedside until the sufferer got well.

He went about town in his buggy and always took his pipe with him. When he paid a visit, he left the pipe on the porch outside. "Doctor," I would say when I went to the door to meet him, "don't leave your pipe, we are all used to smoking."—He looked at the pipe affectionately and sighed: "No, that's a man's pipe, that pipe is." As a matter of fact, it was a "Sally Michael" pipe, he told me once, the bowl was made of "North Carolina" white clay, the short stem was cut from a fig-bush; it was unclean and uncleanable; it was rank as poison, and Dr. Drake carried the odour of it whether the pipe was in his coat-pocket or whether it was propped up out on the porch.

Dr. Drake was fond of his pipe, and he liked a mint julep too, though he was not a wine-bibber in any sense of the word; but the two things I believe he liked best on earth were, first, "Miss Jinks," as he called Jeannie, whom he admired from her head to her feet, and second, our old-fashioned horn-phonograph that then was in the height of fashion. He could sit and look at Jeannie by the hour, and he could listen to the phonograph all night long, especially to Melba, Tetrassini and Caruso. He went into rapture when Alma Gluck soared to her high notes and warbled *Caro Nome*; and I don't blame him, for I was enraptured too, remembering how she looked on the stage when I both saw and heard her once in Atlanta when the Metropolitan Opera Company was there on tour.

When Jeannie was a girl, she had once heard Jean de Reszké sing in Washington and had never forgotten the thrill of listening to that great tenor voice. She used often to tell Dr. Drake about it. I found in her scrap-book a faded newspaper-clipping crumbling to pieces, which I cannot refrain from copying and preserving.

"DO YOU REMEMBER?"

Do you remember, long ago
 That climb we used to take
 Up to the breathless, dizzy top
 For Jean de Reszké's sake?
 How vast it was, that waiting
 house
 Beneath us, tier on tier,
 While at the boxes far below
 We used to stare and peer
 Through borrowed glasses,
 feeling rich
 To see such gems and lace,
 To hear Jean sing as Romeo
 And gaze on Juliet's face.

Do you remember those "white
 nights"?
 That prickling thrill we knew
 When Jean and Edouard and
 Eames
 And Lilli Lehmann, too,
 Sang all the old beloved roles?—
 Ah, man, but they could
 sing!—
 Tristan, Isolde, Lohengrin,
 And all the splendid Ring!
 No puny mortals were we then,
 The kind that dully plods!

We sat on high—Olympians—
 Young, lusty Gallery Gods!

Do you remember even now
 That crowded topmost tier?
 Its acrid smell of peppermint,
 Of garlic and of beer:
 The eager faces all about,
 Italian, Frenchmen, Jew,
 Ablaze with Youth's intensity,
 Its white-hot passion, too—
 That passion for the perfect
 note,
 For discords that beguile,
 For magic Love and tragic loss
 And Beauty's cryptic smile!

Ah, we remember, you and I,
 That rapture long ago,
 When we two, in the gallery,
 Shared Jean's impassioned
 woe!
 There is no "encore," yet one
 dreams
 Archangels may rejoice
 To hear what we heard in our
 youth—
 DE RESZKÉ's golden voice!
 G. G.

Dr. Drake, as far as I know, had never been to college; I cannot imagine where or how he got his medical training if indeed he had ever had any at all except the most rudimentary kind. Yet he was not uneducated, was well informed, and had a fund of conversation. He was a born physician.

He never sent a bill that I can remember; yet I was constantly sending for him whenever I was under the weather and in need of a pill. He would tie his horse to the hitching-post and come up the steps of the front porch where I was sitting dejectedly. He would lead me to a place where the light was brightest and tell me to put out my tongue. He used two instruments, a rusty thermometer and an enormous Waterbury watch; with the former he took my temperature, and with the latter he counted my pulse. Meanwhile, Jeannie had come out on the porch with a glass of water. "Howdy, Miss Jinks, I believe you get prettier and prettier every day and your old man here sorrier and sorrier, but we'll coddle him a little and put him in shape." Dr. Drake felt in his coat-pocket where he kept his pipe, and dredged up all the flotsam and jetsam at the

bottom: pipe-ashes and tobacco-crumbs, a quill tooth-pick, a hair-pin, and about a dozen coloured pills, red and blue, white and yellow. He held all this miscellany in the palm of his hand and with one puff of his lungs blew away the chaff; then with his free hand he plucked forth the blue pill (that may have had my initials on it) and dropped it in my open mouth, while Jeannie handed me the glass of water. Then he and Jeannie left me on the porch to get well at my leisure, while they went inside and turned on the phonograph.

The year 1905 is not sharply engraved on my memory; yet it is marked by two or three incidents that are worth relating. A mournful event in Auburn was the death of Professor Otis D. Smith early in May not quite a month before the end of the session. My acquaintance with him was slight and polite. I remember well the old round-top "derby" hat he used to wear, for it had chalk-marks on it that were never completely rubbed off. Crenshaw, who succeeded him in the chair of mathematics, told me the marks were the remnants of a hyperboloid-of-two-sheets that Professor Smith drew on his hat for his class in analytic solid geometry, a subject that was taught occasionally in the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. But what I remember best of all is the memorial service that was held in the Methodist Church about a month after Professor Smith's death, for that was really a very impressive ceremony. The church was crowded, distinguished visitors came from all over Alabama. The Presiding Elder, as tall and dignified as King Saul, sounded the key-note when he said very solemnly that, of course, he did not know what was in the mind of Almighty God when he decided to create man in His own image, yet if he had to guess, he would unhesitatingly say it was "such a man as Otis D. Smith!" He was followed by U. S. Senator Tom Heflin, a large man also, who wore a white waistcoat and was famous for his unquenchable flow of oratory. ("You could waltz to it," Mr. Dooley said.) He eulogised Professor Smith and compared him first to the aurora borealis and then to the Natural Bridge of Virginia, both of which, he said, were phenomenal. However, the most heartfelt tribute of all was that of old Mr. Glenn, the Treasurer of the College, Professor Smith's bosom friend and boon companion. Mr. Glenn was a taciturn man, not given to speaking either in public or in private, but he was grief-stricken. He rose in his pew, he wiped the tears from his eyes with a handkerchief big as a towel, and he said in a trembling voice: "I have known Otis D. Smith nigh on forty years; never once in all that time did I hear him utter even a semi cuss-word!" The congregation was hushed, the Presiding Elder came down from the pulpit, and grasped Mr. Glenn by the hand. There was nothing more to be said. The sanctification of Otis D. Smith was accomplished.

Another incident in my life that occurred early that summer soon after we were back at Old Bellevue was an interview I had with President Alderman in his office on East Lawn concerning the chair of physics in the University of Virginia that was being made vacant by the retirement of my old teacher Professor Francis H. Smith. I should have liked nothing better than to have stepped into his shoes. My friends in the faculty, especially Raleigh Minor, Heath Dabney and John Staige Davis, were both solicitous and active in my behalf. My attitude was, that if the place was offered me, I would gladly accept it, but that I would not apply for it. Raleigh wrote me very urgently and said that the least I could do was to have a personal interview with the new president who had been such a short time in the university that he had hardly as yet learned his way around the grounds. Accordingly, I went to Charlottesville on this business, having made up my mind to be guided by Raleigh's advice. At that time (9 June 1905) Raleigh and Natalie, having gotten up in the world, had abandoned their home on Fourteenth Street and, taking Cora with them, were living in grandeur in the pavilion on West Lawn that was formerly the residence of Professor James M. Garnett. They had double as many children as they had before I was married, for now they had a daughter as well as a son, and Natejus, instead of putting away childish things, was more absorbed in them than ever. They welcomed me with open arms and said they were already looking forward to the prospect of having Jeannie and Abbot and me for next-door neighbours (never dreaming that Professor Smith and his daughter Mrs. Kent would continue to live next door until the old gentleman got to be nearly a hundred years old far up in the 1920's).

On the date mentioned above I went across The Lawn to the office of President Alderman, meaning to be as bold as Dr. Johnson would have been in the presence of Lord Chesterfield; and, as luck would have it, the first person I met was venerable Professor Emeritus Noah K. Davis coming out of *sanctum sanctorum*. He greeted me affectionately, clasped me to his bosom, and introduced me to Dr. Alderman who was standing at his door. Professor Davis eulogised me; you might have supposed I was a direct descendant of Archimedes. Dr. Alderman was equally polite. He said my reputation had preceded me; and, besides (he added), he knew my uncle downtown, for temporarily he was living opposite him on Park Street. He sat at his desk, leaned his elbows on it, held his chin in both hands, and gazed wistfully at me on the other side of the table. I felt as if I was being X-rayed without my consent, yet I was afraid to move lest I might get out of focus. We exchanged some words more or less platitudinously, and then I got up to go, for

others outside were waiting to see him. We shook hands cordially, and that was the nearest I ever came to being a professor in the University of Virginia.

I think Raleigh was more disappointed than I was. He upbraided me afterwards: "That's what you get for getting married and not getting your Ph.D. degree!"—"My initials are all the letters to my name," I replied; "JPCS, Jeannie's Proud, Conceited Spouse. They ought to be an 'open sesame' to the Papacy or any other high office."

Perhaps it was that same summer when the Switch ceased to be the railway station for Old Bellevue. For longer than a year (according to my recollection) a gang of "dagoes" had been camped on Mr. Abbot's land and were busy with digging away the hillside beyond the ice-pond and lowering the railway some fifteen or twenty feet below the level of the Switch. After that for several years, if the train stopped at all, it stopped down in the hollow about midway between the Switch and the present station at Goode. It was very inconvenient.

It was a high step from the ground to the lowest step of a passenger coach. It was as much as I could do to help Mrs. Otway Owen get on the train the day she went back to Lynchburg. Mrs. Owen, widow of the famous Lynchburg physician and surgeon, and her two daughters, Janie and Alice Owen, had been boarding at Bellevue that summer, and it was then that Loulie Abbot and Janie Owen (afterwards Mrs. Charles Heald) got to be the devoted friends they were ever afterwards.

Another time (I remember) Sister Lucy and I at midnight were standing at the unmarked place where the train was supposed to stop. The eastbound express was believed to have Brother Dan on board, and I tried to stop it by waving a lantern at it. I might as well have tried to halt Mr. Massie's bull when he spied me in his pasture. I don't believe the train stopped that night before it got to Petersburg, for it was ten or twelve hours later when Brother Dan, weary and worn, stumbled into Siberia.

Steam-shovel and dagoes with their picks and shovels made a deep scar on the hill-side next the railway, yet on the whole they left a pleasant impression and added novelty to our daily lives as long as they stayed. We used to sit on the brow of the hill and watch the progress of the task from day to day. We got to be quite "chummy" with the handsome young engineer who was in charge of the work and commander-in-chief. He came often to supper in the big house, and indeed he and Loulie had a mild flirtation, though all it really amounted to was Loulie's reading aloud to him off in a corner from a book of *Poems of Emily Brontë*, which I gave her, not for that purpose, but out of the kindness of my heart. I know little about strategy, yet I think

Loulie used the wrong method in dealing with a civil engineer. What does a fellow like that care to be told that "No coward soul is mine"? A day came at last when the dagoes pulled down their huts, took up their picks and shovels, and marched away from their diggings towards Roanoke. The handsome and care-free young engineer climbed aboard the steam-shovel, waved farewell to Loulie and all the rest of us standing round, and rolled over the hills and far away clean out of sight. I doubt whether he ever set his foot in Bedford County again;

"And that's what I mean when I say, or I sing,
Oh, bother the flowers that bloom in the spring!"

Like Loulie, about this same time Frank Abbot also was carrying on some kind of flirtation that seems to have been a pure waste of time. His affair was with a maiden in Montgomery, Ala., who he said was just to his taste. She had a beautiful voice in singing and loved music. Whatever became of her, I never knew; for in 1905 Frank was through with Alabama and came back to Virginia to teach French and German in the Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg. That was only a short way from Old Bellevue, and he came home frequently and sometimes brought one of his new friends with him.

At Blacksburg Frank got to know Dr. Albert Jay Nock, who at that time was a clergyman in the Episcopal church; though soon afterwards he left the church and for two or three years was editor of a weekly newspaper in New York. He used to accompany Frank to Old Bellevue and was a highly honoured guest.

Ah me! when I think of all those happy summers Jeannie and I used to spend at Old Bellevue when we lived in Auburn, Ala., and Abbot was not yet ten years old, it is hard to believe the world was ever so full of sunshine and joy. Then I was even beginning to get on the good side of Emily; and sometimes, but very seldom, Annie C. and I beat Mr. Abbot and Joe Chipman at the new game of "Bridge" which had taken the place of "Hearts" (just as the latter a few years before had ousted ancient six-hand euchre). Yet even at Old Bellevue now and then a dark cloud might come and cast a gloomy shadow. That was what happened in 1906, when our Abbot, then three years old, hovered between life and death nearly a whole month (18 June-10 July), stricken with typhoid fever. That disease was a terrible scourge in those days and took its toll regularly every summer, yet it had never come nigh Old Bellevue, as well it might have done considering how careless the Abbots were of hygiene. Dr. Frank Nelson maintained that Abbot had contracted his case in Auburn, and I believe he was right. There were

some days near the end of June when the poor little fellow was really desperately ill with temperature as high as 104 degrees, and Jeannie was frantic. Then it was that Ethel Dirom stood us in good stead and nursed Abbot day and night until he got well.

As long as I live, I shall never forget Ethel Dirom's unflagging aid and efficient service. She was here, there and everywhere, always sanguine and cheerful. She and Jeannie were the same age, but Ethel is still living (1955) and a blessing to all who know her.

If Ethel had never done anything but nurse and be a mother to lovely Emily Ambler, she would have deserved a crown. In 1906 Emily Ambler was sweet sixteen or thereabouts. The first time I ever saw her was when Abbot was so ill and she came to Bellevue to see Ethel. I was standing on the upper porch in Siberia outside Abbot's room, and Emily Ambler was down in the yard below. It was like instantaneous photography, I got the impression of a high-born maiden that has lasted to this day and brings back Emily Ambler to me now.

Jeannie was in need of recreation after all the strain of that hard time. Early in August she and I went on a tour, first, to Geneva, where we stayed with the Durfee's and the Lovett's and, I know, had a good time, yet all I have is a memorandum but no other memory of that visit. We returned to Charlottesville and stayed at Kate Minor's on University Avenue. Charley Abbot brought Abbot from Bellevue. Mother was at Miss Cynthia Berkeley's. In all, Jeannie and I were away from Bellevue nearly the whole month of August.

For Mr. and Mrs. Abbot (and, as it has turned out, for the good of mankind) the year 1906 was distinguished by the births of two more grandsons. They were not born simultaneously like Castor and Pollux, and, besides, they had different mothers, but I should have to look in *Who's Who* to find out which was the elder of the two. One of them was Master John Henderson who was born in Siberia; which gives a clue as to who was his mother. The other was Master Scaisbrooke Abbot, born under his father's roof in Bedford City, that is to say, the youngest of Lucy Lewis's four handsome sons. Both were sturdy and promising lads; connoisseurs in infants (Loulie Abbot, for instance) said unhesitatingly, each was a credit to his parents.

John Henderson was christened in the parlour of Old Bellevue by his Uncle Frank's friend, Rev. or Irrev. Albert Jay Nock, who came from Blacksburg on purpose. Perhaps he was called John in compliment to old John of Gaunt, said to be the ancestor of all the Johnsons.

Scaisbrooke Abbot came to be called Brooke, no matter how he was christened. It is plain as day that his grandmother Mrs. John H. Lewis (*née* Lizzie Langhorne) had something to do with his

rather fantastic name, for her father was John Scaisbrooke Langhorne. Incidentally, it is worthy of note that Mrs. Lewis (who was one of the most delightful and celebrated ladies of Virginia) was a grand-daughter of the sister of Robert Callaway Steptoe, who was the original owner of Bellevue with its 600 acres.

Another significant event of this same year (1906) was the matriculation of Lucy Ridgway Henderson (Little Lucy) as freshman or neophyte in Randolph-Macon Woman's College in Lynchburg. She had graduated in Bellevue High School for Boys, and her grandfather was so proud of her that he gave or lent her the money to go to college for four years. You may be sure that Little Lucy made her mark in college; and by the time she got her degree, she could hold her own with almost any scholar in Christendom, ancient or modern. I know it to be a fact that she wrote on the margin of one of her text-books in philosophy, "You are wrong there, Mr. T. Aquinas!" and I believe she was right, though the controversy was over my head.

The years Jeannie and I lived in Miss Bessie Broun's house in Auburn had their ups and downs; along with everybody else on the globe we kept going round and round the sun, first one year and then another, all the round-trips are hard to keep straight in my memory; but on the whole they were joyous years when we kept open house and had from time to time a heap of agreeable company. They were the years too when I had my nose to the grind-stone and was hard at work on the *opus* (I called it), which was my secret project for deliverance from Alabama.

I told my pupils Newton's Third Law of Motion prohibited a man from lifting himself off the ground by pulling on his bootstraps. Yet that was my task, day in and day out, all the time I was writing that dreary volume called *The principles and methods of geometrical optics*. Jeannie had little use for that book; she said I was in love with it and no longer in love with her. That was the most unkindest cut of all! All I could say in reply was: "*Hic labor, hoc opus!*"

One continual trouble we had during those early years was a leaky roof which was especially bad over the guest-chamber opposite the parlour. The old shingles were rotten, the rain laughed them to scorn. I remember one rainy night lying awake in our comfortable room where it was perfectly dry and wondering with quite a little concern how our guest, old Rev. Dr. Beard, was faring in the front room where I knew the ceiling-plaster was dripping-wet right over his head. Rev. Mr. Jeter had decamped, and the little Episcopal church in Auburn had no regular rector; Dr. Beard used to come once a month and stay in

our house over the week-end, in order to have church that one Sunday at least. He was a nice, devout old gentleman, a churchman through and through, who did not have to open the Book of Common Prayer except to read the Psalter, for he knew all the rest of it by heart. Jeannie and I were very fond of him, though I think he took me to be a Mohammedan, maybe not even that. He never complained of the rain that dripped on his couch, but one day at breakfast he roundly reproved Jeannie for having hung on the wall a picture of more than half-naked Mary Magdalene on the level of his eye when he laid in bed.

Miss Bessie Broun was a good landlord; she commissioned me to employ Mr. Cullars to cover the roof with new cedar shingles which Nelson Harper, a coloured farmer, cut and hauled for me, and after that job was completed, we slept soundly, no matter how hard it was raining outdoors.

Another big improvement of the house that was made about the same time was the installation of a bath-room with water-works. General Lane, I believe, was the only substantial citizen of Auburn who steadfastly opposed changing from well-water and a bucket to reservoir-water and a hydrant to turn it on or off. He made no secret, on the contrary, he boasted of the fact that he had never taken a shower-bath; he shivered to think of it. What I remember best is the good time Abbot had when the carpenters and plumbers came, and he was hail-fellow-well-met with each one of them.

General James H. Lane (1833-1907), who was rather averse to water for either drinking or washing, died soon after the water-pipes were laid in the town; though I do not mean to imply that they were in any way connected with the death of the brave old soldier who had fought in every pitched battle of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was professor of civil engineering in the college and used the same text-book as had been used in the Virginia Military Institute before the war. When the book went out of print, the publishers reserved a supply for the use of General Lane's pupils, but the supply gave out at last, and then (about 1906) there was nothing left for General Lane to do but to adopt "one of these here goddam new-fangled tex'-books," as he expressed it. The terminology was all new; even the units of measurement were no longer pounds and feet but kilogrammes and metres. I think that new text-book was what shortened General Lane's days.

I used to talk to him about the war. The saddest day of his life (he said with tears streaming down his cheeks) was that black night after the battle of Chancellorsville when his men inadvertently shot Stonewall Jackson riding towards them in the dark. The proudest day was when General Lee mounted on Traveller took off his hat and bowed his head as the remnant of Lane's division marched past him after having been all day under fire in the "bloody angle"

of Spottsylvania Courthouse. (It was the day after that battle when General Grant, whose army had been repulsed with great slaughter, wired Secretary Stanton in Washington that he proposed "to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.")

In Auburn General Lane's greatest renown was due to his being the father of the four "Lane girls;" who were certainly mighty bewitching.

At Old Bellevue the signal event of the year 1907 was Emily Abbot's second house-party, as famous as her *débutante* party some five or six years before, and if possible even more colourful and hilarious. Emily's schoolmates, just as bonny as ever and just as sinful, were all back again (except two or three who had sold like hot-cross buns and were blissfully married); and there were newcomers too; for example, Helen Bentley's step-son and step-daughter, young Mr. and Miss Boteler, of Georgetown, who were immediately very popular in that select company. Emily, of course, more beautiful than ever, was the princess of them all, shy in public but powerful behind the scenes, and while she might not

—"trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,"

or sparkle in repartee, as some of her maidens did, she kept control and guided all the frolic. Charley and Loulie, perhaps Frank Abbot also, were mesmerised by Emily and participated in the revels. William and Lucy (if it is not irreverent to call pa and ma by their Christian names) sat on their thrones on the front porch, with dearly beloved Sister Lucy beside them, and looked on benevolently, wishing they were young again, yet thankful to think they had not been so wanton in their youth. I believe nobody had a better time at Emily's party than her father and mother.

Unfortunately, I was absent, not that I was tardy as "brave Crillon" was at Arques, but because at that time my *opus* hung like an albatross round my neck and I was busy trying to be rid of it. All I know about Emily's house-party came by hearsay, but it was an earful. For instance, it was Annie C. who told me, not in a whisper but through a megaphone, that beaux were plentiful and good-looking; nor do I doubt it for an instant, only Annie C. was notoriously "beauxful", not to say sanguine, and saw everything *en couleur de rose*. All the first half of that summer I was hard at work in the library of Cornell University, and, I am thankful to say, had Jeannie and Abbot with me. That is how we missed being at Emily's house-party, and were not missed at all by *les enfants terribles* who took possession of Old Bellevue in 1907 with as much triumph as the Ottoman Turks took Constantinople in 1453.

Our Abbot celebrated his fourth birthday in Cornell University and was getting to be a big boy. Ithaca, N. Y., where the college is at the head of Lake Cayuga, is close to Geneva at the other end of Seneca Lake; and one main reason of my choosing the library of Cornell University for my work-shop that summer was the prospect of exhibiting Abbot to all our old friends in Geneva, for Jeannie and I were fond parents and took it for granted that to become acquainted with Abbot would be a treat for anybody, above all for the Genevans. As luck would have it, we never went any closer to Geneva than Ithaca itself; partly because Abbot, who was hand in glove with every living creature, fell in with the mosquitoes that swarmed in the marshes of Lake Cayuga and came up on the campus every night. Abbot's body was covered with mosquito-bites, and his face was pock-marked by them; so that we couldn't even take his picture, much less take him to Geneva, such a sight he was.

Cornell University appeared to me to be a crude place socially, but my judgment was superficial. We boarded with an English lady who was comparatively a newcomer in this country. She was a widowed sister of Dr. Edward B. Titchener, famous professor of experimental psychology; and one Sunday afternoon she took us to her brother's home, a short walk, to be introduced to him and his family. We found him in his shirt-sleeves out in the yard surrounded by children, mostly his own, I believe they were playing croquet. Dr. Titchener was a genial, ruddy-faced man, with a red beard, about 40 years old I suppose. He conducted us into the house, it was quite a procession with all the children at his heels; and there we assembled in a big room in a crowd around an organ, which was the only furniture except about a dozen stout wooden chairs all exactly alike. The walls, I remember, were plastered with mottoes, that seemed to have been culled from the book of Proverbs ("Go to the ant, thou sluggard," looked down at me reproachfully, until I turned my head in confusion). I think Mrs. Titchener played the organ, but I may be mistaken, for I was never introduced to her. We sang lustily Moody and Sankey hymns ("In the sweet By and Bye," "I need Thee ev'ry hour," etc.); Dr. Titchener, who looked like the Sunday School Superintendent on the back of the hymn-book, had a good voice and led the chorus, beating time with his fore-finger. It was really very enjoyable and for me rather edifying; but I cannot remember ever speaking a word to Dr. Titchener or any other member of the company. About dark I patted a little girl on the head and took Abbot by the hand, I believe our landlady joined Jeannie, and we all went home together. Dr. Titchener and his wife (if the lady at the organ was his wife) were devoid of curiosity. I might have been the Governor of Virginia that had dropped in on him unawares—he did not know and he did not care.

Another time we were invited after supper to the lonely home of venerable Dr. Hiram Corson, professor emeritus of English literature, the highest living authority on the life and works of the poet Cowper. He was an exceedingly interesting old gentleman who had been, I believe, a friend of both Ralph Waldo Emerson and

Walt Whitman. The high point of that memorable evening was his reading aloud to us "The Mystic Trumpeter" from Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. The thrill of that declamation lingers with me yet, for Dr. Corson was thrilled himself.

When we were ready to leave Cornell University, Abbot broke out with a new eruption, and you can imagine our honeymoon in Ithaca had been anything but pleasant for Jeannie. On the way home we stopped several days in Georgetown and stayed with "Cousin Lily" (Mrs. Downs Wilson); in order to get Dr. Lewis Mackall (Lucy Matthews's nice husband) to take a look at Abbot and tell us "wotinel" was the matter with the child this time. When he said it was naught but chicken-pox, only a bad case of it, Jeannie fell on Dr. Mackall's neck and kissed him. I told the doctor that was all right with me, provided he credited the kiss on his bill; as I suppose he did, for he never sent any bill at all. In a day or two we were back at Old Bellevue, and then it was that Annie C. and Emily Peter told me about Emily Abbot's house-party and how beaux thronged round them "thick as bull-bats on a summer-eve," said Annie C., giggling, "for men are necessary, you know, and not necessarily evil."

That summer of 1907 did not pass without taking its toll of sorrow, for one day (while Jeannie and I were still in Ithaca, according to my recollection) our beloved friend, Mr. John H. Lewis, fell dead of heart-disease. It was on the train when he and Mrs. Lewis were returning to Lynchburg after visiting the Saunders's at Rocky Mount. That was a heavy blow to all of us at Old Bellevue. If it is a fact that young George Washington could not tell a lie, I think Mr. Lewis came very near to being like him in that respect. Truthfulness is the rarest, if not the highest, of all virtues; to Mr. Lewis it was second nature. He was very outspoken in his opinions, sometimes disagreeably so, especially when he held a wrong opinion; yet he had a quiet way of signifying his disapproval or dislike of this or that individual: "remoteness is all I ask".

Christmas Eve 1907 was a gala day for us in Auburn, for Charley Abbot came all the way from Old Bellevue to make it Merry Christmas in our home. Two or three days later Frank Abbot arrived also, just in time for the big reception Jeannie gave in honour of her two brothers. That evening was not only gay but exciting. William Runnles, whose business it was to milk the cow, was drunk, and the cow herself was having *delirium tremens* (or whatever is the name of a cow's distemper). Jeannie and Charley were in their evening clothes waiting for the guests to come, when Henrietta, the cook, came from the stable and exclaimed: "Lor', Miss Jeannie, William ain't never come, and the cow is groaning and dying!" Jeannie tucked up her skirts, Charley took off his pumps and put on his old shoes, and he and "Sister Jeannie" trudged through the mud to the stable. Charley prised the cow's mouth open with a broom-stick, Jeannie poured a pitcher of Epsom Salts

vertically down in the cow's belly, and the cow leaped to her feet and was really frisky for the first time in two days.

As I look back on "the brave days of old," it seems to me, Jeannie and I together were equal to every emergency. The cow episode in the stable was before the guests arrived, but the other excitement that evening occurred when the party was at its height and everybody was congratulating Jeannie and me on having two such delightful brothers as Charley and Frank and complimenting us for giving them such a brilliant reception. It was a warm evening for chill December, and the tall window that came down to the floor in the parlour was wide open. Suddenly the burlap curtains embroidered with *fleurs-de-lys* caught on fire from a lighted candle on Abbot's Christmas tree, and in less than a minute the house would have been in flames and soon afterwards in ashes, had it not been for Shel Toomer, proprietor of the drug-store and the Ward McAllister of Auburn society, who even more than Mr. Gullatte, the genial and generous grocer, was the most eligible beau in town. With great dexterity and presence of mind, he pulled down rods and curtains, heedless of the flames, and, cool as a cucumber, walked out on the porch with them hanging on behind, and calmly trampled the fire under foot. He was expert and heroic both, dishevelled and smeared with soot. We praised God for him that day, and admired him ever afterwards. Jeannie promised me in public never again to light the Christmas tree with candles; then all the company danced the Virginia Reel and went home tight.

Chic Sale, the inimitable monologist, used to portray a small-town bravado, the model of whom might have been Shel Toomer, only the latter was high above a mere bravado. I believe he has his drug-store and is still the leading citizen of Auburn. He was a handsome fellow, even if he did murder the King's English and laughed a loud guffaw. Early in life Miss Annie Laurie (not the girl in the song, but her namesake in Auburn) set her heart on Shel Toomer and set her trap for him too, but he eluded her and dashed all her hopes. Long afterwards when I was living in New York, Shel Toomer passed through the city on his honeymoon with a bride he got in Canada. What became of Annie Laurie and the other young ladies in Auburn who sighed for him, I never knew. 'Tis ever thus in Vanity Fair: a few flourish and are happy, many mope and are miserable.

If the Abbot brothers had been two angels from Mars, they could not have had a warmer welcome than they got from the townspeople of Auburn. Charley and Frank stayed till after New Year's Day and went back to Virginia, promising to come again soon.

In the annals of Old Bellevue the year 1908 stands out as the year of the foundation of Sister Lucy's new and everlasting home at Trivium on the main highway between Lynchburg and Roanoke (Route 460 on the map today)—not quite a mile from Siberia where she and her children had sojourned for the past seven or eight years.

Mr. Abbot christened the new place Trivium, not because he considered it trivial and of small importance, but because it was at a cross-road where there was a choice of three ways to take: to Norwood towards Lynchburg, to Schuffletown towards Goode or Bedford City, or back to Old Bellevue. I myself would either have stayed at Trivium or gone back to Bellevue.

The dwelling was originally a modest two-storey house with four rooms and a kitchen that had formerly been the outpost or watch-tower of a more or less legendary personage by the name of Spot Brown—who he was, and what he did besides chewing tobacco and spitting over the fence, nobody ever would tell me. The house, including quite a big lot of land, was put up for auction, and Mr. Henderson bought it for his family to live in. From that day to this, Trivium, vastly improved and augmented since then, has been a Henderson stronghold in Bedford County and without doubt one of the nicest places on earth, directly in front of the Peaks of Otter. Many a time I have slept under that roof, conversed and hobnobbed with dear Sister Lucy all day long, eaten her good victuals, and played with the children; and many and many a day I have wished I was back there again! It was a place of good cheer where never was heard "a discouragin' word;" the children (I say it with some reservations) were like cherubim and waited on me from morn to night and sat in my lap if I would let them (not Little Lucy for she was a grown young lady at college, and not Jane, for her name was "Wriggles," and not Dan either, for he was generally outdoors and up a tree; so I suppose my lap must have been kept for 'Ginna, Pons and John, who were mighty nice when they were little and brittle). Hospitality came from Sister Lucy's heart and should have been her middle name. "Aunt Anne" (or Annie Minor), who had a room upstairs and took care of the fowls outdoors, was good company even when she was cross, and indeed rather more so then than when she was quiet. Mrs. Gayle ("Nell" to Sister Lucy, "Auntie" to the children) came from Kansas City as punctually as the Summer Solstice, and regaled us all with the very latest news of "The Woodleigh" where she dwelt when she was not at Trivium; no wonder Jane "Wriggles" was her favourite niece, for it was thoughtful Jane who brought Mrs. Gayle her "stimulant" just before sundown and kept her in a "gayle" all the rest of the evening! I got to be very thick with Mrs. Gayle, for she made

the best pound-cake in the world, and sometimes made it just for me.

Nevertheless, dear Sister Lucy had some "hard sledding" those early years at Trivium with as many mouths to fill as Old Mother Hubbard had and mighty few pennies in her purse. It is a miracle how she accomplished her task and made ends meet, but the miracle was Sister Lucy herself! *Nil desperandum* should have been written on her coat-of-arms, but she never blazoned her good works, and I think she took herself and her good children pretty much for granted. One person who loved Trivium and enjoyed it to the end of his days was Frank Abbot. He fell out with Bellevue after his mother died and nearly always stayed at Trivium by preference. Frank doted on Sister Lucy and loved all her children. By 1908 (unless I am mistaken) Frank left Blacksburg, during the presidency of Dr. Paul B. Barringer (1857-1941) who went there in 1907, and migrated to Baltimore where he was a teacher in the Gilman Country School for Boys for five or six years.

O dear me! if I stop to tell about Trivium and all the mighty works of building and contriving that were done there in those early years by Charles Henderson and his coadjutor, Tom Robards, two of the best and slowest carpenters that ever plied hammer and saw, I shall never get to the end of my book.

(" 'Flow gently, sweet Afton'," I keep saying fondly to my errant pen; "I am too feeble now to guide you, my eyes are too dim to follow your slanting track across this sheet of paper. Meander if you will, but let's not forget the task we set out to do. You and I have still quite a little way to go before our story comes to an end, and we part company." My quill made no answer, but went on as follows.)

By the summer of 1908 my optical opus was nearly ready to be hatched, but I was still in travail; it would take at least another year to come out in the open. Jeannie already had an inkling of the kind of book it would be: "A perfectly unenjoyable book," she predicted in advance, and washed her hands of it. "Besides, it takes your mind off me," she pouted.—I tried to be facetious and quoted Browning as having written to his lady-love, "You can't kiss mind."—Jeannie said, "You have twisted it out of the context. The truth is, you're in love with Algebra, not with me. You never said anything like that to me"—she was looking over my shoulder and pointing at the hieroglyphics written on the sheet of paper on my desk.—"Darling, don't you see," I said, putting my arm round her waist, "that Greek letter pi is you, and that little iota tagging behind is me; and iota is saying, Naught equals pi. Anybody can see he's dead in love with you; his love can only be expressed in symbols."

My going to Boston in July 1908 and re-inhabiting that back room

on St. Botolph Street was an act of pure heroism: I wrote Jeannie every day and told her so, and much else besides; and the letters are all here to prove it. However, that time in Boston I had one advantage, for Mrs. Lewis and her erudite daughter Elizabeth (Ph.D. of Chicago University, if not of Goettingen) happened to be in town too, and we had many delightful evenings together. Even at that early stage they were militant crusaders in the cause of Woman Suffrage, were there attending conventions, on terms of intimacy with females that looked to me like Salem Witches, and getting to be themselves ringleaders of the insurrection. Just the same, for me they were delightful companions. Elizabeth Lewis on a bench in the park a hot, sultry evening after supper could be as high-brow and fascinating as Hypatia was wont to be on a portico in ancient Alexandria. She and I got along famously, each enjoying the other, for I never knew what Elizabeth was talking about, it was so far over my head, and she believed everything I told her about the stars which were over my head too. It was the beginning of a long friendship which has lasted to this day.

I was mighty glad when the time came to go back to Jeannie. I remember stopping in Charlottesville long enough to pick up Mother at her boarding-house and take her back to Old Bellevue with me. She was then in the habit of going there nearly every summer; and later that same summer (1908) Evelyn came and stayed three weeks, and was both charmed and charming.

A year later (1909) the manuscript of my book, typed and nearly completed, was on the knees of the gods; in other words, it was in the hands of The Macmillan Company in New York, doubtless locked in the safe, and worse off there than "a violet by a mossy stone." I was under no illusion as to what was likely to be its fate, I knew that the chance of its ever being published was slim, that it was probably easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for that book to get in print. Yet I was serene and as conceited as John Kepler (1571-1630), who with almost incredible labour succeeded in finding out the laws of motion of the planets of the solar system and wrote complacently:

"The die is cast. I have written this book, and whether it be read by posterity or by my contemporaries, is of no consequence. It may well wait a whole century for a reader, since in 6000 years God Himself hath not sent on earth a single star-gazer equal to me."

The month of July 1909 found me again in the Public Library of Boston putting some finishing touches on the book. Not a word had come from The Macmillan Company, and I was beginning to be impatient. I decided to take the bull by the horns, and accordingly, before

returning to Virginia, I wrote the publishers and made an appointment to have lunch in New York with Mr. Nelson who was one of their chieftains, a gentleman in the prime of life, genial and urbane, without a wrinkle on his brow and apparently without a care in the world. Sitting opposite him in the Fifth Avenue restaurant where he took me for lunch (just across the street from his office), and mopping the perspiration from my face with my handkerchief, I both admired and envied his neat attire and cool complacency that sultry summer day in the big city. Mr. Nelson liked a good lunch and liked good company; he said authors were nearly always agreeable people and easy to get along with, even unsuccessful authors. We talked first about one thing and then about another, and were a long time getting down to business. He thought the country was fortunate in having William Howard Taft for president. At last, having finished his coffee, Mr. Nelson leaned back in his chair and looked at me affectionately. He took a memorandum from the inside pocket of his coat, scanned it thoughtfully, and, weighing his words, said (as nearly as I can recollect): "I have here in my hands the synopsis of a report on your manuscript which has been examined independently by two experts on the subject. Both reach the same conclusion: your book is excellent, 'a real masterpiece', one of them writes, 'fills a real need', says the other, but will have a very limited sale outside the big libraries. My dear sir, The Macmillan Company is public-spirited, sometimes we lose money, but we don't do it with our eyes open. We are emphatically not an eleemosynary institution."

I was dignified rather than disappointed. "I never questioned your public spirit," I said. "I can well believe you would have declined to publish Newton's *Principia* if you had had the chance. I am leaving town tonight. Do me the favour to forward the manuscript by insured express to the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company in Rochester, N. Y., and tell them I shall write them immediately." That was a plan I had formed beforehand, for I was in the habit of purchasing laboratory apparatus from the big optical company, and I thought it likely they might take some interest in my book and perhaps give me some advice as to how to go about getting it published.

The Rochester firm promptly acknowledged the receipt of the manuscript, and that was the last I heard of it for several months; until one day, after Jeannie and I were back in Auburn (and of course completely reconciled as to what was kissable and what was not), suddenly out of a clear sky a holograph letter came from Mr. Henry C. Lomb himself, the younger son of his deceased father, old Mr. Lomb, who was one of the original founders of the B. & L. Optical Co.

My recollection is that this letter came near the end of October 1909. The curious thing about it is that I have no precise memorandum of the date of an event that made a Red Letter Day in my life. I daresay the original letter is even now somewhere up in the attic, but how can I find it, infirm as I am?

What I remember, and never shall forget, is that in unfolding the letter a scrap of paper fell in my lap, and when I picked it up and looked at it, Holy Moses! it was a cheque for a thousand dollars! I had never before held so much money in my hands. What had happened was that Harry Lomb, a young man about my own age whom I had never seen or heard of, had come to my rescue. All that remained to be done was to borrow another thousand dollars (as I did immediately, from Mr. Abbot), add a little myself, and get the manuscript printed and the book published with the imprimatur of The Macmillan Company (all the time mindful of what Mr. Nelson had told me in New York, that publishers were not "eleemosynary"). No wonder *The principles and methods of geometrical optics* (New York, 1910) was "gratefully inscribed" to Henry C. Lomb, Esq., on account of his "kind encouragement and effectual aid," and no wonder I was Harry Lomb's devoted friend as long as he lived.

The book more than paid the cost of manufacture even after The Macmillan Company took half the "gate receipts". The only individual who was not reimbursed, I am ashamed to say, was H. C. L. who launched the book for me. A second, somewhat enlarged edition was brought out in 1913, and the book was about to be translated in German when the war broke out in 1914 and put an end to that project.

Books, for the most part, are like magnolia flowers—they blossom out one day, and are dead the next day. My book, dead as Hector now, with all its imperfections on its head, did good service in its day: it pulled me out of the mire and landed me (1914) in Columbia University.

As far as I know, the only human being that ever waded through that tome and came to the end of it was my dear and loving mother. She told Jeannie that, though it was written in Sanscrit, she had read it twice from cover to cover and liked it even better the second time. (Forty years before Mother had helped Father with his books and was used to reading Sanscrit.)

On the other hand, I overheard Jeannie telling Professor Wiatt (who had come to look at her cabbages and was boasting about his asparagus) that the preface alone was enough to deter a potential reader from browsing further in that volume. (Deafness is usually called an affliction, but perhaps it is a blessing too. Now when I cannot hear thunder, and try to see everything in its best light, it comforts me to know that the deaf are spared hearing many a sad and mortifying truth.)

By this time (1909) Mr. and Mrs. Abbot, hale and hearty through the first decade of the new century, had both reached the ripe age of threescore years and ten. They had left a big reservoir of vitality and enthusiasm, but *otium cum dignitate* (which means taking off the harness) was beckoning to them, as it beckons to nearly every man or woman who has striven hard and fought a good fight. Mr. Abbot was tired of having to get up every morning and limp to the Palais (for his sore knee, due to a fall from a horse years before, was beginning to annoy him more and more every year). Even Mrs. Abbot went about all her manifold occupations with a little less zeal than she did in her youth. Charley, youthful and exceedingly helpful in his capacity of chief of staff, was not Harry Percy by a long shot. He was more passive than impetuous, more dependent than resolute. He neither would nor could take his father's place.

In 1909 Bellevue High School, having flourished and served its purpose for considerably more than a generation, closed its doors and died a natural death.

Patience (1910-1913)

‘It is ten o’clock,
Thus we may see’, quoth he, ‘how the world wags :
’Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more ’twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.’

SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, II. 7.

THE SCHOOL, I think, was an essential part of Old Bellevue, the impulse that kept it going. When it ceased, Old Bellevue continued to carry on some six or seven years longer by its own momentum. It was a peace-time establishment (I see it now, but I did not know it then) that flourished in the interval between two wars, the Civil War (1861-65) that laid the South prostrate and the great World War (1914-18) that, with or without sanguinary weapons, has been waged ever since.

In 1910 Mr. Abbot and I were on a firm footing of mutual affection and, like the Walrus and the Carpenter, used “to talk of many things,” both foreign and domestic; we attached importance to our opinions. Yet neither he nor I ever dreamed of the storm that was brewing and would burst upon us four years hence. We were not alone in dimness of vision. President Taft in the White House in Washington and Dr. Woodrow Wilson, who, since he and I used to have breakfast together in Dr. Nisbet’s office in New York (1898), had risen to be President of Princeton University (1902-10) and was then about to become Governor of New Jersey, the two foremost leaders of public opinion in America, were not more clairvoyant than Mr. Abbot and me putting our heads together on the front porch of Old Bellevue. Kaiser Wilhelm rattled his sabre every year as he was wont to do, but who paid any attention to him until he pulled it from its scabbard?

For a whole decade, ever since Jeannie and I were married, the permanent population of Old Bellevue, white and coloured, had been gradually thinning out. Grandma’s last surviving daughter, Miss Ellen Harris Abbot (b. 1843), died December 1901, and Grandma herself died at Bellevue in 1903. Willy and his increasing family had a comfortable home of their own in Bedford City. Sister Lucy and all her tribe were busy as beavers building and magnifying Trivium. Frank

was teaching in Baltimore and was a ringleader of society. Charley, having been elected Superintendent of Schools for Bedford County, was away from home most of the time; he went on horseback into all the mountain-fastnesses wherever there was a log-cabin school and kept track of teachers and pupils, and was the most popular citizen of Bedford. From 1910 to 1913 Emily Abbot had the post of hostess and manager of the tea-shop at Sweetbriar College in Amherst County, and made a big success of it.

In 1910 Little Lucy Ridgway Henderson, *aet.* 22, had graduated at Randolph-Macon Woman's College in Lynchburg, and I believe she, perhaps with her friend Sarah Coleman, went to South Boston, Va., to teach school there.

Incidentally, let me note here that in 1910 Dr. Elizabeth Lewis and Dexter Otey got married in Lynchburg and went to keeping house in a delightful little cottage just across the street from her mother's home. Jeannie and I used to visit them often and were exceedingly fond of them both.

(This chapter, important and significant as it is in the latter-day annals of Old Bellevue, is really not much more than a bare chronology of the leading events of the three years prior to 1914. A conscientious author has no right to be tedious. Even though I run no risk of exhausting the patience of readers who are purely imaginary, a certain *noblesse oblige* restrains me from loitering by the wayside as I am so fond of doing. My intentions are good at this moment; whether I live up to them, remains to be seen.)

Unless my reckoning is wrong, no more important event occurred in the year 1911 than the birth of Miss Catharine ("Kitty") Abbot in her father's home in Bedford City (according to my guess), the first of his two daughters and alas! the only one he lived to see. Of course, her lovely mother, with four sons to her credit already, was prouder than ever, yet not puffed up anywhere on her contour that was visible to the naked eye. This same little Kitty Abbot is now the beautiful and fashionable Mrs. Joseph Esrey Johnson, whose distinguished husband is head of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace (a famous institution whose name, whenever I hear it called, somehow puts me in mind of the derivation of *lucus a non lucando*; it cries, "Peace, peace!" but there is no peace).

It was in May 1911 that Jeannie and I got the sad tidings of the untimely death of dearly beloved Mrs. Lovett whom we used to know in Geneva. She and her husband were in England at the time. I cherish her memory as that of one of the most delightful of all the pilgrims I have ever known on earth.

Soon afterwards, in June, Mother was seriously ill in a hospital in Norfolk, and Jeannie, Evelyn and I, in great distress, took her by the doctor's advice to the Richard Grundy Home on the edge of Baltimore.

Leaving Mother rather disconsolate and dissatisfied in Baltimore, Jeannie and I went to Boston where I had business to transact in the Public Library. New England that hot summer was in the throes of a terrible drought that literally devastated that whole region. We reached Boston on the crest of the hot wave and were afraid to venture outdoors in the daytime, the sun was so oppressive. In July 1911 it was hotter in Boston than it ever had been known to be in New Orleans! After about a week we fled homewards, going by trolley-car all the way from Boston to Fall River where we took the night-boat for New York. The trolley-ride took us through a country that was more blighted by drought than any section of Virginia I had ever seen under similar affliction. Jeannie and I tarried a day in New York and another day in Philadelphia and did a little shopping. I remember the delightful lunch we had with Mr. Arthur H. Thomas and Mr. Leeds at the Germantown Cricket Club. (One of my objects in going to Philadelphia was to confer with them about a large order of scientific apparatus for my laboratory in Auburn; most of which had to be imported from Germany.) What I remember best of all is our joy on getting back to Old Bellevue where heat and drought, when they came, seemed to make no difference.

My dear mother, naturally gay and debonair, could not bear subjection and restraint; she loathed the hospital in Baltimore, even though her health mended. I think her thirst for liberty was not less avid than that of Patrick Henry. In the Grundy Home she felt that she was in prison; the invalids all around oppressed and distressed her. It was really no place for her, and she knew it better than we did who took her there and left her. I admire my mother's spirit, I marvel at the way she had of untying knots. One August day, without going to the office or paying her bill, she eloped from the asylum and came from Baltimore, straight as a crow flies, back to Old Bellevue where she knew she would be welcome. I shall never forget our astonishment and delight when "'Liza" walked in the little dining-room where we were all at dinner. She had hailed a horse-and-buggy at the new depot, commandeered a wagon to take her trunk, and there she was like Ulysses back home in Ithaca!

That time Mother must have stayed at Bellevue at least a month after Jeannie and I had gone back to Auburn, as we always did early in September. All I know for certain is that soon in October she and Mrs. Abbot both got on a southbound express-train in Lynchburg and were on their way to Alabama. Each had a lower berth in the through-

Pullman, one opposite the other, but when it got dark and was time to undress and go to bed, neither of those two old aristocratic ladies, who had never been in a "sleeping-car" before in all their lives, could be induced to budge from her seat. The conductor and the porter tried to coax them, the passengers told them it was perfectly safe and proper; they may have dozed from time to time, but Mother and Mrs. Abbot sat more or less bolt-upright in their seats all night long and next morning before ten o'clock descended from the train at Auburn as fresh and "chipper" as two school-girls, indeed I believe they were giggling.

What a delightful visit that was for all concerned, not only for Jeannie and me and Abbot but for the whole town as well! Mrs. Abbot was no stranger in Auburn, but Mother, too, soon got to know everybody and was equally a favourite. They stayed nearly a whole month from 8 October to 6 November and, I believe, enjoyed every day. When they got on the train to go home, everybody went to the station to say Goodbye and *au revoir*.

Mother was never really well again after her severe illness in the summer of 1911. I know now what her trouble was, but alas, we did not know it then or till long afterwards: she was the victim of Bright's Disease, that cruel enemy that undermines *mens* and *corpus* both so that neither is ever "sane" again.

Mother and Evelyn were naturally two of a kind, and inseparable in my boyhood, as devoted to each other as mother and daughter can be, but of late they had parted company and no longer lived together in our old home in Norfolk on Freemason Street. Under the circumstances I believe it was the only thing to do. Evelyn was a very busy woman, Principal of St. George's School, and made her home with Ethel Neely, who was her chief assistant. Mother, who was hard to control, went from pillar to post and lived first in one boarding-house and then in another, never quite satisfied.

Mother and Jeannie were truly devoted to each other; Jeannie understood her and loved her, and Mother loved both her and Sister Lucy. Now when it is too late to go to her succor, the thought of my dear mother's loneliness and suffering in her latter years is a painful memory. I could not have healed her, but I might have solaced her.

When I look at Mother's picture, a photograph taken in New York soon after her wedding, ah, woe is me!—so young and beautiful she was then, so old and ugly I am now!

The year 1912, a tragic year in the annals of Old Bellevue, started out ominously—I shudder to recall it. I believe I never was in such a panic in my life as I was that day early in January when Dr. Drake told me my precious Jeannie had pneumonia. She came near dying,

for in those days, and indeed not so very long ago, pneumonia was the champion killer. A nurse named Mildred came from Montgomery. As for Dr. Drake, it seems to me he never left Jeannie's bedside day or night for more than a week (6-14 January), until the crisis passed and she was out of danger. Jeannie always said afterwards, that illness was the narrowest escape of her life.

At that time or maybe a little later Mother was in Atlanta visiting her brother, John Howard Sharp (1837-1921) and his family. In February, after Jeannie got well, she came to Auburn again and stayed about a week before going back home to Norfolk.

One of the events of this year that has some bearing on my narrative and is therefore worthy of mention was the big fashionable wedding of my cousin Mary Willcox in Norfolk (2 July 1912), which Jeannie and I attended. Claiborne Willcox, the bride's brother, who had been a schoolboy at Bellevue and was then a student in the Medical School of the University of Virginia, was a suitor for the hand of Miss Emily Abbot; and though Emily held her hand behind her back, I believe Claiborne came nearer getting hold of it than any wooer Emily ever had. He was an awfully nice fellow, and everybody at Bellevue, including Emily herself, was very fond of him as long as he lived.

By 1912 moving pictures and horseless buggies were already much in evidence even in Old Virginia, but there the trouble with automobiles was that bad roads were still more in evidence. That summer was the time when Mr. Charles Heald of Lynchburg and his new wife Janey Owen (Loulie Abbot's best friend) boarded at Bellevue and occupied all the upper storey of Siberia. They had an elegant car and a chauffeur, which Mr. Heald used to go to his office in town and to bring him back for midday dinner. Then it was a big thrill to be invited to drive in the Healds' car in the afternoon and go all over Bedford County, 25 or 30 miles, getting home in time for supper, even if you were too late to take a bath and wash away the dust that was sprinkled all over you and sometimes under your skin. It had been hot and sultry all summer long, and the powder from the dirt-roads was spread over the honey-suckle vines on the fences. The consequence was that Abbot and I, both easy marks, were literally choked with dust by the end of the summer, I much worse than he. Dr. Flint Wood, Dr. Lowry's successor, put us both to bed and said we had gastric fever; but no matter what was the name of it, I couldn't get rid of it. It so happened that Dr. Stephen Watts (1877-1953), chief surgeon of the University of Virginia Medical School, was in Lynchburg, and Jeannie, much alarmed, got him to come to Bellevue and take my measure. Luckily, Abbot soon got better, but I was really very ill.

On account of that sickness near the end of the summer, Jeannie, Abbot and I were detained at Bellevue longer than usual and did not get back to Auburn until two weeks after the session of 1912-13 had begun; but when we set out at last, we took William and John Abbot with us, Bill Abbot's two eldest sons, about 17 and 16 years of age. They were going to live in the 2-room cottage in our backyard and be freshmen that year in the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. It occurs to me as I write, it is just possible Lucy Lewis, Mother of the Gracchi, may read this chapter, and so I hasten to say, those lads were delightful companions to me all that year. Like their father before them, both were popular and prominent in college. John, the younger, was more of a student than his brother; and though they were devoted to each other, John used to complain that William was lazy and idle: "Do you know," he said to me quite seriously, "William expects me to support him?"

The session 1912-13 was likewise Jane Henderson's first year in Sweetbriar College over in Amherst, for which she had been well prepared by years of tutoring under her grandfather and Uncle Charley. In school and out of school Jane was crackerjack, led all her classes and was the star performer in *As You Like It* and other outdoor plays. Miss Sparrow, Jane's history-teacher, must have been very interesting and inspiring, for when Jane came home in vacation, she could hardly wait to tell me about the Seljukian Turks, just as Miss Sparrow had revealed them to her in all their swarm and fury. It embarrassed me, for before that time I had never heard of these particular Turks, though I knew in a general way that Turks were both numerous and obnoxious.

The crowning event of the year came in November when Mr. and Mrs. Abbot, who, but for their modern garb and modest demeanour, might have been taken for Jupiter and Juno, descended in Auburn and condescended to stay under our roof a little more than a fortnight (8-25 November). Then, with father and mother and two handsome nephews all on display, Jeannie and I felt and acted as Plantagenets; and as for Abbot, he strutted like Cock Robin before freckle-faced Jack Wiatt and pert and pretty little Hazel Bethea and asked them point-blank if they had ever seen any human being more majestic than his grandfather with his gold-headed cane, or more elegant than his grandmother in her plaid shawl?

Just a day or two before Mr. Abbot arrived in Auburn, Hon. Woodrow Wilson (my old acquaintance, as I keep telling you) had been elected President of the United States, though he had not yet seen the inside of the White House, and all he knew about it at the moment was the description of it he used to hear from the lips of his old neighbours

in Princeton, ex-President Cleveland and his wife. President Thach was one of the first visitors to call to see Mr. Abbot and was greatly impressed not by his distinguished appearance only but by his wide knowledge also; he said he was a very unusual man, "a real personage;" he whispered to Dr. Petrie that he wouldn't be at all surprised if my illustrious father-in-law was not already "slated" to be Secretary of State in the new administration, "and in that case, he" (pointing at me two or three chairs away) "is likely to be Satrap of Alabama, with patronage at his disposal." Petrie relayed Thach's thought to Comrade Ross, Ross communicated it to Professor Wilmore, and so on down the line to the lowest member of the faculty. Mr. Abbot was flattered and pleased when reporters came, one from the *Montgomery Advertiser* and the other from the *Birmingham Age-Herald*, to interview him and ascertain his opinions about public affairs and "the new freedom." He was oracular and more or less non-committal, and then they turned to me and wanted to know my views, but I was like a clam. I pointed to Jeannie and said, "Gentlemen, whatever she's for or against, I stand with her. If she's against capital punishment, I'm against it too."

Mr. and Mrs. Abbot went back home enthusiastic over their reception in Auburn and delighted by the homage that was paid them—and then, almost the instant they set foot again on the soil of Old Bellevue, the blow fell that crushed them to the ground. It came without warning.

Willy, who was an inveterate sportsman, had gone to the Army-and-Navy Football Game that was played in Philadelphia on Thanksgiving Day. The weather was nasty; sitting outdoors exposed to wind, rain and sleet, Willy caught cold; the cold brought on pneumonia; Willy was in bad plight when he got back home to Bedford City; he died a day or two afterwards (6 December), scarcely 40 years of age, cut down like a young oak. The town was in mourning.

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy earthly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages."

Worse still, Willy, seemingly destined for a high career in his profession, left his family destitute, burdened with debt.

Till then unforeseen death had never touched Old Bellevue; yet like all flesh and blood Bellevue was mortal too. It felt the sting of death and learned to know the everlasting silence of the tomb.

To us in Auburn all unaware the bad news came like a thunderbolt. I opened the telegram and read: "Willy died today." I leaned against

the mantelpiece; how could I tell Jeannie? How could I break the news to those two forlorn and fatherless boys? Yet that was what I had to do, and the anguish of it abides to this day. Overwhelmed, each of them bore the shock with fortitude. William and John hastened home to Virginia to comfort their desolate mother, but after Christmas they came back to Auburn and finished out that sorrowful year. They were brave lads, and, fortunately for them, their good uncle Dexter Otey in Lynchburg took them and their brothers and sisters under his wing and was as fond of them all the days of his life as if they had been his own children.

Mr. Abbot not only loved his eldest son but admired him and pinned his hopes on him. When Willy died in the prime of manhood, his father and mother bowed their heads and were dumb. Old folks are said to be garrulous, more often than not they are numb and dumb.

"The heat of noonday passes, and evening comes and night, and then, too, the return of the kindly refuge, when sleep is sweet for the weary and heavy-laden" (Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*, Constance Garnett's translation).

In less than a year Willy's other daughter, Elizabeth ("Betsy") Abbot, came to life and was such a darling little girl that I believe she helped to console her mother in her bereavement.

Christmas 1912 was a sorrowful Christmas for the Abbots of Old Bellevue. Our Abbot was in bed with the measles. That's what he got for kissing Hazel Bethea in the cow-lot. He was getting to be a big boy, midway between 9 and 10 years old; he ought to have known better.

Jeannie's Aunt Kate Minor, who was exceedingly fond of her nephew Bill Abbot, said she did not grieve for him, for he was in heaven and better off than she was. In those days, when one of the hymns that were sung with much gusto at "revivals" was "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand," heaven was a real solace to the devout and afflicted, and maybe still is for those who are better Christians than I am. I remember a Methodist parson who lived close by Trivium, a sympathetic and an earnest man, never more so than when he was burying the dead and comforting the survivors. His theory, like Kate Minor's, was that in all probability there was more to gain by dying than by going on living. "Honestly," he said, "if I were offered my choice, To be or not to be, I would be in a quandary, which to take. Here on earth I have a wife, a father, a son and a daughter; up there in heaven, waiting to throw their arms around me again, I have a wife, a mother, and two of the prettiest babes that ever were born. On earth or in heaven, I am equally at home."

During the rest of the session 1912-13 the three events I remember best are: (1) The death around the Ides of March of my "Uncle Nine"

(as we used to call him), Stephen Valentine Southall (1830-1913) who lived on Park Street in Charlottesville and was a notable man in his day, father of the "Southall girls" who were belles when I was in college; (2) The two or three days near the end of April when the Metropolitan Opera Company came to Atlanta (the first time, I believe), and Jeannie and I went there too on a frolic; and (3) The visit of Bishop Tucker at the end of the session when he stayed in our house and preached the baccalaureate sermon in Langdon Hall.

Vanity Fair was a long way from Auburn where every day was pretty much like the day before and there were few diversions. To go to Atlanta and have tickets for four or five performances of grand opera, was for Jeannie and me almost like going to Paris and driving in a barouche in the Champs Elysées. We did it and had a jolly time. One beautiful afternoon we strolled past the big hotel on Peachtree Street where the stars of the opera were all congregated on the piazza, and (can you believe it?) were hailed by Somebody and introduced to Caruso and Alma Gluck. That brief episode was a feather in our cap ever afterwards (like being noticed by Oscar in the Waldorf-Astoria). *Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.*

We kept open house in Auburn and had from time to time many delightful guests, some of whom were fairly renowned. Right Reverend Beverley Dandridge Tucker (b. 1846), bishop of the Southern Diocese of Virginia, who stayed in our house the end of May 1913, was an old friend of our fathers and mothers and dearly beloved by Jeannie and me. He was a man of God in the same sense as Elijah was, he communed with God. I shall never forget overhearing him saying his prayers in his room. It was before breakfast and I happened to be standing in the front yard beneath the open window.

One of the pleasantest recollections of my life is a visit I paid in the home of Prof. and Mrs. Thornton on Monroe Hill during the University of Virginia Finals in June 1913. Bishop Sessums of Louisiana was a visitor there at the same time. I remember particularly one glorious summer evening when we sat out on the back-porch overlooking the rose-garden and talked until long after midnight, Professor Thornton, Bishop Sessums and I, with a jug of liquor and a pitcher of ice-water on a table close by. Our genial host was at his best that night, and that was very high; Bishop Sessums was a charming and very scholarly man; and I, by far the youngest of the three, was the diligent chorus that egged them on and kept both liquor and conversation flowing. We were not intemperate, but we were in good form and had much to say that was worth while. That evening has been ever since my ideal and criterion of a good time.

One good deed I did that summer was shaving off my beard which I had worn many years. It was the riddance of an eye-sore and what must have been a public nuisance. Why Jeannie ever put up with it, I cannot imagine. She gave me a big length of rope as long as I did not trample on her flower-beds.

Abbot was a fine little boy, and good company too. I liked nothing better than to go fishing with him and Dan and little bare-legged John Henderson too, and on the whole I think the fish liked it also, for they could always hear us coming and were confident we had plenty of bait. Yet Abbot in his boyhood gave me, by and large, a heap of trouble and put me to a lot of expense. About a fortnight before it was time for us at the end of the summer to go back to Auburn as usual, Abbot fell and broke his leg badly near the thigh. He and his elder cousin Lucien Abbot were playing football in the back-yard near the little cistern. Dr. Dillard had to come from Lynchburg to set the leg and put it in a plaster-cast. The consequence was, much to my disappointment, I went back to Auburn that year by myself and waited a whole month for Jeannie and Abbot (on crutches) to join me again. Separation from Jeannie was always a burdensome time for me, and would have been worse than it was but for the fact that then I had an iron in the fire and for the first time in a dozen years was a little hopeful, yet by no means sanguine. Even a glimmer of hope is like a boon from heaven to a castaway alone in Alabama as I was.

Two or three days before I left Virginia I had had an interview in Lynchburg (3 September) with Dr. Pegram of Columbia University in the City of New York, who was on his way home from his birth-place in Durham, N. C., where he had been visiting his father in Trinity College (now Duke University). We met by appointment and had lunch between trains in the old Carroll Hotel. A handsome and engaging young man, five or six years my junior, he was already an associate professor of physics in Columbia University and the executive head of the department in which Professor Pupin was then and for a long time afterwards the bright particular star. What Dr. Pegram wished to talk to me about was a proposed new chair in Optics, "provided" (he said) "we can find the right man." As he uttered those words, I was gnawing on a mutton-chop (tough enough in the Carroll Hotel), but I wiped my mouth and smiled: "That's easy," I said, pointing first to myself and then to the second edition of *The principles and methods of geometrical optics*, which was just off the press and lying on the table on top of my napkin. "As David said unto Nathan, 'Okay, sleuth, I'm the fellow you're after.'"

Dr. Pegram, as I found out afterwards, was always in a hurry. He

finished his lunch, coffee, ice-cream and all, before I was halfway through with the chop. We had little time to confer. Our talk was merely "preliminary and exploratory" (to use Dr. Pegram's exact words). Nothing definite was decided on, one way or the other. Such questions as salary, living expenses, etc. were not even broached; though I intimated that I lived in something like style not far from the Gulf of Mexico. I accompanied him down the steep hill from the hotel to the old union station on the bank of the river. He was a hard man to keep up with, always two or three paces ahead of me. Even then we had a mutual attraction for each other; which was to ripen into a close friendship. We parted: he took one train, and I took another. I was not sanguine as I was that day fourteen years behind when I parted with Dr. Durfee in the old Sixth Street Station in Washington; but a ray of hope crossed my mind and cheered me as I rode back to Jeannie and Old Bellevue.

In some ways George Braxton Pegram, whom I met that day for the first time and have never ceased to love and admire, is the most extraordinary man I have ever known. He was like Durfee in integrity, *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, and entirely unlike him in his ceaseless activity and prodigious energy. In his long and useful career Pegram never had a sabbatical year; if he had taken one, I wonder how Columbia University would have carried on. In a quiet way he has been a power in science all his life long, directly in touch with every advance in physics and engineering.

The session of 1913-14 was the first year in the University of Virginia of the three Abbot cousins, Charles Henderson and William and John Abbot, each of whom was destined to be in the army before long (as was also Abbot Henderson at work in Lynchburg). It was early that session, doubtless in October, when their grandfather passed through Charlottesville on the train *en route* to Washington, and the boys went to the station to greet him and bid him godspeed. Mr. Abbot was troubled about the pain in his knee; it was getting worse instead of better. He was going to Washington to consult a famous surgeon, probably by the advice of Mr. Henderson who was living in Washington and came to Trivium from time to time. I suppose Charley accompanied his father on that expedition, for my recollection is that there was an operation, the knee-cap was opened, and the bone was scraped. It was ominous, but at that time Jeannie and I were not aware how serious it was.

CHAPTER XIX

War and Peace (1914-16)

Even such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

WRITERS of fiction have a way of keeping the reader in suspense. My narrative is not fiction, and, besides, I am no artist; nothing is farther from my intention than to keep anybody in suspense, for I live in suspense myself and know how uncomfortable it is. Accordingly, at the very outset of this chapter (which may be my last, I never can tell till I come to the end of it), I am revealing what never was meant to be kept secret: By the middle of February 1914, Dr. Pegram and I had concluded a bargain, and it was known all over Auburn that Jeannie, Abbot and I were packing up our possessions and going to New York to live. All kinds of conjectures were afloat. Nobody hinted that I was going to be president of Columbia University; the highest estimate of my salary was \$5000, exactly double what it was; which was very little more than what I was being paid in Auburn.

If any tears were shed, they came mostly from our own eyes; for by that time we had many fond ties with Auburn that we hated to sever. I never had a truer friend than Crenshaw or a better and more conscientious physician than Dr. Drake. Jeannie had bought a lot in Auburn far up on Gay Street, with a view to building her home in it as soon as we could save enough money for the purpose. She was loath to give up her garden or to let go the bale of cotton which, with the help of Nelson Harper, a coloured farmer, she picked off the lot every year and sold for something like \$75. Mary Drake and Lottie Lane were both married and gone, but Jeannie and I would surely miss many other old comrades when we left Auburn.

As I have already said or implied, all that Spring was spent in dismantling our home in Auburn and packing our belongings to be sent by freight to Old Bellevue and stored somewhere in the Palais until we could decide what furniture was to be taken to New York. Abbot

was elated by the prospect of going to live in the biggest city in the world next to London. He showed Jack Wiatt a picture of the Flat Iron Building which he cut out of a newspaper; Jack pooh-poohed it and said it looked to him to be no more than "a heathen temple or a Chinese pagoda."—"The trouble with you, Jack," Abbot replied, "is that you have never been out of your own back-yard!"—Resting on one knee, with his horn-agate in his fist on the ground, Jack took unerring aim at the china-pea in the middle of the ring; he was the champion marble-player in all that part of Alabama; the little white "chaney" (as he called it) vanished as if struck by lightning, and Jack looked up and said disdainfully: "If New York was not so full of Yankees and Eyetalyans, it wouldn't be no bigger than Montgomery." Sitting up on the balcony and hearing this squabble, and opining that fisticuffs and bloody noses were next in order, I descended into the arena and putting one arm around Jack and the other around Abbot, muttered my usual abracadabra under such circumstances: *Omnia pura puris* (meaning of course that all things are pure to boys). It worked like magic. Jeannie came to the front door: "What's going on?" she inquired.—"It's just me," I said, bowing low; "Lord Beaconsfield bringing 'peace with honour,' though it's hard to tell which is which, Jack or Abbot."

President Thach and I buried the hatchet, each glad to be rid of the other. Early in June the day came for our departure. William Runnles came as usual, "to take the cow off our hands;" which was his mode of describing that annual transaction. We said farewell to all and sundry, and parted, very reluctantly, with Henrietta Wright, the cook, and grey-haired Uncle Aleck, the gardener, who, attached as they were to each other, never could make up their minds to join forces ("Much ado there was, God wot, he would wed, and she would not"); and that was the last time I ever was in Auburn.

Now here and now there, nearly half a century I taught school and did the best I could. Many of my old pupils write to me affectionately, some even come to see me and clasp my hand again.

The Lord High Executioner in *The Mikado* used to say with a chuckle that he had a little list of such as "never would be missed." Never once was I invited back to Auburn even to preach the baccalaureate sermon. I live now close to the Miller School, which I believe is a different place from what it was under me and Captain Vawter; but I suppose there is not an old oak tree there that would recognise me if I showed my face on the grounds. Even the memory of Captain Vawter may have faded.

Harry Lomb had much to do with my going to Columbia University; indeed it was he who put the notion in my head. He had recently

married a lady in Rochester; moreover, he had fallen out with the Bausch and Lomb Optical Company, of which he and his elder brother Adolph Lomb were two of the principal owners and in 1914 was launching an entirely new enterprise of his own in New York City, namely, the Standard Scientific Company. The purpose of this business, which was conducted on three or four upper floors of a tall office-building at the corner of Waverly Place and Eighth Street in Greenwich Village, was to make and supply apparatus for teaching physics and chemistry in the schools and colleges throughout the United States and Canada, for the mutual benefit of all concerned. Harry Lomb was Treasurer and contributed the capital. The President was a *protégé* of his, a "down-easter" from Maine by the name of Parker, enthusiastic and industrious, without any great ability. Not lack of money, but lack of experience, especially lack of genius, was the trouble with the company from the beginning. Everybody, including Harry Lomb himself, was a novice.

Harry Lomb and his brother Adolph were the two sons of old Mrs. Lomb, a widow, who was a native of Germany or Alsace-Lorraine. Highly educated at home and abroad, the two brothers, devotedly attached to each other, both in the prime of life, had lived pretty much by themselves aloof from all other companions. The elder was exceedingly shy, delicate in health, and almost a recluse. He was the Treasurer of the Bausch and Lomb Optical Company and lived with his mother and her nurse in New York in the winter and at his home in Rochester in the summer (a big house made entirely of metal in order to be fireproof). Adolph and Harry, who thought alike on every subject, had high ideals of usefulness and patriotism and believed that Science and Salvation were one and the same. They were German by descent, but if there was one evil on earth that they abhorred more than any other it was "the Potsdam gang," as they called it, meaning Kaiser Wilhelm II and his *entourage*.

Both Adolph and Harry were exceedingly fond of me, as I was of them, notwithstanding the total difference of our natural environments.

A serious difficulty in the way of my going to Columbia University as assistant professor of physics was that the salary of \$2500 was inadequate for living comfortably even in a small apartment. The burden would, and did, fall heavily on Jeannie, who would have to do without a servant and endure real hardships. The actual work I myself had to do, as soon as I got used to it, was far less than it was in Auburn. Assuming that I would have some spare time, Harry Lomb proposed that I might take on an extra job and help him to a certain extent and make a little extra money also by acting as scientific adviser for his

new instrument company. This was the situation in the middle of June 1914 when, leaving Jeannie and Abbot at Bellevue soon after our arrival there, I went to New York and stayed about six weeks, in order to "spy out the land" and get a notion as well as I could of what lay ahead of me, just as I had done years before when we migrated from Geneva, N. Y., to Auburn, Ala.

Harry Lomb, whom I had never laid eyes on (though we had been corresponding with each other for nearly five years), came from Rochester and met me at the Pennsylvania Station Monday afternoon, 22 June. We got in a cab and drove to the Hotel Seville, Madison Avenue and 29th Street, where he was in the habit of staying when he was in town. He accompanied me upstairs to my room on the ninth floor which I think was next his. Throwing open the door, "Here," said he, "you are above fly-level and mosquito-level both! and I hope you will be comfortable."—I wept on his bosom and sobbed: "Old boy, I have lived on ant-level ever since I was a babe; I never was so high in my life and never felt so free from cock-roaches!" That speech took him a little by surprise, but I think he liked my southern enthusiasm and warmth. Before that we had been on our p's and q's, now he wanted to put his arms around me, but didn't know how; so I put my arms around him instead, and said: "Intreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee." It touched him, though he had never read the Bible.

Harry Lomb was "a live wire", he could not have endured the slow motion of a place like Auburn. For the next four or five days he led me a dance showing me all over town and wearing holes in the soles of my shoes. Of course, one of the first items on the list was to go to the Standard Scientific Company at Waverly Place and be introduced to Mr. Parker and all the other members of the firm all the way down to the machinists and packers on the two lower floors of that spacious region somewhere up in the clouds. Then they showed me the glass cage in which I was to be enclosed when I settled down to work on the new catalogue that was to come out if possible before the opening of the schools and colleges all over the land. The furniture was all brand new; everything was spick and span; the place was like a bee-hive, everybody on tiptoe. I must say I didn't quite like the thought of being cooped up in that glass box with the sign of "No smoking" right over my desk and an electric clock on it to register the precise minutes of arrival and departure. Perhaps a tear fell from my eye, for Harry patted me on the back and said, pointing to the time-clock: "Who put that instrument in here? He can come and go when he pleases." Mr.

Parker was a pleasant, affable man, but a martinet: "Everybody here works by the clock," he said, "and gets paid by the clock," he looked at the congregation, and they all nodded their heads as much as to say, "Amen!"

I suppose the best way to describe that hectic time when I was Harry Lomb's guest in the Hotel Seville from Monday to Friday is to insert here one of my love-letters to Jeannie, intended for her eyes only, but there is nothing in it for either her or me to be ashamed of.

Letter to Jeannie

Hotel Seville, New York, 24 June 1914. 10 A. M.

My own precious darling, This is literally the first breathing-spell I have had since my arrival in this big city—the first moment I have succeeded in eluding my enthusiastic hosts—and alas! 'tis only for a few minutes, as I must hurry downtown to keep an appointment. It is *magnifique*, but far too strenuous for me. It seems to me from the moment I landed I have done nothing but rush from one train to another—sometimes the elevated, sometimes the subway. The surface cars, they say, are so slow that they are out of the question.

I am suddenly introduced to somebody, and a minute or two later I discover that Harry has arranged for me to accompany this gentleman to Brooklyn for some reason or other. With the utmost expedition we catch an "express" and are transported God knows how many miles amid a deafening din. At length we reach our destination—in this instance, the Pratt Institute, a place I never heard of. There is a man inside named Randall whom I "must meet". This conjunction is effected, only he is more out of breath than I am, for he too has been coming from somewhere at break-neck speed to be punctual for our tryst. We shake hands and he says, "The others are waiting at Sheepshead Bay." He glances at his watch: "We have just time to catch the express," he exclaims jubilantly; and away we go! A half hour later we get off the train, and they tell me (for by this time there are five in the company, including myself), "It's fun to walk along the beach; the ocean's over there, but you can't see it for the fog." It seems to me we walked three hours along "the sea wall", until presently I asked, "Are we coming to Sheepshead Bay?"—"Oh, we passed Sheepshead Bay long ago, but you couldn't see it for the fog. This is Brighton Beach." Somehow I got the notion we were in Delaware, but my geography was all jumbled in my head. We walked on and on until I was ready to drop in my tracks. Every now and then somebody said something or other that implied we were going to dinner somewhere. We had already passed a couple of thousand cafés, restaurants and hotels, but we never gave a thought to any of them. At last when I could scarcely drag one foot behind the other we reached "GUFFANTI's" in letters a yard high, the very place to which we had been tending all the time with indomitable perseverance. 'Twas

Coney Island I found out later. It seems that Guffanti's is the most famous Italian Restaurant this side of Genoa, and we had come all this distance to dine there in my honour. "Are you fond of Italian fare?" Harry Lomb asked me wistfully. I was so tired, all I could say, feebly, was: "Very."—Well, we stuffed and stuffed and stuffed. The waiter taught me the art of eating *spaghetti*, until I cried aloud: "Hold, Andrea del Sarto, hold, enough!" It would take several dictionaries to describe that dinner, every dish looked to me like a bomb-shell, and I pushed most of them away in fear and trembling. It was eleven o'clock at night before we rose from that table. Then we set forth to see the sights of Coney Island, but my eyelids drooped, and if aught was naughty, it did not go through those doors. It was two o'clock in the morning before Harry and I got back to this hotel and went fast asleep the instant we got in bed. I stayed there until half-past eight and have just finished breakfast. Harry was up early as usual and has gone somewhere. I have an appointment downtown at eleven, for which I shall be late unless I close this letter this minute.

I have not had time to visit a shop to purchase some articles that are badly needed. My trunk is at the railway station where I left it. You told me to get gloves, and I shall do so the first glove-shop I come to, either underground or on the street, for shops are at both levels.

Today I am going to try to find a living-room, for I cannot afford to stay in this swell hotel, even though the Standard Scientific Company is footing the bill. Harry suggests my getting in touch with Dr. Pegram and soliciting his advice as to the best way of obtaining lodgings in the vicinity of Columbia University; and so I expect to go up there as soon as I can get a chance to do so.

To-morrow it has been arranged for me to go to Princeton University to a meeting of engineers; which will take all day, and from which I should like to escape. There is no sense in it that I can see, but everybody says I ought to go, and that it will be both profitable and enjoyable.

Harry and Mr. Parker are delightful fellows and make a big fuss over me. They seem to think I am something extraordinary and will be a godsend to the company. Foolishly enough, I play that *rôle* and enjoy it. On the other hand, two or three other members of the organisation seem to me to be rather second or third rate, but it is too soon to form opinions one way or the other.

The proposal is for me to pitch in and begin right away on the new catalogue, and I have no notion how long that first job will take, perhaps all summer. Accordingly, as soon as I find lodgings, suitable for a lady, I am going to send for you; so, put on your bonnet and be ready to start at a moment's notice, O dearest hoplite. There is no living for me away from you; I can live on you and do without meals.

Be of good cheer, O my darling! We shall make this city bow down before us. All I ask is, Love me as I love you—which I know you can never do.

I stayed at the Hotel Seville from Monday to Friday and was Harry's guest until he went home to Rochester and his wife. It was Thursday before I had an opportunity of reconnoitring Morningside Heights far uptown at Broadway and 116th Street and getting my first glimpse of Columbia University. That forenoon I had a long preliminary conference with Dr. Pegram in Fayerweather Hall where the Department of Physics was located; and he took me to lunch in the old Faculty Club on the campus close to the "rotunda" (as I called it) where Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of the University, sate like Jove on Mount Olympus, and was, I believe, far more inaccessible. Incidentally, the gentleman who happened to sit next to me at lunch was the Principal or Headmaster of the Gilman Country School in Baltimore where Frank Abböt had been a teacher for four or five years; and I remember so well his telling me what a loss it was to him and his school to have to part with Frank, who was leaving that summer to take another post in the University of Chicago (which he held from 1914 to 1919 until he came back to *Alma Mater* at the University of Virginia).

My new friend and future colleague, who was expecting me (for I had 'phoned him beforehand), was at once cordial and business-like. He conducted me all over Fayerweather Hall and introduced me to such of the members and employees of the Department of Physics as happened to be in the building that day. My office was a spacious room on the 5th floor conveniently close to lecture-room and laboratory. I could tell at a glance that I was far better off than ever I had been in either Hobart College or the Alabama Polytechnic Institute; I could see that as soon as I got the hang of it, my work would be much lighter and more congenial. However, what I wanted most at that particular time was a quiet retreat, a place where I could lay my head and be alone for the first time since I reached the city. I longed to see my trunk, and I wanted to find out what bourgeois life was like in crowded Manhattan.

I broached this subject with Dr. Pegram and solicited his help and advice. He was quick to respond: "Make shift to get along as best you can the first year and be prepared to put up with what you have not hitherto been used to. New York is not a bed of roses. Everybody who comes here to live has to learn the ropes, and it will take him at least a whole year to do it. One of the hardest problems of Columbia University in the City of New York is to provide suitable living quarters for its miscellaneous population of teachers and instructors, some of whom are as eminent and illustrious as anybody on earth today." Of course, Dr. Pegram was not referring to me in this high class. I remember I went away sorrowful.

Dr. Pegram and his wife lived in "Fieldston", a residential district at the terminus of the Westside Subway, about five miles from Morningside Heights, in a beautiful home where Jeannie and I were afterwards often entertained. In my conversation with him about finding an apartment I had foolishly spoken of the desirability of having a "guest-room." He laughed in my face: "Such a room doesn't exist on Manhattan Island. Nobody would know what you are talking about. When my father comes to town, perhaps twice a year, I put him up in a downtown hotel near the theatres and ten-pin alleys, where every visitor to New York likes to be."

That entire afternoon,

"like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn,"

I went from one apartment-house to another, in and out of those tall buildings that stood in rows along every block between Amsterdam Avenue and Morningside Drive from 118th to 121st Street, and, like filing-cases for human beings, contained a large proportion of the devotees of Columbia University, instructors and pupils both. No doubt there are gloomier caverns on the surface of the earth, but those conservatories on Morningside Heights exhaled a stale and peculiar odour that even now as I write after the lapse of twoscore years lingers in my nostrils still; it was the chemically pure odour of dejection, more mouldy than rancid. The instant the door opened, I turned away, coughed, and said: "Beg pardon, I knocked at the wrong door."

Then it was my heart sank. I thought of Jeannie—and Abbot too, and cursed myself. I remembered that President Thach, bidding me Goodbye, had said, in a sudden burst of friendship, "If you find you don't like it up there, Auburn will welcome you home again." Did he really mean it?

Up to this day of the week I had been elated in New York. I wrote to Jeannie: "All's well, everything is going our way!" Three or four days later the tone of my letter, so jubilant before, was woe-begone, crest-fallen enough to plunge her in despair. I was like a bucket in a well, sometimes up and sometimes down, and the worst of it was, I took Jeannie up and down too according to my mood at the moment. I must have worried her to death: God forgive me!

Unfortunately, all was not well in Virginia that summer. There was a bad drought for one thing, though, usually, hot and dry weather passed unnoticed in calm Bellevue. Jeannie had hay-fever for the first time in her life; and if there is any malady more hateful and nerve-racking than that, I cannot name it. Mr. Abbot was limping and complaining of the pain in his knee. Besides, Bellevue itself was un-

comfortable—can you believe it? Servants were lacking, Jeannie and Loulie had to help out in kitchen and pantry. The earth was wobbling on its axis. The Twentieth Century, more or less ominous ever since the death of Queen Victoria, was getting obstreperous. Nobody was more unlike Delilah in the Book of Judges than my Jeannie; yet it was Jeannie who wrote me, "The philistines are upon us!"

Agitations such as these ran through my mind, when late Thursday afternoon of that first week in New York I concluded a bargain with a rather comely young German *Frau* who spoke broken English and said she was a "Mrs. Kellogg" (though whether her husband was with the quick or the dead, I never found out). Before sundown I had rented from this lady the best room in her dark abode (Apartment No. 63, 414 West 121st Street); and that same evening I said Goodbye to Harry Lomb who was leaving town for a short while. Next day, not without casting "one longing lingering look behind" at my room-and-bath in the Hotel Seville, I moved uptown into Mrs. Kellogg's narrow cell that had access to a bath-tub somewhere along the passage between me and her.

Monday morning before I got out of bed I spied my trunk over there in the corner, which I had not laid eyes on since I checked it at Goode a week past. I greeted it with song and opened it with delight, only to be disappointed. The contents were intact but appeared to be pitifully inadequate to city-life. I was ashamed to go on the street in a cotton shirt bought at Guggenheimer's Department Store in Lynchburg; I had risen in the world. I closed the lid of the trunk, shaved and dressed hurriedly. I sat on a stool and ate breakfast in a little restaurant on Amsterdam Avenue (two raw eggs, a slice of toast, and a glass of rich milk, all for 25 cents including tip). By dint of much hustling and jostling, I got on board of a "rush-hour" downtown subway express and was whirled in a jiffy to the basement of Wanamaker's Store at 8th Street. Thence I proceeded on foot to Waverly Place and a moment later was high upstairs in the glass cage in the main office of the Standard Scientific Company, surrounded by apparatus-catalogues both domestic and foreign. There I worked industriously until at one o'clock sharp Mr. Parker poked his head in at the door and announced it was time for lunch. In point of stature he and I, arm in arm together, were not unlike Mutt and Jeff, for he was as tall as Mr. Lovett. We walked over to Broadway, two or three blocks away, and got lunch at the "Exchange Buffet" in an enormous room where about a thousand hungry men (it seemed to me), seated on high stools around long curved lunch-counters, were eating victuals violently. I don't like eating my meals in a high chair, and I hate paper-napkins, but the

lunch itself was good, especially the big dish of chicken-salad. It annoyed me to have to "pass the mustard" to my neighbour, who, impatient as he was, paused between mouthfuls, took off his straw hat, and mopped his perspiring forehead. The bill of fare, painted in big white letters on a mirror hung on the wall behind the counter, told you the price of each item, and said that if you ate as much as fifty cents' worth, "strawberry short-cake free!" To my amazement, payment was on the honour-system without a scrap of paper. When you finished your meal, you added up the score by mental arithmetic, took a handful of tooth-picks, and slipped down from your stool; then you stood in line behind the last man on the way out and filed past Jack-in-the-Pulpit near the exit; when you got up to him, "47 cents!" you shouted (supposing that was the sum you had counted), and he gave you the change from a dollar. That was all there was to it.

Occasionally, particularly when Harry was along, we used to have lunch at the old St. Denis Hotel on Broadway about opposite Wanamaker's, where you got the best broiled steak in the world and everything to go with it, all for 75 cents. Lillian Russell did not get better fare than that!

After lunch we sauntered back to Waverly Place, each of us went in his appointed cage upstairs and stayed (as I remember) until 6 o'clock. The instant that hour struck, everybody rushed to the elevator (about to make its last trip that day), and the place was vacant until next morning. If I paused to wash my hands and put on my hat, the elevator-boy had gone, and I had to walk down eleven flights of stairs and let myself out at the big door of the deserted building which less than ten minutes before had been teeming with life "from turret to foundation-stone." There I was out on the pavement amid the crowd hurrying past. What to do next? It was too early for dinner, too humid and too hot to go for a walk; and I daresay I went to a picture-show. I seem to remember having seen Nina Cavalieri in "Manon Lescaut", but I cannot be certain: the memory of both that picture and another famous picture I saw in those early years in New York (scene laid in Carthage, directed by the poet Gabriele D'Annunzio) is blurred now. When I came out of the theatre, it was too late for dinner. I sat somewhere on a stool again and munched a sandwich and sipped a cup of coffee; then caught an uptown subway express (or maybe rode home leisurely on an open surface-car)—"and so to bed," as Pepys was wont to end the day. I think the above is a pretty fair description of my ordinary life in New York during the first half of the summer of 1914. There is no place on earth that can be so lonely and monotonous as

the island of Manhattan; yet, on the other hand, there is nowhere else that can be so gay and profitable if you happen to hit it right.

Soon after the fourth of July I got a note from Elizabeth Lewis telling me that she and Dexter Otey were on their way to Boston and planned to spend a day or two in New York at the old Waldorf-Astoria—Would I meet them in Peacock Alley and take lunch with them? That was a jolly time we had together, for she and Dexter were “splurging” and bent on painting the town red. After lunch they took me upstairs to their elegant apartment, “the bridal suite,” to see the baby, little “E. Otey”, who had been left up there in charge of a hotel nurse. The baby had well-nigh wrecked the room by the time we got there, and were through eating lobster, but she subsided in my arms and was good as gold. Somehow she took to me like a fish to water, and Dexter, greatly impressed by my charm, proposed for me to keep her while he and Elizabeth visited Boston, and offered me a big reward. Prudently enough I resisted the temptation: “*La donna è mobile*,” I said, relinquishing E. Otey to her mother; “she might cease to be fascinated by me, I should have to call the police.”

The problem which concerned me most of all and which seemed to me to be absolutely insoluble on any satisfactory basis was that of finding a reasonably convenient and suitable domicile for my little family that was within my means. Here my good-looking and amiable German landlady was a good guide and a real aid. She was probably better acquainted with Morningside Heights than the policeman or even than the Tammany lieutenant who was assigned to that district and whose business it was to know everybody’s business. Mrs. Kellogg said that practically everybody in the neighbourhood was a swindler, but that the three most evil persons she had to deal with were (in the order named) the Jewish real estate agent from whom she rented her apartment, the Armenian janitor in the basement who had to have a tip every time she passed by him, and the grocer at the corner who sold rotten eggs for fresh eggs. “It is waste of time looking for an apartment, they are all just alike, except some are bigger than others. Decide on what you can afford to pay. If that happens to be the sum I pay, then this apartment is what you’ll get, neither more nor less.” Mrs. Kellogg was a sensible lady; she knew whereof she spoke.

When General Lee was in a dilemma and at a loss what to do, he sent for Stonewall Jackson; when I got in a predicament, I summoned golden-haired Jeannie, who was waiting expectantly at Old Bellevue. She came promptly in the middle of July. All

lay hid in night:
God said, “Let Newton be!” and all was light.

That is no exaggeration. There she was by my side in Mrs. Kellogg's apartment, and, with her quick perception, she took in the situation at a glance, she used both *suaviter in modo* and *fortiter in re*; in less than a week the apartment-problem was settled as well as it could be, and we had actually rented a so-called five-room habitation of some sort on the second floor of a big house at the corner of 121st Street (Apt. 27, 106 Morningside Drive). A long narrow passage from the front door to the front window on 121st Street led gloomily past a row of little compartments all on the left side: a bedroom, a bathroom, a kitchen and pantry, and a dining-room, into the sitting-room, one corner of which was to be my work-place by day and Abbot's couch-place by night. It was a long downfall from our spacious and gracious home in Auburn and a bad omen for our life in the big city. Jeannie and I hugged each other and prayed God to temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

Those cramped quarters were not too much to brag of and were indeed a good deal to worry about. In the Day of Judgment I trust Messrs. Nassoit & Lanning, the real estate agents on Broadway who vexed and persecuted me as long as I dwelt in that bit of space, will be hurled without benefit of clergy into the deepest pit of Tophet. Nevertheless, No. 27 was close and convenient to the Sheffield Dairy and Madame Bazinet's needle-shop on Amsterdam Avenue, and not more than five minutes' walk to Mrs. Powell's select dining-room on 118th Street where we used often to go for dinner. Jeannie, I grieve to remember, bore the heaviest burden; yet we had some mighty jolly times too, and, without having the sign of a guest-room, entertained not a few guests (including Mrs. Abbot, Loulie and Raleigh and Natalie). We gave dinner-parties and invited famous people, some of whom proved to be teetotalers and (*horresco referens*) declined to drink Jeannie's mint-juleps, and were never invited again.

Soon after Jeannie came to live in New York, she fell in love with Rev. Dr. John Kelman, distinguished Scottish pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and had him to dinner one evening in our humble domicile. Neither he nor his fellow-countryman, Rev. Dr. James Moffatt, of Union Theological Seminary, had any qualms about quaffing a mint-julep.

One of Abbot's first escapades in New York was to break his leg again; and for several weeks he was confined to his couch by the front window. I think he had a very agreeable convalescence carrying on a flirtation with a little Jewish girl who sat at an opposite window across 121st Street.

Jeannie stayed a fortnight in New York, and we had many little frolics in the evening when I came home from work. Mr. Parker was overjoyed by the speed of my progress on the catalogue which he was eager to get completed by the beginning of the school-year early in

September (though my recollection is it never was printed). However, Jeannie and I had a heap to do at Bellevue, sorting out all our belongings that had been shipped there from Auburn and selecting the few articles that were suitable and diminutive enough to go in a cheap New York apartment. Accordingly, the first day of August we took leave of our friend Mrs. Kellogg (who had taught Jeannie to tell a stale egg by just holding it up to her ear and shaking it violently), and were on the way to Lynchburg. By that time Teutonic Mrs. Kellogg, who knew everything that was going on on earth, was highly wrought up by the gestures and antics of the Kaiser in Berlin as were being reported in the newspapers nearly all through July, but Jeannie and I, having other things to think about, paid little heed to this notorious war-lord who was in the habit of shouting "Wolf!" and trying to frighten Christendom. We took our seats in the chair-car and relaxed; sitting opposite her, I suppose I said, "Goodness, how pretty you are!" for I know that was what I was thinking. When we got to Philadelphia, I looked out of the window and beckoned to a newsboy on the platform who was yelling himself hoarse. I bought a copy of *The Ledger*, and there on the front page in letters two inches high were the headlines: GERMANY DECLARES WAR ON RUSSIA! I leaned back in my seat: Armageddon (that had been prophesied ever since I was a boy) was let loose at last, just as in the Book of Revelation; and then I was panic-stricken. Philosophic Jeannie, who believed in Divine Providence and had "a correspondence fix'd wi' heav'n," even she could not help being alarmed. All the rest of that journey, the car-wheels pounding over the rail-joints clicked: "War, I tell you, war, I tell you!" until I would fain have put my fingers in my ears to shut out that refrain. When we crossed the Potomac I had an armful of "extras" picked up in Baltimore and Washington, each one gloomier and more foreboding than the last. From that day to this it seems to me I have lived in constant anxiety, afraid to glance at the headlines of the morning paper. On the train that day I asked myself: What will England do? What will we do here in the United States? What will Harry Lomb do, who gets all his chemicals from Germany? and Holy Moses, what is going to become of me? The actual words were unspoken, but Jeannie overheard them. "If the Kaiser comes after you and me, we can go back to Auburn and elude him altogether," she answered softly. "We will be rid of that apartment in New York."—I kissed her and said, "Darling, you are equal to any emergency! but suppose the Kaiser takes a fancy to you?"—"I would tear out his eyes, and say remember, Mister Hohenzollern, what happened to Sisera." So we landed at Old Bellevue that evening, 1 August 1914, each with arm round t' other's waist. An

inkling of the war-news had reached Bellevue before our arrival. All day on the train I had been wishing to converse with Mr. Abbot and hear what he had to say on that momentous topic. I gave him the batch of newspapers I had collected *en route*, but, much to my disappointment, he put them aside and certainly was not eager to glance through them. Indeed nobody seemed to be much interested. Emily and Annie C. giggled to each other on the sofa in the back-parlour. Everybody listened attentively to all the stories we had to tell of our adventures in New York, yet somehow I had the feeling of being in Chekhov's "Cherry Orchard"—the conversation seemed to be irrelevant. Jeannie took her mother aside and asked her what was the matter. Mrs. Abbot's eyes filled with tears: "He's different," she said, pointing to her spouse. "We think he's troubled by that pain in his leg." It was not an air of impending doom that hung over Old Bellevue that evening, but there was a vague uneasiness, a lack of good cheer that put a damper on my spirits. Next day the mood was gone, and all was as usual. Mr. Abbot and I sat on the front porch and talked about everything under the sun. He was indignant with the Kaiser: "What does Germany want?" he asked. "In my lifetime she has risen to the zenith and is renowned all over the globe. She is beating England at her own game and is outselling her in every market. All she had to do was to sit still; everything was coming her way." As it was, he considered the situation in Europe exceedingly serious, and was very fearful as to the consequences. He never once alluded to the sore on his knee, and changed the subject when I ventured to ask him about it.

By the middle of September I was back in New York again, occupying my old room in Mrs. Kellogg's apartment. By that time World War I was in full blast and going disastrously for the triple *entente* (Great Britain, France and Russia) as opposed to the Central Powers (Germany and Austria); Italy and Turkey still undecided which side to espouse. The sympathy of this country was divided; we hoped to keep out of the conflict if possible. The world was in turmoil. At the decisive battle of the Marne early in September French General Joffre had halted the on-coming German steam-roller under General von Kluck, and for the time being Paris was almost miraculously saved from capture.

In those critical days my chief concern was to obtain possession of the little apartment we had rented and move into it as soon as possible after it had been "decorated" (that is, painted and completely renovated). Strictly speaking, the lease of the previous tenant was not up till the last day of the month, but he was out of town and had no intention of spending another day in that place, though his furniture was still there. He was a cross-grained single man, absolutely unaccom-

modating, and refused to yield an inch even when I offered to compensate him. Meanwhile, Jeannie and Abbot were waiting impatiently at Bellevue and guarding the crated furniture that was to be sent by freight from Goode to New York as soon as I gave the signal. Nothing could be done until "moving day" in New York which was the first day of October. Then pretty nearly the whole population of Manhattan Island rose as one man and engaged in the big game of puss-in-corner, one fellow moved out of the house and another moved in, amid a torrent of profanity such as was never heard in the Tower of Babel. That woeful day, supposing you were a participant, you stood from morn to eve up to your neck in burlap and excelsior; hooligans spat upon your *lares et penates* lying exposed on the pavement, while two stevedores struggled to lift your ancestral mahogany bureau. It was a day of reckoning too, when you paid out half of a whole month's rent merely to get inside your own quarters.

To all outward appearance, the Standard Scientific Company was going on pretty much as usual; only now Harry Lomb seldom showed his face. He spent nearly every day down in Wall Street buying and selling in the stock-market, which was on a rampage then and long afterwards.

College was about to open at the beginning of the new session of 1914-15. Convocation Day came about a week after my return to the city, and then all Columbia University assembled in the big auditorium in the Gymnasium under University Hall, to hear President Nicholas Murray ("Muraculous") Butler "orate" (as indeed he did very well, more after the manner of the Oracle of Delphi than in the style of Demosthenes). Dr. Butler possessed "inside information" by being more or less intimate and hail-fellow-well-met with most of the potentates, premiers and philosophers above ground in his time. When you listened to him, you had the feeling of being in direct communication with Mount Zion, Mount Olympus or any mount that happened to be in eruption at that moment. That day I learned, quite a little to my surprise, that in his boyhood Dr. Butler had been a playmate of William Hohenzollern in Berlin years before the latter got to be Kaiser, and that then they had been rather fond of each other. But it was different now, Dr. Butler was out with the Kaiser; according to my recollection, he said to all and sundry who were present at Convocation that if he passed the Kaiser on the street, he would cut him dead. In other words, he wished it to be known that he was outdone with the Kaiser and all his coterie for having started this wicked war.

I hesitate to tell this anecdote. Dr. Butler was a very notable man, a really big man in many ways. Yet this story tends to make

him ridiculous. Many people were present and heard him that day; yet as far as I know, none of them has ever reported his speech, as I have done. Nevertheless, according to my recollection he did say substantially what I have stated above.

Loulie took to New York like a duck to water. By the middle of October she came to see us and stayed a month, much to our delight. Abbot must have slept on a rug or under her bed. She and Jeannie, dressed in all their finery, used to go in and out of the shops on Fifth Avenue with as much *savoir faire* as if they were to the manner born and belonged to the Four Hundred; and, of course, we went to the theatres, all three of us, even if we sat in the peanut gallery. I suppose it must have been from the dizzy top of the Metropolitan Opera House that we gazed upon incomparable Pavlova in what I believe was her last appearance in this country.

One day the door-bell rang, and who should enter but our old friend Mr. Lovett, foot-loose now, and meandering more than ever from place to place just as the notion took him? This time he was accompanied by Eleanor, his tall and handsome daughter. Jeannie delighted to see them and begged them to stay for dinner. Luckily, it was the day when the dressed Rhode Island Red Hen came by express from Goode, sent by pre-arrangement with old Maria, Dolphin's wife, with whom Jeannie had left a whole brood of chickens to be fed and fattened and duly executed one by one every week for our table in New York. Jeannie roasted and stuffed it and gave Mr. Lovett big slices of the breast; we ate and were merry and talked of the old days in Geneva. Mr. Lovett got up from the table, put his hands in his trousers' pockets, and went downstairs to the basement of the building; there he consulted a few minutes with the janitor or superintendent, and when he came back, he told us he had rented two rooms on the floor above, one for himself and the other for Eleanor. They dwelt there four or five weeks, and we used to dine together somewhere or other at home or abroad, for Mr. Lovett knew all the labyrinths of the big city and the little restaurants hidden in out-of-the-way places (each in its own way "like a violet by a mossy stone") where you got a good meal and some special dish and paid comparatively little.

All that autumn day by day the clash of arms overseas waxed louder and louder and was more and more nerve-wracking. Mr. Lovett was sanguine that England would win, as she always did in the long run. People's sympathies in this country were curiously divided. Harry Lomb and his brother and their German mother were vehemently pro-British. On the other hand, my colleague, Dr. William P. Trent, dis-

tinguished professor of English in Barnard College, who was a Virginian by birth, was for *Deutschland über Alles* and apparently adopted the slogan of "Might is Right," which was so utterly abhorrent to me. Both England and France were spending huge sums in this country to buy provisions and munitions for their armies in the field, and certainly, no matter what President Wilson might proclaim, the United States even at the outset of the war was far from being neutral. Everything, Columbia University included, was affected and more or less dislocated; nobody could tell what might happen.

I clung to my somewhat intangible connection with the Standard Scientific Company, and continued to report for duty regularly three afternoons every week, though I was finding it both inconvenient and irksome to do so. The days were getting shorter and shorter; it was pitch-black dark in the evening when I came home from those excursions. Usually I took the Sixth Avenue Elevated Express that paused to let me off on the high curve at 110th Street and Central Park West. Thence I had to grope my way on foot up the long, steep and winding path through the desolate park to Morningside Drive and 120th Street where the statue is of General Carl Schurz. I recall vividly one bitter cold evening when I climbed that hill in a sleet-storm so pelted in the face by needles of ice that I had to turn round and walk backwards as best I could. The real danger of that lonesome park at night was from the thugs and cut-throats that lurked there for victims, but I was ignorant and foolhardy then.

As I have already said, at that time I seldom came in contact with Harry Lomb, though whenever we met we were as affectionate as ever. He complained of "this unfortunate turn of affairs," alluding to the war, of course, "this infernal nuisance," as he called it. Whether it was before or after Thanksgiving Day, I am not sure one way or the other: I went downtown as usual expecting to be busy in the glass cage all afternoon, but that time I miscalculated. The office on the eleventh floor was still there, but, save for Mr. Parker, it was completely deserted. The nearly brand-new furniture had all been carted away overnight and probably tossed into a junk-heap, as was not unusual when rooms in New York were dismantled. Mr. Parker looked to me like the boy who "stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled." My glass cage with the desk inside was about all that remained intact. Harry Lomb had dismissed all his employees except me and Parker; it was as if an earthquake had swallowed the company. When it came to untying a knot and liquidating an unprofitable business, gentle Harry Lomb could be as cynical and ruthless as old Mr. John D.

Rockefeller or Frederick the Great. For the time being he had spared me and Parker, we were both still on the pay-roll, and the company was nominally still in existence, but dead as Hector for all that.

Poor Parker! the dream of his lifetime had nearly come true, and then gone up in smoke. For him that was a mortal blow in the prime of life. Both he and the company lived on after a fashion perhaps ten years longer, and then expired. The one item that brought in money was the school optical bench designed by two of my young colleagues in Columbia University, which I recommended and wrote a circular for.

I went home and told Jeannie.—“You ought to resign,” said she emphatically.—“And give up sixty or seventy dollars a month?” I asked her plaintively.—“It’s mighty hard,” was her reply.

Accordingly, I sat down resignedly and wrote Harry: “In the course of human events, the time has come for me to release you from all obligations *re* S. S. Co. Please sever my head and be done with it.” I believe that was the most heroic act of my life.

It was two weeks before I got an answer from Harry. Then one day he ’phoned me: “Can you meet me at Columbus Circle Subway Station 5 o’clock this afternoon sharp?” I was there on the pavement when he came up the steps hurriedly and beckoned me to come round the corner out of the way of the crowd.—“There,” he said, handing me an unsealed envelope; “I made a profit for you today on that stock I told you to buy a month ago. I am on the way to Rochester and am late for my train already. I’ll see you when I get back to town.”—Before I had time to reply and look inside the envelope, he was descending the subway steps and had vanished. The contents were five one-hundred dollar bills, there in my hands as if they had dropped from the sky!

That was not all by a long shot. Two or three weeks later Harry gave me a cheque for \$2500: “Made it for you on the stock-market, sold that graphophone stock, you know!” I didn’t know at all, but I grabbed it and waltzed with him across Central Park. I gave a big party that evening and invited Jeannie, Harry and Mrs. Lomb, who was in town then, though up to that time neither Jeannie nor I had ever met her. The downfall of the Standard Scientific Company was for me a veritable windfall, inasmuch as I was four or five times better off financially than I would have been by the end of the year if I had continued to receive my monthly stipend and in addition was released from quite an onerous task.

Sometimes I think I must have been born under a lucky star, for just the other day when I was nearing the end of this long and uneventful narrative and, for lack of accurate memory of the last years of

beloved Old Bellevue, was a little at a loss as to how to proceed, I had another windfall, this time in the shape of a tiny manuscript book, not more than a fourth of it finished, that came into my hands unexpectedly and supplied me with facts that had to some extent faded from my memory. It was a sort of diary which Loulie Abbot kept in a half-hearted way for the years 1915 and 1916; though the year 1916 was nearly a complete blank. It could scarcely be dignified by the name of diary, it was so meagre, so desultory, and so colourless; the entries, not more than four or five lines *per diem*, are mostly about the weather that during all that time was pretty consistently cold and dreary in winter, hot and sultry in summer. If little John Henderson stumped his toe, or if the Governor of Virginia or Dr. Alderman spent the night at Bellevue, Loulie did not allude to either episode, and nobody will ever know whether or not either ever happened. Just as in Jane Austen's delightful novels of English country life you never would dream that the Napoleonic wars were raging on the continent of Europe, so also in Loulie's diary there is not the faintest reference to the titanic struggle that came to be known as World War I and was every day threatening more and more to send Loulie's nephews overseas for cannon-fodder as it was called.

The book starts out briskly enough promptly on New Year Day 1915, her father's 76th birthday, but soon comes to a halt, and days pass in succession like days that do not count or never were, and then without rhyme or reason the chronicle is resumed. Many of the items are not worth the ink it took to pen them; and finally when Loulie comes to the end of the first year, she is blunt and says point-blank she is glad it is behind her. Nevertheless, despite the gaps and repetitions, Loulie's diary is precious to me. The general impression I get from it is that Loulie was out of sorts all the time and (I am afraid) was already beginning to suffer the pangs of rheumatism which was the bane of her existence for so many years afterwards. It is plain that in 1915-16 Old Bellevue was more sorrowful than gay. Loulie passed away the time by reading the Waverley Novels, first one and then another, and seemed rather to enjoy *The Abbot* and *Guy Mannering*. When she was bored and wanted to have a good time, she put on her boots and walked to Trivium, sometimes alone but more often than not accompanied by Emily or maybe Joe Chipman (if he was on hand). Perhaps her bosom-friend, Janey Owen (who was then the rich Mrs. Heald), came in her car and took Loulie to her beautiful new home "Cresswell" (near Forest); where the big question was: Which is the more charming, the view from Bellevue or the view from Cresswell (though there never was any doubt in my mind). Cresswell was certainly a delightful place

and was much frequented in those days. When Annie C. was not at Bellevue, you could almost be sure of finding her at Cresswell less than six miles away.

The best way of telling the rest of this story is to follow Loulie's diary, sometimes quoting it *verbatim*. I am ashamed to say I still have a little vanity, and the first time I opened Loulie's diary, knowing how fond she was of me, I was rather in hopes of finding some affectionate passage in my praise: alas! I am not mentioned once. Loulie does record that soon after New Year's Day 1915, "Jeannie left;" from which I infer that Jeannie and Abbot and I were at Bellevue for Christmas and went back to New York. The next day "Charles left" too, and then a day or two later "Jane left"; from which it is plain that in due season Charles and Jane Henderson returned to the University of Virginia and Sweetbriar College, respectively. Apparently, Loulie took these departures philosophically; if she shed any tears, they left no mark in her diary.

The first ominous note was sounded 10 January when Loulie wrote in her diary that her father suffered a good deal from the pain in his knee, and she and Emily had to help him get in bed that evening. (Where was Archie, I wonder? Servants were getting to be more and more scarce at Old Bellevue, but Archie, I believe, clung to his master and waited on him to the end of Mr. Abbot's days.)

The following day fair and charming Mary Beirne arrived at Bellevue and stayed two weeks; and though Loulie does not say so, I am willing to bet that Charley Abbot, who in those days was county superintendent of schools and often absent from home overnight, put his horse in the stable and was Mary's little lamb.

From Loulie's diary I learn (what I had forgotten if I ever knew it) that the name of the surgeon who first operated on her father's knee in Washington was Dr. Shand, and that on Washington's birthday her father got a letter from him advising him to go to St. Andrew's Home in Lynchburg and get Dr. Samuel Lile to take another look at his ailing knee. Accordingly, 25 February, Mr. and Mrs. Abbot went to the hospital for that purpose. Two days later Dr. Shand himself came from Washington and was much distressed to find Mr. Abbot in worse plight than had been anticipated. The doctors agreed that there was nothing to do but to amputate the leg immediately above the knee. At Mr. Abbot's advanced age it was a drastic remedy, but, brave old soldier that he was, he never faltered.

The operation was successfully performed by Dr. Lile, 6 March; and that same evening Emily 'phoned Loulie that all was well. Four days afterwards Mr. Abbot was sitting up in bed. He and his wife were

driven home to Bellevue in an automobile, 20 March: "Father cheerful and fine," Loulie writes that night in her diary. "Sat up till 10, and didn't want to go to bed."

Frank Abbot came home from Chicago for the Easter Holidays, and Easter Sunday (4 April) Loulie, Charley and he drove to St. Stephen's and were present in church when Bishop Tucker came from Lynchburg and confirmed their niece Frances Henderson (now Mrs. Louis Houff, one of the principal owners of renovated Bellevue).

Three weeks later, a very hot Sunday, everybody (says the diary) "went to Trivium for dinner. It was Father's first outing, and he seemed to enjoy it. Mr. Heald left early to take a train to New York."

As soon as possible, Mr. Abbot got a cork-leg, but he never could use it and walked on crutches, precariously. I remember vividly the time (yet cannot remember the occasion) I first saw Mr. Abbot with his leg gone. He was lying prone in his two-horse buggy, which had been driven up to the steps of the front porch, where we were all standing around; he was lifted up tenderly and borne into the house. It was a sad sight to witness, the plight of a veteran who has to part with his leg in the evening of life. Long years afterwards Professor Thornton suffered the same fate and was never the same man again, hard as he tried to rally.

One evening at Cresswell when we were all there for dinner and had risen from the table and were about to go home, Mr. Abbot's crutch slipped on the smooth floor, and he fell headlong on the hard wood under him. We were all frightened to death, but, strange to say, no harm was done. Mr. Abbot did not seem to have a bruise.

The 19th of May (says Loulie's diary) was "Mother's birthday." The dear old lady, more than six months older than the one-legged lord of the manor (whom she still called "Mr. Abbot," though he was plainly "John Anderson, my jo, John") was spry and gay as she was to the end of her days and as firm a believer in the efficacy of patent medicines; for I remember every evening soon after supper she used to go upstairs in Jeannie's old room over the back-parlour and anoint herself with a salve called "cuticura" that she said was a sovereign remedy for her itching eczema. Her sister Kate Minor was there that birthday and accompanied Loulie, Charley, Emily and Annie C. when they all strolled to Trivium, as was the everyday custom then.

The next day Loulie and Jane Heald drove (I suppose) to Warm Springs in Bath County and stayed two weeks. Loulie used to go over to the Hot Springs every day to take the bath for her rheumatism, for that was the object of the expedition. I daresay Mrs. Heald bore all the expense, for she was exceedingly generous and above all devoted to Loulie.

That summer of 1915 I stayed in New York through July and August and earned an extra \$500 by giving a course of lectures in the Summer School. It was grievous drudgery in the hot weather, and I used to come home after the lecture dripping-wet with perspiration and would have to take a bath and change my linen. Jeannie (with Abbot) went to Bellevue early in June and was a great comfort to her father, and I joined her there late in August, not unmindful of the fact that it was 17 years almost to the day since I had the good fortune to set my foot on that blessed soil. There were a lot of people there that summer including Frank and several of his friends besides Joe Chipman who was there about two months. One of Frank's friends who was high in favour was a young Princetonian by the name of Scott Hastings who disappeared afterwards and was never seen or heard of in Bellevue again. Mother came near the end of June, and Emily Peter and her husband Léon Marié soon afterwards. Loulie's only reference to her father in her diary is that on Abbot's birthday (3 July) his grandfather played Bridge with Joe Chipman, Emily Peter and Léon, but that summer I noticed for the first time that Mr. Abbot was no longer keen to have his usual game of Bridge in the evening. The old gentleman was gradually losing interest. After the middle of July Loulie scarcely opened her diary again until the last day of the year when she tells the old year to his face she rejoices to be rid of him.

The diary continues through the first quarter of the new year, and after that is silent forevermore. Here are a few samples:

Jane Henderson went back to Sweetbriar College, 4 January. Ten days afterwards "Cousin Sue Blackford" died in Lynchburg, and Loulie and her mother, perhaps others also from Old Bellevue, were at the funeral, 16 January. Early in February Mrs. Abbot went to New York to visit Jeannie, Abbot and me. Early in March Annie C. was back at Bellevue, and late in March Annie C. was in bed with a cold, but Mr. Abbot had a game of Bridge notwithstanding. The last entry of all is that on the 4th of April Jane Heald and Annie C. drove from Cresswell to Bellevue.

Never shall I forget my pride and joy that February day when I met beloved Mrs. Abbot in the Pennsylvania Station and clasped her to my breast. She was filled with enthusiasm on coming to New York, the first and only time in her life; to her it was Babylon and Nineveh rolled into one. I put her and her trunk in a taxicab, and away we sped past Columbus Circle and far uptown to our tiny little residence on Morningside Drive, where she scarcely had room to turn round and take off her bonnet. At first she couldn't be made to believe that Apartment 27 was not the annex to the Palace, and when we told her that

was all of it, and that that was where we lived and moved and had our breakfast, dinner and supper, she exclaimed: "Jeannie, it is perfectly outrageous" (which was the most vehement adjective in her vocabulary)—"I ought never to have come! Where on earth are you going to put my trunk?"—Before Jeannie could answer, I interposed: "It's just like Bellevue, mother o' mine, only smaller of course here in this crowded city. All you have to do is to empty your trunk on the bed; then the janitor will come and take it to the trunk-room down in the basement, a place called far Cathay, and then there'll be plenty of room."—Mrs. Abbot, always amiable and complacent, could make herself at home and be comfortable even in Sing Sing; and before she got in bed that night, I heard her say: "You know, Jeannie, I like this funny little place, it is so nice and quiet in here, and you've made it look so sweet and cosy!"

What Mrs. Abbot enjoyed most was the Fifth Avenue Omnibus where nobody was allowed to stand in the aisle and you could see out of the windows on both sides. It took her miles and miles downtown, and then, after she had done her shopping and had had lunch with Jeannie at Schrafft's, it duly brought her back again to the corner of Riverside Drive and 120th Street where she had got on it several hours before. She took her time getting off the 'bus and had a long conversation with the conductor, a notoriously rude and impatient fellow, who took off his cap to her and offered her his arm. The passengers looked on with open admiration and amusement, as Mrs. Abbot confided to her friend in uniform that she had enjoyed her trip so much she believed she would go again to-morrow, if it was a good day and not raining; though she hoped it would be raining at Bellevue, where they hadn't had a good rain since Christmas.

The first place of all Mrs. Abbot wished to see in New York was Altman's big drygoods store. "You know I have been dealing with Mr. Altman for forty years, and I should like to see him and pay him my respects," she said. "He refunded your money or placed it to your credit, when you sent a piece of goods back because it didn't quite come up to your expectations." So one day soon after her arrival I escorted her to B. Altman & Co.'s on Fifth Avenue and gave the young lady who came to wait on us our visiting-cards: "We've come on purpose to see Mr. Altman himself," I explained, and she conducted us to a nice little waiting-room on the main floor. We had to wait a quarter of an hour, but presently a tall gentleman, elegantly attired in cut-away coat and striped pants, came in and stood before us. In a voice like that of an undertaker at a funeral, he told us that Mr. Altman had expired some years ago and was now "the late Mr. Altman, in fact,

madam," said he, addressing Mrs. Abbot, "I am the late Mr. Altman's successor." At first Mrs. Abbot was shocked and heart-broken, but the tall gentleman took her by the hand, and, beckoning me to follow, led us both to the elevator which took us up in the clouds somewhere on Mount Olympus where his palatial office was. Up there he touched a number of electric buttons on his desk, and in the twinkling of an eye several other gentlemen arrived all in cutaway coats and lined up in a row on one side of the room, while the "undertaker" took us and introduced each of them in turn, all of them vice-presidents with hair parted in the middle. Speeches were spoken; Mrs. Abbot was "this lovely old Virginia lady who has dealt with us ever since the days when we used to be on Sixth Avenue," and I was "one of the ornaments of the great university in the City of New York, who has a charge-account with us," and so on. It was quite a little ceremony to be gotten up on the spur of the moment, and Mrs. Abbot was delighted, though of course she saw the humour of it too.

How long Mrs. Abbot stayed I do not remember, but every day of her visit I know was a day of delight in our bower. Before she went back to Bellevue, Jeannie gave a big party for her and invited especially the people she knew in New York (Dr. Nock was one of them, Dr. William Berkeley was another), some of them old Bellevue boys, for instance, Felix Levy, eminent Texas-born New York lawyer, who said he remembered the ipecac she used to make him swallow and the burning mustard plaster she laid on his chest when he had whooping-cough. Even then dear Mrs. Abbot was not the least bit aware that Old Bellevue was coming to the end of the last act and the play would soon be over.

All that summer Mr. Abbot languished and was a changed man. His complexion was no longer ruddy as it was always wont to be, his cheeks were sunken, his countenance was sad. He wore a wrapper and sat in a big arm-chair in the corner of the back parlour, seldom ever speaking a word. He liked Jeannie to sit beside him and hold his hand, for he knew he was dying, and she knew it too, and there was a bond of sympathy between the old man and his daughter. Whenever I think of that time, and remember the gleam of joy that lighted Mr. Abbot's face the instant Jeannie entered the room, Tolstoy's description of "The death of Ivan Ilyitch" comes into my mind and tears come in my eyes. Mr. Abbot was looking at the spectre of death. Yet many an afternoon he and I sat by ourselves on the front porch and talked affectionately together. That is a pleasant memory to me that I have cherished ever since. One day as we sat there after a long interval of silence, the topmost edge of the setting sun went down be-

hind the Peaks of Otter while we were watching it. Mr. Abbot rose from his chair and propped himself against it, he lifted his crutch and waved it towards the empty place in the sky, and then in a low voice without a tremour in it repeated those lines of Tennyson he knew and loved so well:

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Mr. Abbot's faith was like that of a little child: when he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," the words rang true as they did when they came from the lips of Job.

It was for me a sorrowful day when I left him and went back to college. Jeannie stayed with her father to the very end, and was there when Bishop Tucker used to come from Lynchburg and minister to him. Mr. Abbot was wasting away from Bright's Disease, so Dr. Dillard told me afterwards.

He died peacefully, 5 October 1916, and was laid to rest on the garden hill-top beside the grave of his first-born son; and that was the end of Old Bellevue.

CHAPTER XX

Epilogue

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here.

HENRY VAUGHAN

As LONG as Mr. Abbot lived, Old Bellevue struggled to survive, but the trouble was, by 1916 Old Bellevue was old-fashioned and out of date; in its dotage, as I am now. In Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Autobiography* (1904) he complains, rather bitterly, that the best inkpot ever invented, one that was absolutely perfect in every respect, was no longer obtainable in any shop in London, simply because (as every stationer told him) it had gone out of fashion and been replaced by something novel and inferior. In 1915 a man was a fool if he would not swap the best horse in his stable for a T-model Ford Tin Lizzie that would take him anywhere on the globe, though as a matter of fact he was happier and much better off when he stayed at home and never went beyond his horse's customary range. The argument is that no sooner do we find what is good and right in this world than we exchange it for something else that is not nearly so efficient and satisfying for our comfort and well-being.

Jeannie stoutly maintained (as I have already said) that Bellevue had never been the same after her departure in 1899, and while I believed it was true, and even bound to be true, I had a guilty feeling of being *particeps criminis*, the evil genius of the place I loved best on earth.

A day or two before my 46th birthday, almost exactly a half-year after Mr. Abbot's death, President Wilson came before Congress and declared our country would suffer wrong no more; and then the whole weight of the United States was thrown into the balance of World War I against Germany and her confederates. From that day (2 April 1917) to this, despite lulls of actual gun-fire for years at a time, there has never been any peace on earth, much less good-will towards men, for even now hydrogen bombs hover over our heads day and night.

How well I remember that first summer of 1917 after our entrance in the war when I bought a Liberty Bond from pretty little Mary Pickford on a street in San Francisco, for then I was giving a course of

lectures in the University of California and boarded at a delightful little family hotel in Berkeley, where Raleigh Minor and Natalie had resided the previous summer when he was on a similar errand. One day at breakfast the Chinese boy who waited on me brought the San Francisco *Chronicle* and propped it on the table before my eyes. Imagine my astonishment and chagrin when I glanced up from the grapefruit on my plate and read the headlines on the front page: SOUTHALL SAYS U-BOAT IS A MENACE; as it certainly was at that time, whether I said it or not. (A reporter had come to see me the day before, "for," he said, "I hear you are from New York. Confidentially, what is the latest news?" I remember he offered me a cigar.—"My dear fellow," I replied, "I haven't seen Secretary Bryan or Secretary Daniels for a month, and then both of them were in a panic on account of this infernal U-boat. It looks bad to me; what do you think? No, thank you, cigars are too strong for me. Won't you join me in a lemonade?")

Long ago many a gallant American lad had volunteered in the British army and was in Flanders, dead or alive. I believe handsome John Wills, who was my pupil in Auburn, was one of those who never came home. In 1917 Charles and Abbot Henderson and William and John Abbot, all four of them, were in our army waiting to be sent overseas; and ere long John Abbot and Charles Henderson were in the thick of the fray in different parts of France. Towards the end of another year, when the struggle on the western front was fiercest and bloodiest, lo and behold! Emily Abbot and her buddy Annie C. Berkeley sallied forth from Bellevue, went to Washington, and forthwith, 1 November 1918, enlisted as "yeomen" in the Navy! They paraded in uniform all over the city. There is not a doubt in my mind, that was the decisive stroke in World War I. Within ten days Hindenburg and Ludendorff signed the Armistice, and long before Thanksgiving Day Emily Abbot doffed her uniform and, like Cincinnatus, went back to the plough. This conclusion of the war was not a bit too soon for me, for the Secretary of the Army was about to make me a major and commission me in name as well as in fact to be director of optical munitions (field glasses, gun-sights, range-finders, periscopes, etc.) with headquarters partly in Washington and partly in Rochester. I was not cut out to be a soldier, even a chocolate soldier who is not supposed to be killed or wounded; I was like Frank Abbot, who said he would rather go to the gallows than have to keep step and march by day and sleep in a rain-soaked dug-out by night. I heaved a sigh of relief when after four years of terrible suffering and blood-shed the war came to an end almost as suddenly as it had begun.

In those exciting days Trivium was in the ascendant. Little Frances

Henderson was off at school in Sweetbriar College (1916-18), and by 1917 her elder sister Jane, who had graduated *magnâ cum laude* and was a *puella pons asinorum* (which according to Miss Meta Glass, afterwards President of Sweetbriar, was the Sweetbriar equivalent of Ph.D.), was, I believe, already Principal of Brookhill School across the road almost within a stone's throw of Trivium. (If I am not mistaken, "Uncle Charley", who was School Superintendent and mighty partial to his niece, had had the school-house built expressly for her convenience, ready for her to reign over it as soon as she finished college; for nepotism was a fault Charley did not blush to admit.)

According to my recollection, 'Ginna or Virginia Avenel, the one of the four Henderson sisters who in point of age came between Frances and Jane, (though without disparagement of her brothers and sisters, far more elevated in Christian character than any of them except Little Lucy), was in training at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington to be a nurse in the navy either before the end of the war or soon afterwards; little as we dreamed then that by the middle of the century Miss Virginia Henderson would be the Mother Superior of all the nurses in the land and even more renowned in Omaha, Neb., than in Bedford City, Va., which was her nearest home-town.

I believe it was in Walter Reed Hospital that 'Ginna got to be a chum of pretty Rosalie Florence who was there on the same business and headed for the navy too, but not irrevocably; for 'Ginna, you might say with malice aforethought, introduced Rosalie to her eldest brother Charles, home from the wars and looking everywhere for a shipmate. You can imagine the consequences: Charles and Rosalie, penniless as they were, got married overnight, so to speak, and lived happily ever afterwards. Now, hale and hearty still, they are proud grand-parents of more little boys and girls than can be counted on the fingers of both hands, so many little Barrs, Hendersons, and what's-their-names that nobody can pretend to call them by their baptismal names, and the best I can do is to use demonstrative pronouns. As Dean of the School of Engineering founded by Professor Thornton in the University of Virginia and as the urbane and modest grandsire of this flock of children, Sister Lucy's eldest son Charles Henderson, it seems to me, outshines nearly all of his contemporaries and for productivity is certainly worthy to be ranked alongside the late Ibn Saud, Sultan of Nejd. How proud of him his own grandfather would be, and doubtless is, if he still keeps track of sublunar goings-on as he used to do in Old Bellevue!

As long as Mr. Abbot lived, all went smoothly at Old Bellevue, the house inside and out was always in good repair, the roof never leaked

when it rained, the radiators were hot when it was cold; but when he died, nobody ever really took his place and kept things in order. Emily and Charley were improvident and rather neglectful house-keepers, unmindful of moth and rust and Time's effacing fingers. If something got wrong with the furnace somewhere under the house, and the fire went out, they sent to Goode for Norvall Bones, and he came and clapped a big lump of clay in the hole in the stove; the fire leaped up again and went to work to burn another hole in that ancient cast-iron furnace. The only trouble was that the fuel was more dust than coal.

January and February are the hard winter months, and if after Mr. Abbot's death you happened to be at Bellevue and could not keep warm, the best thing to do was to take refuge in Trivium, where there was sure to be a log-fire in the big sitting-room, and Dan and John Henderson were within call to bring in more wood from the pile outside. Besides, there was an open Franklin Stove in the dining-room. In those days children swarmed all over Trivium, who were indeed children no longer, but still subject to their elders and attentive to their duty. The chances were if you went there to get warm, you stayed till it thawed outdoors, even if it took a month.

In January 1920 after Christmas had come and gone, and it was monotonous again, Bellevue was abandoned and shut tight, and the entire household, including Emily and Annie C., moved to Trivium for the rest of the cold winter, partly to keep warm but mainly (I think) to be of good cheer. Loulie was suffering from rheumatism and other ailments, and Mrs. Abbot was getting on in years. After breakfast when the dishes had all been washed and put away, Loulie and her mother, not having to make up their beds, were sitting alone by the stove in the dining-room, both clad in heavy woolen wrappers buttoned up to the neck, for it was mighty cold in the hall. I think Mrs. Abbot was dozing in her chair, while Loulie, with pencil and pad in her lap, was writing to Jeannie in New York. Loulie wrote very rapidly and graphically (I quote her opening sentences—*ab uno disce omnes*):

"This letter to some of you all has been in my mind for ages, and doubtless when you get through with it, you will wish it had stayed there. But I am that dull these days as never was. Yet what can you expect? when I just sit and rot on one side of the dining-room stove all day, while Mother sits and rots on the other side."

By the middle of the century nearly all the Abbots of Old Bellevue were dead and buried. Now (1955) only two of all that goodly fellowship are alive to tell the tale, both Abbots-in-law, but nonetheless Abbots to the core, namely, dearly beloved Lucy Lewis, charming and more or less distinctly serpentine still, and the forlorn, rather corpulent

writer of these memoirs, who, as I am afraid is but too apparent, is well along in his dotage. This mournful epilogue (which I would fain omit if I could) is really no more than a necrology of the survivors who lived on after Mr. Abbot's death and fell by the roadside, each in turn, as is the way of all flesh. "Old Mortality", who carved their names on the tombstones must himself be now far on in years: I doubt whether he can wield his hammer and chisel in order to inscribe *hic jacet* on the little slab of granite at the head of my grave (supposing the spot will be marked at all, although the mayor of the town, who is also a prosperous undertaker, assured me the other day he would see to it personally in case no other patriot volunteered).

Strictly speaking, my own dear mother was not by birth one of the tribe of the Bellevutii, yet after she had passed her prime, she came to know and love them all, and was the first to depart after Mr. Abbot went. For well-nigh a score of years after Jeannie and I were married, she was in the habit of spending part of almost every summer at Old Bellevue, and towards the end of her life, when she was feeble and in need of both help and sympathy, she stayed one whole winter at Trivium and could not have found a better home. Mother was truly fond of Jeannie and Sister Lucy both, as well she should have been, for they were much attached to her and did her many kindnesses. My father, much older than my mother, idolised her. He admired her beauty and was fascinated by her wit, perhaps most of all by her extraordinary gift of language; for in either talking or writing Mother was never at a loss for the right word: it leaped from her lips and it flowed from her pen, as if by magic. Her witticisms were proverbial.

It is painful to recall that Mother's last years were lonely and sorrowful; as is so often the fate of old age. When the end came rather suddenly in January 1919, Evelyn, Jeannie and I (and Bishop Tucker too) were at her bedside in Norfolk 48 hours day and night and watched her life ebb out, but she never knew that we were there. Like Mr. Abbot, she too was a victim of Bright's Disease, though it was diagnosed too late to overcome.

It is always too late when "death steps tacitly" and takes the loved one forever beyond embrace again. In this world Mother never knew the tears I shed. It was past my power ever to repay her for all the affection she had lavished on me from the day of my birth. In my childhood she was my gay and frolicsome playmate, we romped together all over the house, upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber; her songs resound in my head now when I am a deaf old man. I grew up and went to college, and was never a child again; while Mother, I verily

believe, never was really older than she was on her wedding day half a century before she died. That was the difference between us when I came to manhood and seldom was ever back home: I saw it for the first time that fateful day when she lay on her death-bed and her sweet spirit took flight. It was no use to put my arms round her neck and ask forgiveness, but I have asked forgiveness many a time in "the sessions of sweet silent thought"; and if I ever find my mother again, she will hug me and bestow forgiveness upon me. I reckon the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the joy I should feel then! (Oh, that I might know *now* that there will be a *then* hereafter! The sting of death is the awful foreboding of extinction.)

Fundamentally different as Jeannie's mother and my mother were in so many ways, they came to be close friends when they were both far on in years. Neither of them had had any formal education in youth beyond "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic"; yet Mother, it seems to me, must have had a private tutor. She was really literary and had a collection of her favourite books; I remember particularly three volumes which she kept within reach and used to take in her trunk when she went away from home: George Eliot's *Romola*, an English version of Amiel's *Journal Intime* and J. C. Hare's *Life of Baroness Bunsen* (she must have known them by heart).

On the other hand, busy Mrs. Abbot, who was highly educated too in a practical way, eschewed books and even the newspaper; they were masculine, and a good housewife had nothing to do with them. She may have read the Bible and Prayer Book, and she certainly knew the *Hymnal* from cover to cover, and from her bench at the organ in church could correct the rector when he called out the wrong number. She always had the latest copy of Montgomery Ward's huge general catalogue in a special place on the shelf in the store-room; every page of it was turned down for reference. In my time Mrs. Abbot was never sick a day in her life, but Jeannie could remember a period in her childhood when her mother was confined to bed for weeks and Mrs. Izard used to come from Goode and sit by her. I know she had a little phial of pills in her work-basket and was wont to take one or two of them every day (little doses of strychnine, I believe they were); and I know too that she was bedeviled by eczema in her late years, though she kept it a dark secret. What I know best of all is that she was the one to whom we went whenever we were in trouble and that her help and sympathy were as bountiful and unfailing as the spring of cool water on the hillside. Willy's untimely death in 1912 grieved and dazed her, but she went about her tasks as usual and brought good cheer to all the

others. She was an old lady when Mr. Abbot died in 1916, and from that day she began to slow down not imperceptibly. I think she must have been tired out completely, for at last one day (about the middle of 1921, I believe it was) she went to bed as usual, turned over in her sleep in the middle of the night, and quietly drew her last breath. There they found her next morning, peaceful and blissful at the end of a long and useful life. I should like to die that way, with a pure heart and a good conscience, serene and content; only, it is a boon that has to be earned and cannot be vouchsafed.

Her grave was dug by the side of those of her husband, her son and her little grandson whom she loved so tenderly all their lifetimes. The marble monument overlooks the garden where she planted her vegetables and fruit-trees all in due season, year in and year out; and planted without knowing it an ever-blooming flower called "Forget-me-not" whose perfume sweetens the air of all that hallowed ground. What has become (I wonder) of the goose-berries she used to plant for me, knowing how fond I was of those delicious tarts I have never tasted again?

Frank Abbot's fond mother had one great pleasure before she died: that was in 1919 when Frank came back to Virginia for good and all and began his notable career in the School of Romance Languages of his *Alma Mater*. This was an event in which both Frank and his mother rejoiced: for him it was the return of the native to the soil he knew and loved so well, while for her it was the fulfilment of her cherished ambition, to see her most accomplished son an ornament of the University of Virginia.

Mrs. W. R. Abbot of Old Bellevue (Lucy Ridgway Minor, 1838-1921) outlived her sisters Mrs. Jacob Loeb (Patty Minor, 1839-1909) and Kate Minor (1850-1918) and her brother Lancelot Minor (1847-1916), of Newport, Arkansas. Her sister Ann McPherson Minor (1854-1931), "Aunt Ann," who dwelt much of her life at Bellevue and Trivium, and her two brothers John Barbie Minor (1852-1933), compiler of the Minor Genealogy, and Dr. James Cabell Minor (b. 1858), of Hot Springs, Arkansas, an inimitable *raconteur*, lived into the 1930's.

Loulie, Charley and Emily Abbot lived at Bellevue all their lives, and were incurably homesick whenever they went away for a short spell, as was not often. Not so much by usurpation as by tacit consent and natural ability, Emily rose to be commander-in-chief after her mother's death; and then, of course, Annie C. Berkeley was prime minister and Earl-less of Essex. They had to find some means of support

and accordingly more or less condescended to take boarders both winter and summer, provided the boarders took care of themselves and were perfectly contented. It was a troublesome business, sometimes prosperous, yet always precarious; and there were times when Emily and Annie C. had a hard time to make both ends meet and were on the verge of bankruptcy.

During the first half of the 1920's Charley continued to be Division Superintendent of Schools and went about all over Bedford County in his "tin Lizzie", beloved and looked up to at every cross-roads and in every little hamlet. However, there was one duty of his office that was persistently and thoroughly distasteful to Charley, and that was to make out a semi-annual report and send it to the Superintendent of Public Instruction in Richmond. I do not know the actual facts, but my belief is that Charley simply ignored this task, year in and year out, until the patience of the office in Richmond was completely worn out, and at last Charley was ousted from his post, notwithstanding the fact that intellectually and in many other ways he was probably the best man for it that Bedford County ever had. Undoubtedly, Charley lacked system and was lackadaisical, yet he was gifted too. Thereafter until he reached the age of retirement he was one of the principal teachers in the Lynchburg High School and used to commute daily between Bellevue and Lynchburg. I doubt whether he ever missed a school-day. His pupils adored him, and he was known far and wide as good old "Uncle Charley." Those boys and girls whom he taught were lucky to come under his influence. In his later years Charley ascended from a "Ford" to a "Chevrolet", and said he was "taking it easy." Nobody has ever tried to compute the total mileage of the ground he covered in those two vehicles. It was an astronomical figure, all the more astonishing considering the fact that in his lifetime Charley seldom ever went westward from Bellevue much farther than Roanoke or eastward beyond Appomattox.

One year (1925-26) Charley Abbot was buried alive somewhere in the mountains in a little village called Huddleston where he was principal of the school. I remember Christmas Eve at Trivium, 1925, when we were all in evening dress. It was a peaceful company as befitted that hallowed season, yet I believe it was just as gay at Trivium that evening as it was at the Duchess of Richmond's ball the night before the battle of Waterloo. We were waiting for Uncle Charley, he was expected any minute, for we were sure that by that time he was on the way from Huddleston. I had a dress-shirt tied in red ribbon to give him to wear with his tuxedo, and had composed the following "pome" to greet him as he entered the hall:

On bestowing a dress-shirt on Uncle Charley (Xmas 1925)

Who is this King of Glory that cometh from afar?
 Who is this hero bonny all clad and reg-u-lar?
 Oh, rise, you nymphs and maidens, and every creature fair,
 Salute this Prince and Dandy, this knight so debonair!
 From Huddleston he cometh, a place not on the map,
 From somewhere over yonder in the bowels of a Gap!
 And as his car comes thunderin' adown the mountain-side,
 The children wave to greet him and nod to him with pride.

And now he draweth nearer—his shirt we can espy
 All "biled" and glist'nin' white like a portent in the sky!
 "'Tis Uncle Charley," we exclaim, "by all that's good and pure!
 He's spittin' too from right to left—'tis Uncle Charley sure!"

Is he going' to a weddin', is he lookin' for a bride?
 See the diamonds in his shirt-front, how they sparkle far and wide!
 O Lohengrin and Lochinvar and Cock-a-doodle-doo,
 And ev'ry knight and ev'ry wight that's mentioned in *Who's Who*,
 In all your epic annals point me any episode
 Can compare with Uncle Charley a-lumb'rin' down the road,
 With the water in his flivver all puffin' steamin' hot,
 And his foot upon the treadle just as like as not,
 The bow-knot in his collar pointing half-way to the sky,
 A hauteur in his carriage and a twinkle in his eye,
 As he glances o'er his bosom where the shirt-front bulges out!—
 But the heart beneath the shirt—that's why the people shout!

Besides the death of Mrs. Abbot, I sustained two heavy losses in the first five years of the 1920's that are grievous to me to this day. In the summer of 1923 I had to go abroad on purpose to visit two illustrious scholars in Europe who were contributors to the third edition of Helmholtz's *Handbuch der Physiologischen Optik*, namely, Prof. Dr. J. v. Kries, professor of physiology in the University of Freiburg in Baden, and Prof. Dr. A. Gullstrand, professor of ophthalmology in the University of Upsala in Sweden; for at that time I was engaged in editing the English translation of Helmholtz's treatise for the Optical Society of America, quite a big undertaking. My son Abbot, who had recently graduated in Columbia College, went with me on that trip. It was in London (before going on the continent) that I got a letter from Miss Mary Robertson (1853-1936) in Charlottesville telling me of Raleigh Minor's death. This distressing news was not altogether unanticipated; on the contrary, before I embarked for Europe, I had taken pains to visit him and knew when I saw him that he was ill unto death, the victim of a cruel and obscure disease that was beyond the power of any physician to heal. He was brave as Leonidas at the pass of Ther-

mopylae; he took my hand in both of his and quietly said farewell. Raleigh Colston Minor (1869-1923) was a valiant man and true, a noble gentleman, a very eminent scholar. As Jonathan loved David, I loved him with my whole soul; and he loved me.

Less than a year afterwards I stood at the deathbed of the earliest comrade of all. My "little sister" Evelyn, nearly my own age, was stricken by pneumonia and died in Norfolk, 26 April 1924; leaving me the sole survivor of that congenial household in Richmond in which she and I grew up together under the loving tutelage of our father and mother. When I reached her couch and bent down to kiss her, she was too ill to speak or even press my hand, but I shall never forget the look of undying affection and the heavenly smile of fond farewell that took the place of speech and said more than words could ever utter. Evelyn Henry Southall (1873-1924) was the principal of St. George's School for boys and girls which she herself founded. She was a lovely and a gallant lady who made her own way in this world, loving and beloved; as can be verified by many of her pupils who are still alive.

I could relate many little anecdotes of our childhood, but one will suffice to show our fun-loving affection for each other. By way of preface, let me say that Evelyn's middle name of "Henry" was derived from our great-great-grandmother Lucy Henry who was a sister of Patrick Henry of revolutionary fame; while my name was given in remembrance of our great-grandfather James Powell Cocke who moved from "Malvern Hills" on James River and built a new home "Edgemont" in the Green Mountain district of Albemarle. Once in my boyhood when I was away from home Evelyn wrote me a letter which was addressed on the back of the envelope to "Master James Peacock". Not to be outwitted by this saucy little girl, I wrote by return post and addressed my letter to "Miss Evelyn Peahen."

Evelyn and I were hand in glove in our childhood when I was her "big brother" and had all the prestige and authority of the centurion in the Gospel of St. Matthew.

Marriage is not always a bed of roses. I read in the newspaper the other day of a young wife who was suing her husband for divorce on the ground of physical cruelty: she complained that he invariably slapped her every time she pinched the tooth-paste tube in the middle instead of from the bottom. Nevertheless, both bachelors and spinsters, it seems to me, are mighty forlorn in this world, especially the latter who more often than not are really embarrassed and dependent.

Evelyn Southall and Loulie Abbot, different as they were in nearly every way, were two charming ladies, who were alike in their genuine and sincere devotion to children; yet neither ever had a child of her own. Loulie had a doll-baby with a trunk full of handsome clothes

which were made by Loulie herself; it took me a long time to realise how essentially feminine Loulie Abbot was. When Emily Abbot was a little girl busy everywhere outdoors, she was Loulie's darling pet, and afterwards when Emily grew up and was ultimately the virtual mistress of Bellevue, Loulie upheld her and believed she could do no wrong. Loulie herself was absolutely unselfish and unswervingly loyal.

Who, having known Loulie in her unbridled youth, would ever have dreamed that she would one day be a cripple and have to walk with a cane? Yet such was Loulie's plight not long after her mother's death. The seed of her infirmities had been sown back in the 1880's when Jeannie and she were still in their teens and were made to wear shoes that were too tight and cramped their toes, and when an incompetent dentist in Lynchburg maltreated their teeth for years and years. From these misfortunes Jeannie did not escape unscathed; on the contrary, they left their scars on her too; but in Loulie's life they wrought havoc. She was in her fifties when she had to submit to a severe and painful surgical treatment of the bones of her feet and at the same time used to go to the Hot Springs in Bath County (as she had begun going before her father died) in the vain hope of curing her rheumatism in those healing waters. From one year to the next Loulie steadily went downhill, there was no remedy.

One bright interlude came in Loulie's decline before she lost her grip entirely. Frank, who was devoted to her, took her to Europe with him one summer (perhaps in 1925). They went everywhere from London to Rome, and for Loulie it was the thrill of her lifetime, as enjoyable to Frank as it was to her. Yet Loulie's rheumatism came back home with her and was worse than ever.

By the summer of 1928 Loulie was flat on her back. The house was filled with boarders, and Emily had all she could do to run her establishment. Jeannie took Loulie to Trivium and put her bed on the screened porch of the big cottage in the yard; and there she and Sister Lucy nursed their invalid sister lovingly and tenderly all summer long. After the boarders were gone, they brought her back to Bellevue and moved her bed into the back parlour across the hall from Emily's room, and Loulie lived on a few months longer, past her 58th birthday in November, past Christmas and New Year's Day, and died at last, 12 January 1929.

For me every remembrance of Loulie Abbot is embroidered with love and admiration; she was pure gold, an Abbot in whom there was no guile. She and I were close as peas in a pod, we were brother and sister from start to finish. Her loss was felt by each one of us but fell hardest on Jeannie, for she and Jeannie, so different in their tastes and

enjoyments, were like twins in their mutual fondness for each other. When Jeannie got married, the flower-garden descended from her to Loulie, who tended it lovingly all the rest of her days; and when Loulie died, nearly all that was left of it was the sweet fragrance that hovered there as if in memory of the two girls who dug up the weeds and cared for it so lovingly. Old Bellevue was being pulled up by the roots.

Here I put down my pen for a minute, to wipe my brow and to drink this glass of orange-juice that Bessie has brought me (Bessie is the good and faithful coloured companion that waits on me now, and hates to see tears in my eyes). My eyes are very dim, it is hard for me to see where I laid my pen, harder still to read what I write, especially when my eyes are blurred with tears.

Why did I ever begin this Epilogue, this sorrowful last chapter of the Abbots of Old Bellevue; who, one after the other, till past the middle of the century, came to the end of life's journey and vanished from earth never to be seen again?

Before the year ended that started out with Loulie's farewell, the crash of the stock-market came like a bolt from the sky, the last week of October 1929, and that awful panic when

“unmerciful disaster
Followed fast, and followed faster.”

In less than three years all the savings of my lifetime, considerably more than \$40,000., had been wiped out, and I was in debt to a rascally New York broker to the tune of \$10,000. I know now it served me right for having been so foolhardy in the reckless days of Calvin Coolidge. Luckily, due to Jeannie's prudent foresight, I had already purchased the home in Charlottesville where I am living now; else, after my retirement in 1940 I might not have had a roof over my head.

For a number of years between 1930 and 1940, when Frances Henderson and her youngest brother John (neither of them yet married) both had jobs in Washington, Brother Dan Henderson (whose health had begun to fail) and Sister Lucy (who had broken her hip which never afterwards was mended) rented a delightful apartment in Georgetown, where the four of them lived merrily and hospitably too. Then Trivium was shut tight and locked all winter long, not to be opened again till summer. Sister Lucy took to city-life with all the zest of an inhabitant of ancient Rome who liked nothing better than *panem et circenses*. Helen and Lucy Bentley and Emily Matthews and her sister Mrs. Mackall (two or three still alive to this day) lived close by. Frances Henderson went to market before she went to work, John Henderson

was chauffeur whenever he was foot-loose, and Sister Lucy cooked the dinner in the evening (no matter whether the "Senators" got licked on the baseball field that day or not). If it was not "plain living and high thinking" day in and day out, whatever it was, it was living on a high plane and was like "old time religion," that was good enough for Paul and Silas, and surely good enough for Jeannie and me, whenever she and I on the way from New York to "Suncust" in Virginia stopped by and spent the night with Sister Lucy in "Kew Gardens" (which were the names of our two new homes).

Sister Lucy's apartment-house was called Kew Gardens. Jeannie never ceased to reproach me for calling our little place "Suncust," though nothing could have been more appropriate. I remember when we first went there in the hot summer of 1930, I sought, but sought in vain, to find a shady spot where I could squat and read the afternoon paper. I believe Calcutta is cooler than Charlottesville in summer-time.

It was in those years, that is, in the 1930's, that two of the most faithful sojourners in Trivium quietly passed away, to everybody's sincere regret. "Aunt Ann" died at her home in Charlottesville almost exactly two years after Loulie Abbot's death; and some six or seven years later "Auntie" (Brother Dan's sister, Mrs. V. W. Gayle, of Kansas City) died either in Hagerstown or in Hancock, Md.

One morning in New York, 26 January 1933, I went to the 'phone and heard Charles Henderson at the University of Virginia say: "Frank Abbot dropped dead on the way to his lecture-room soon after breakfast!" We knew that Frank had been troubled with heart-disease and was afraid to live in his house by himself, but none of us had the faintest notion of his being in imminent danger. He was just past 55 years of age.

The whole community, town and gown, was stunned, for I suppose Frank Abbot was the most widely known inhabitant of Albemarle County in his generation, beloved and admired not by his colleagues and pupils only but by white folks and black folks everywhere (among the latter, Mary Walker, the washerwoman, Cleveland White, who built Frank's little stone house down by the creek, and "Zeke", who I believe was chiseled out of charcoal and was Frank's factotum, butler, chauffeur and body-guard at night). Frank left his house and all his possessions to his niece, Frances Henderson, who was his namesake (Mrs. Louis Houff, now one of the principal owners of Bellevue redi-vivus); but most of all he left on the scroll of *Alma Mater* the enduring memory of his own rich personality. How often have I heard people say who knew him: "There will never be another Frank Abbot!" *Labuntur*

anni; over his quiet grave in the University of Virginia cemetery more than a score of years have passed already, yet the fond remembrance of Frank Abbot lives on unfaded.

He was not a pedagogue nor even a learned scholar. I would say he was a virtuoso (a very remarkable one) who lacked both the will and the industry to be an artist in his own right.

Popular as Frank Abbot was with both sexes, he was not a "man's man," as the saying is. His mother and sisters were much more congenial to him than his father and brothers. Even in his boyhood I doubt whether he ever held a baseball-bat in his hand or a tennis-racquet, though he may once or twice have toyed with a croquet-mallet. He didn't like games of any kind and couldn't bear to play cards; yet he could sit by the hour with his beloved Sister Lucy and help her to work a hard cross-word puzzle; and he delighted to coöperate with his mother in knitting pairs of woolen socks to be sent to her grandsons in General Pershing's army overseas.

A bachelor all the days of his life, Frank was a delightful host in his own house. He broiled the tenderloin beefsteak for dinner and garnished it with onions, and made the salad in the big bowl too; he lighted the Bunsen burner and boiled you a hot cup of mocha-and-java coffee, and gave you a big lump of Danish cheese; and long afterwards you still remembered that delicious meal and the talk that ensued.

Frank liked to sit in a comfortable chair in front of the fire; then he lighted his pipe, picked up a good book, and browsed in it. The next time he met you, either on the Lawn or maybe at Betty Booker's afternoon tea, he talked mighty agreeably about the book he had been reading while it was still fresh in his mind.

Yet after all Frank's chief avocation that delighted him most and took up his time was to plant little sweet-scented flowers by the edges of the babbling brook that meandered this way and that in the hollow of the yard and kept the grass green both winter and summer. He moulded a couch in the clay that fitted his body far better than a tailor-made suit when he laid down on it and rested from his labour, for Frank dearly loved to take his ease outdoors and indoors too.

Nobody ever gave a party without inviting Frank. It was wonderful to see how quickly dullness took flight the instant Frank hove in sight and animated the company; just as a nearly dead fire in a grate is made to leap into flame by a blow of the bellows.

The nearest to a portrait of Frank Abbot is a charming little sketch of him written soon after his death, *con amore*, by his neighbour and colleague, Dr. James Southall Wilson, and published in *The University of Virginia Magazine*, February 1933.

The 1930's were the years when Franklin D. Roosevelt began his long reign in Washington by launching the "New Deal," those ominous years that saw the rise to power of Comrade Stalin in Russia, Hitler

in Germany, Mussolini in Italy and Franco in Spain, four of the most sinister scoundrels that ever came to birth in the town of Mansoul. In the Far East Japan was waging bloody war throughout China. They were the years when Jeannie and I spent all our summers in Suncust before we moved there to live all the year round, and Jeannie was happy in spite of her grief over the untimely deaths of her sister Loulie and her brother Frank.

In the 1930's death reaped a harvest among my companions. The least I can do is to call their names in affectionate remembrance:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1932. Adolph Lomb (Harry's
elder brother) | 1935. Prof. Wm. M. Thornton
Prof. Bolling Hall
Crenshaw |
| 1933. Dexter Otey
Dr. John Staige Davis, Jr. | 1936. Arthur Johns
Henry C. Lomb
Dean Howard Lee
McBain |
| 1934. Miss Nanny J. Minor
Dr. J. H. C. Bagby
Edward V. Harmon
Laura Buck (wife of Dick
Buck)
Prof. Wm. H. Echols | 1937. Mrs. Susan Minor Wilson
Prof. A. P. Wills
1938. G. R. B. Michie
1939. Miss Sally Carter |

I think Mr. Lovett died in the early 1930's, but we lost sight of him after his second marriage. Prof. Harold Jacoby, professor of astronomy in Columbia University, should be on this list, only I do not know the year of his death.

Now as I look back to that anxious decade when Jeannie and I were still young enough to climb on foot without fatigue to the top of the long hill where Charles and Rosalie Henderson lived on Rugby Road, it is pleasant to remember Jeannie's infinite delight in her little summer home with the big yard all around it, the place she had chosen herself. My arm was round her waist as we came back down the hill, and if either of us had a care in the world, I suppose it must have been about the weather, which was usually predicted to be "fair and warmer." "Was it ever going to rain again?" Or else, "Was it ever going to stop raining?"—one or the other of those two questions was apt to be on our lips.

At Suncust Jeannie and I had plenty of company. Any instant "all Gaul" in two automobiles was likely to come from Bellevue and Trivium ninety miles away and "spend the day," and, just as likely as not, we would drive back to Trivium with them and more than turn the tables on them by spending two days or even a week.

In the evening after a good dinner (cooked by Rachel who was a

charming coloured girl we hired one summer) Jeannie, tired out by a long day's hard work outdoors, would lie down on the sofa in the sitting-room, while I sat in a big chair under the lamp and read intently in the *Charlottesville Daily Progress* the latest news from all over the earth and particularly what had happened that day in Crozet, Cismont and other parts of tranquil Albemarle. Then in the midst of dead silence Jeannie would heave a deep sigh, and I, perfectly naturally, would look up from my paper and say: "Darling, what's the matter?" Her only answer to that would be another sigh more long drawn out still. Deeming it prudent to keep quiet, I found the place where I was reading about a fellow who had been fined \$10. for driving under the influence of alcohol, but Jeannie would not let it go at that: "If you want to know what I am thinking," she said in a sepulchral voice, "I was wondering if the time will ever come when you will live up to all those promises you made in those love-letters you used to write to me, sometimes two a day!"—I leaped up from my chair, stooped down and kissed her, and exclaimed: "*O tempora! O mores!*"

Those summers in the 1930's were happy times for Jeannie, when she came from the big city, alighted at Suncust, and was like a bird let loose from a cage! I can see her now through my open study-window the minute breakfast was finished, equipped for the day's work in her garden. She is clad in a "Hoover overall," as they used to call that home-spun cotton garment, with gloves to match; a straw bonnet sits on her head more or less sideways and shows off her golden hair; and her countenance is lighted with joy. She is both picturesque and statuesque as she stands there in the sunshine with all her implements at hand: a basket hung from her wrist contains trowel and clippers, hose-nozzles and rubber washers, most prominent of all, a huge ball of garden-twine for tying plants to stand up straight, and other useful articles besides, all higgledy-piggledy, only Jeannie knew where to find each one whenever she needed it. The truncheon she has in her other hand is a lethal weapon that ordinarily serves as a walking-stick but is really a pike or javelin with a sharp metal point, intended to inpale a black snake or a snub-nosed mole in case either of these "varmints" happens to be lurking in the grass where she is treading. I called to her through the open window, "Hail to thee, blithe spirit!" She pitied me (she said) from the bottom of her heart for being a book-worm and wasting my life on logarithms; indeed she looked at me so disdainfully I wished I had been born a clodhopper, just to keep her company amid her ferns and roses.

Nevertheless, in the 1930's, soon after Frank Abbot died suddenly in the prime of life, it was plain to see that the Abbots of Old Bellevue,

nearly all that still survived except Emily Abbot and Lucy Lewis, year by year were growing perceptibly older. Sister Lucy, the oldest of us all, had a broken hip that never was mended, yet she went about on crutches and was just as good and brisk as ever, for nothing could down her; but the trouble was Brother Dan in Washington was a sick man in the hospital from time to time and found it hard to recuperate from the ordeals of the surgical operations he was compelled to undergo. Charley Abbot was active still and took great interest and prominent parts in the amateur theatricals of his school in Lynchburg. I myself lost all my teeth (which I believe was a good riddance) and had already reached the age of retirement. I shall never forget how startled I was one day when by accident I overheard a group of students in the lobby of the Pupin Laboratories of Columbia University refer to me rather affectionately as "the old man." Worst of all for me, was to see my darling Jeannie visibly losing her pristine vigour and often under the care of a physician. In 1937 she had a severe illness that came close to being pneumonia. I remember thinking then that it was my duty to outlive her and not leave her to struggle alone on earth.

In 1938 I had my first and last sabbatical year in Columbia University to which I had long been entitled and might have taken before, only I was conceited enough to believe Pegram when he told me that there was nobody to take my place. From June 1937 to February 1938, full eight months, Jeannie and I lived at Suncust and had, I believe, one of the most enjoyable intervals in all our life together. It was one of those short, crisp, charming afternoons in early January 1938 (less than a month before we had to go back to New York), we were out for a drive and happened to overtake a nearly empty truck on its way back to North Carolina. It contained a few young magnolia bushes, all that were left of the big load the driver had brought to town to sell that day. We got him to turn back and follow us to Suncust, to plant a magnolia on our lawn; though by the time he dug the hole and put the little tree in it, it was pitch-black dark. That evergreen was one of Jeannie's treasures and made her think of the beautiful magnolia tree we had in Auburn. In spite of many adversities, sleet in winter and hail in summer, it flourishes to this day in loving remembrance of dear Jeannie Abbot.

It was towards the end of this decade (the 1930's) that Brother Dan's Indian lawsuit that had dragged on more than a quarter of a century was at last decided in his favour, and he and Sister Lucy reaped a big reward. The riches came all too late for him to enjoy them. Brother Dan lived on two or three years afterwards, and did have the satisfaction of knowing that his labour had not been all in vain, but then he

was very ill. He died at Trivium early in May 1940 in the new room he had built there for his old age, and was buried under the trees in old St. Stephen's churchyard; a good man who had a hard struggle in this world, and was much beloved by those who knew him, by his wife and children most of all.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

By 1940 when the terrible Second World War was already launched and in full blast (England at bay, single-handed against her implacable foes), Jeannie persuaded me, much against my will, to relax and retire. I owed it to her to comply with her wishes, and, besides, did I not know that she was always infallibly right? Accordingly, in June 1940, I said farewell to Columbia, and, to Jeannie's great delight, she and I went to Suncust to dwell there all the rest of our lives. My pension was ample at first but meagre enough when inflation "came down like the wolf on the fold" and cut the value of a dollar literally in two. (I think Jeannie would be aghast if she heard that coffee, South American coffee at that, cost a dollar and thirty cents today and that "Little Sweetie," as she called me, was having cocoa for breakfast!)

However, it was not until after the war, when much of the time we had to do without servants, that we suffered any real hardships at Suncust; notwithstanding, like everybody else, we were rationed for food and gasoline, and it was mighty provoking when Venable Minor, who was air-raid warden for Charlottesville, suddenly sounded "the loud bassoon" for a black-out, and Jeannie and I had to sit a half-hour in Stygian darkness; but even so, we sat on the sofa side by side and held each other's hand. What would I not give to do that over again tonight?

At first I rather enjoyed not having to hurry to a nine o'clock lecture, *otium cum dignitate* was pleasant rather than otherwise. Between 1940 and 1942 I wrote two books on geometry which are still in manuscript and will never be printed unless, several hundreds of years hence, some philanthropist "restores" Charlottesville as painstakingly as Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has restored old Williamsburg. These were the years, 1940-42, when Jeannie and I basked in the sunshine of black Hannah Tompkins in the kitchen and nimble Raymond Crenshaw outdoors in the garden, years of luxury pure and simple.

Hannah—blessed be her memory!—was the incarnation of virtue and respectability, the Michael Angelo of the culinary art, for she was an artist too and "wrought in a sad sincerity." My heart leaps up and my mouth waters when I call to mind the good victuals Hannah used to bring from the kitchen and set before us to eat until both our stomachs were full and could hold no more: hot rolls and beaten bis-

cuits, pancakes and pastry, omelet and Welsh rarebit, roast chicken and muscovy duck, and Goodness-knows-what-all for dessert! Tall and stately, Hannah wore a black dress, a white apron, and a kerchief, and looked like a priestess of Baal (or, at any rate, my conception of that functionary). She was a little deferential to Jeannie, and took orders from her, but her manner towards me implied that I was of doubtful origin, as though she was not sure whether I belonged to "the quality." I stood in awe of Hannah. "Put down that newspaper," she would say to me at breakfast, "and eat your flannel-cakes whilst they's hot. That's real buckwheat, none of that Aunt J'mima dough you buys in the sto'!"

Old Hannah was not warm-hearted and clannish. After she had stayed with us a year or two, she served notice one day: "Miss Jeannie, I got a cow, a mule, an' a hound; I gotta go home an' look arter 'em; they don't get much to eat when I'm away." So saying, she put on her bonnet, bade us goodbye, got on a 'bus, and went to her cabin somewhere deep in the woods on the other side of Monticello; and we never laid eyes on Hannah again, though I believe she came back to town and was employed by Mr. Hildreth, president of the Peoples Bank.

Hannah looked askance on Raymond, yet rather liked him too, for nobody could help liking Raymond, who was a handsome coloured boy and the most agreeable fellow on earth. "Don't bring your muddy feet on this here kitchen flo' I jes' done scoured," she would say when he came to get his breakfast; "sit down on the do'-sill and eat them tu'novers an' drink this here cup o' coffee. It's God's mercy you ain't in jail, doin' all yo' devilment!"

Raymond lived in Shadwell three or four miles away, but rented a room in town and hired out to various families by the day. He came to us twice a week, rain or shine, and those were gala days at Suncust, for Raymond was Jack-of-all-trades, there was absolutely nothing too hard for him to do. Jeannie adored him, and he worshiped the ground she trod on. What Jeannie liked to do best in the world was to follow Raymond round the yard all day from place to place and tell him what to do next ere he had finished what he was doing then.

Despite the war, it was idyllic in Suncust in 1941-42 when Hannah and Raymond were at our beck and call and we fared well. One day, early in 1942, as I remember, Raymond drove me to Richmond to a meeting of the Virginia Historical Society. Sitting by him on the front seat of my 1940 Buick car (still in service, though now it stands idly in the garage day and night most of the time), I asked him: "Raymond, what has become of all the buzzards that used to be in Virginia when I was a boy? I haven't seen one this whole afternoon."—The words were hardly out of my mouth before Raymond replied: "Ain't you done

heard? Tukky buzzud's all gone to Yurop, eatin' dead sojers over there." When we got to Richmond and parked the car in a lot opposite the Lee House on East Franklin Street (which was my destination), Raymond lighted a long Manila cigar which he had saved for the occasion, leaned against a lamp-post, and puffed away all the rest of the afternoon until I got through with my business and was ready to drive back home. He had put on his Sunday clothes for this excursion, with a white shirt and clean boots, and that performance of nonchalantly smoking a "see-gar" on Franklin Street in Richmond was his notion of being "swell" and genteel in the city; and I must confess he certainly produced that impression.

That summer (1942) Raymond was drafted in the army, and there was nothing I could do to get him excused. We bade him a fond and tearful farewell and gave him a package of postcards and everything else a soldier might need; and that was the last we ever saw of Raymond (except one day when he came home on a furlough before going overseas). I know Raymond made a good soldier, for he was good at everything he tried, and for all I know he is living in a castle on the Rhine. Five or six years ago the postmaster at Shadwell told me that Raymond was still alive, though he did not know his whereabouts. Suncust was never the same again after Raymond went away, and Jeannie never ceased to sigh for him.

The war lasted six anxious years (1939-1945), and during that time much happened to us at Suncust that would take long to tell. We had both happiness and sorrow, as is the way of all flesh. I record here two or three bad events that have some little connection with this story:

In March 1941 Emily Abbot had a spell of pneumonia, and Jeannie went to Bellevue and nursed her until she was well on the road to recovery.

Near the end of that same year, between Pearl Harbor and Christmas, my dear old friend Dr. Durfee died, *aet.* 86, "good old Durfee of Hobart." He and I seldom ever saw each other after I left Geneva, but we were united by ties of mutual affection that held tight through all the years. Occasionally, while I lived in New York, I used to come in contact with him when he happened to be in the city.

In the early winter of 1944 Charley Abbot fell on the icy road at Goode and broke his knee-cap. The accident, which caused him no little inconvenience, was not particularly serious, but Charley was less steady on his feet and less active from that time.

At last in 1945 the bloodthirsty war came to an end, and Mr. Truman got to be President of the United States. Whether he should ever have sanctioned the dropping of atomic bombs on Hiroshima and

Nagasaki in Japan, is a question that must be left to posterity to decide. I have no grudge against Mr. Truman, I believe he was a good man and did the best he could. Yet I cannot help but remember that it was during his tenure of office that I was in constant trouble and suffered the greatest loss of my life. By 1945 servants in Charlottesville were scarce and getting scarcer, and Jeannie and I were already too old and infirm to fend for ourselves. My own worst enemy in those days was the "Pocahontas" Stoker in the basement that fed coal to the furnace in winter and always broke down on the coldest day. It could not be mended until a new part was gotten from the factory in Cleveland, Ohio. As soon as it got to running again, Mr. John L. Lewis in Washington ordered all the coal miners in the country to go on strike, and then not an ounce of stoker-coal could be purchased in Charlottesville. Every winter, not once but over and over again, Jeannie and I escaped freezing to death in Suncust, so to speak, by the skin of our teeth (though that is rather a false metaphor considering that then the teeth we had were artificial).*

In spite of disappointments, hardships and sorrows, Jeannie clung to Suncust, and loved it, I believe, more and more dearly every day of her life; but it was not a bed of roses either for her or for me. For five years ever since we first went there to live all the year round, I had been suffering from an internal ailment that was increasingly more and more painful; until at last in February 1946 I was forced to go to the hospital and undergo (as it turned out) a series of severe operations that came near to putting an end to my days. Then it was that Jeannie was a ministering angel and left nothing undone to tide me safely past that danger. The touch of her hand, the tone of her voice, above all the love in her eyes, everything she said and did, brought relief and gave joy all during that long month when I laid in bed in fear and trembling.

Jeannie used to say affectionately, yet a little reproachfully too, that she believed I was even more "spoiled" than her father had been in his married life; she said I lived on the fat of the land and had the best of everything. There in bed I reflected on it when I began to get better, and remembered how Jeannie not only roasted the chicken in the kitchen but carved it on the table; she gave me the breast and took the drumstick. "God be merciful to me a sinner!" I murmured, looking up to the ceiling. Then and there I resolved to turn over a new leaf if my life was spared. I promised (not to her but to myself) to do nothing but

* It was not until 1950 that I got a divorce from "Pocahontas" and was wedded to Natural Gas. It was a providential exchange, and now every winter-night when I say my prayers I do not fail to petition *le bon Dieu*, Give us this day our natural gas.

wait on her all the rest of my days. I believe I fulfilled that pledge to the letter. Certainly I never left her side day or night as long as she lived. The trouble about my service was that it came too late, when I myself was old and feeble and not able to minister to her as she had ministered to me.

On the verge of summer 1947 Jeannie and I had to withstand the shock of a heavy bereavement which fell harder on our son Abbot than on anybody else. His beautiful and charming young wife, Gayle Reese, whom he had married in New York not more than nine years before and to whom Jeannie and I were devotedly attached, died suddenly and tragically, and left us all lamenting. That was a grievous blow to Jeannie who wept as if her heart would break. Neither she nor I could go to the sad funeral in New York. It was as much as I could do to stand beside the coffin of my life-long friend Heath Dabney who had died the day before (16 May) at the ripe old age of 87.

Then early in September Emily Abbot, feeding her chickens in the barn-yard at Bellevue, fell and broke her hip, and was confined to a wheel-chair over six months. At that time my darling Jeannie was near the eve of her 80th birthday. Alas! it was all too plain, her physical strength was ebbing away, though there never was any diminution of her faculties and everlasting charm and beauty. She and I were proof against adversity as long as we had each other.

All Jeannie could do now in the garden was to sit on a cushion by the edge of the fern-patch close to the terrace and pluck out the weeds within reach; and then she sighed and ceased to do even that. We used to sit together side by side outdoors and watch the sun go down on an afternoon in late summer when the days were getting shorter. I remember one evening getting up from my chair and bringing her the last rose of summer from the garden. Tears came in her eyes as with trembling fingers she pinned it on my coat and kissed me.

How can I go on from here and finish this chapter? Every day of my life I live over again those tranquil and beautiful last days on earth with Jeannie, but I cannot hold my pen steady now, and I cannot read the scratch it makes. Neither pen nor I have far to go, and maybe I can hold out to the end.

The time soon came when Jeannie had to stay upstairs from sheer weakness and ventured only to come down a little before dinner in the evening. One day she fainted at the table, and the neighbours had to be summoned to help lift her to her chamber and put her to bed. That remembrance is like a nightmare to me still, I was afraid she was at death's door. She never came downstairs again. Still she could walk

about the room, look out of the window, and drive away the squirrel that stole all the crumbs she had spread on the window-tray for the birds. One beautiful day towards the end of May she spied the first blossom on the magnolia tree directly in front of her window, and shouted for joy. I ran downstairs and got the pruning-hook from the long rack in the garage. Awkward and unsteady on my feet, somehow I contrived to lop off the exquisite white flower from the topmost branch with some olive-green leaves to go with it. I put it in a glass bowl of water and carried it up to her room. Her blue eyes feasted on it, and it seemed to me, as she leaned over it and her grey-golden hair almost touched the leaves, all the colours of the rainbow glowed and blended in that sunlit room.

In winter-time we sat together by the cheerful open fire in the grate, and I used to read aloud, an hour at a time, from one of her favourite books (*War and Peace*, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, *The Modern Reader's Bible*, etc.). She listened intently, on the lookout for each familiar passage, and would exclaim with delight when I came to it. Many a time I got an *encore* and would have to read that page over again.

In the 1930's when we spent our summers at Suncust, our old friend and near neighbour Tom Fitzhugh, professor emeritus of Latin, used often to come in the evening after supper and sit on the terrace with Jeannie and me, for he was devoted to Old Bellevue where he had been a teacher in the 1880's. Tom knew by heart whole pages of Shakespeare and would recite them aloud in his low, beautiful voice, bringing out the meaning of every word, even every syllable. To listen to him was one of our chief delights, for in his quiet way Tom far excelled any actor I ever heard on the stage. So it was a high compliment Jeannie paid me when she said she preferred my reading to Tom Fitzhugh's, though, of course, it was the grossest flattery. Tom is still alive, up in the nineties now, but his sweet voice is almost hushed.

My deafness was a barrier to conversation. Jeannie spoke to me with her eyes, and I, used to their language, grasped every word they uttered.

As soon as it got to be dark outdoors, Bessie (good and faithful coloured Bessie, who, despite "Arthur Ritis" in her feet and high blood pressure, is my life-line now) tiptoed in the room with the tray of supper, which she put down on the cedar-chest while she erected the folded card-table for us to eat on. Perhaps we had Norfolk Spots for supper that evening: if so, Jeannie painstakingly picked all the bones from my fish, for she knew I would choke to death rather than go to all that trouble. (The truth was, I couldn't see the bones to begin with, and my

teeth were so false I couldn't feel them till they stuck in my throat.)

Like Leopold, the Old Dessauer, Frederick the Great's captain, I realised then that "the soft lining of [my] hard existence, in all parts of it, [was being] torn away", and that Jeannie herself was leaving me. We were both mortal: if either had to go first, it was better for her not to be the one who was left desolate, to eat her bread in sorrow. Absence of the beloved is the hardest plight on earth.

Everybody loved Charley Abbot, but I believe his sister Jeannie loved him best of all. She never called his name without adding some endearing word, in his presence or away from him. Before he quitted his work in the high school in Lynchburg (1946), Charley used often to drive from Bellevue and spend the week-end with us at Suncust, perhaps he would prune Jeannie's apple-trees for her or at least give her some sage advice, for theoretically Charley was a farmer and knew exactly what ought to be done to make a crop. To look forward to his coming was one of our greatest joys, and nearly always we had a banquet in his honour. If he happened to bring Emily with him, so much the better; only, we seldom could persuade Emily to stay overnight and let Bellevue get along without her for twenty-four hours as best it could. After Charley's retirement, he slowed down and came less often to see us. He complained of having some kind of heart-ailment and gave as an excuse that he was afraid to drive far from home by himself; which I foolishly thought was the height of absurdity considering all the adventures he had had on the road and all the risks he had taken for years and years. The thought of his being a sick man never crossed my mind; yet so it was. Charley Abbot, a little gloomy for him, lived through the summer of 1949, but early in September Emily took him to the hospital in Lynchburg, and there in an oxygen tent on his 74th birthday, the day of the autumnal equinox (22 September), "Uncle Charley" breathed his last.

That was a terrible calamity. It was all I could do to tell Jeannie, though she knew how ill he had been longer than a fortnight. She put her head on my breast and sobbed. I never dreamed of leaving her even to go to Charley's funeral where all the country people went for miles around. He was buried in St. Stephen's churchyard, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," as brave and true a gentleman as ever was in Bedford County. To his sister Emily Charley's death was more than a deep sorrow. She and he had lived all their life together at Bellevue; he had been the man of the house ever since their father died, and was indispensable. Emily realised it. Father Time was playing havoc with the Abbots of Old Bellevue.

Sister Lucy, oldest of us all, supposed to be ageless if not immortal,

grief-stricken herself, and on crutches too, came from Trivium a week after the funeral, in order to solace Jeannie and me. That was her special gift in this world, to bring good cheer. "Help of the helpless, O abide with me!" I remember appealing to her when she entered the door of Suncust, but Lucy had to go back to Trivium next day, and that was the last time we ever saw her.

December was the month of holidays in our house, first, Jeannie's birthday, next the anniversary of our wedding-day, and then Christmas. The 23rd of December, 1949, was our Golden Wedding Day, and we tried to celebrate it, but it was too soon after Charley's death, and we ourselves were all too feeble. Christmas Day that year came on Sunday—a lovely winter-day it was. The low-riding sun, with all its soft mellow light more silvern than golden, shone through Jeannie's southern window where she fed red birds and snow birds on the tray outside and, sitting in "Grandma's chair", used her long walking-staff (the one Charley had cut in the woods and brought her years ago) to ward off the uninvited and impertinent squirrel. Mild and invigorating as the fresh air was, it was too chilly to sit long by the open window; so we moved Jeannie's chair in front of the blazing fire that leaped up the chimney as high as it could go, and then I unwrapped her Christmas Gifts and showed them to her one by one. It was nice to see her delight: "Oh, look what Abbot has sent me!" she exclaimed, holding up a pink silk jacket from Lord & Taylor's in New York; "just the right colour and the very thing for me to wear when company comes." A bowl of egg-nog was close by on a table. We filled our glasses and toasted each other; and did it again whenever visitors came. Our good neighbour Mr. Betts who lived across the driveway thought egg-nog was sinful, and would not let it pass his lips, but for all that he shouted "Merry Christmas" just as heartily and sincerely as if he had been a Bacchanalian.

By that time Abbot in New York had married again another lovely girl, Roberta Webb, of New Brunswick, N. J. They couldn't spend Christmas with us for the very good reason that, "though on pleasure she was bent," Roberta was, figuratively speaking, up a tree and had to wait until she could get down or, strictly speaking, get up. All's well that ends well. Tuesday evening, 27 December 1949, the joyful message came from Abbot over the 'phone: his little daughter had just that minute been born in Bronxville, N. Y. She weighed 8-1/2 pounds already, and as soon as she and her mother were in the mood to go to church, she was going to be christened "Jeannie Abbot". I kissed Jeannie and danced a jig on the rug, and Jeannie clapped her hands. We opened a bottle of sherry (imported sherry that Colonel Jennings Wise had

brought me when I was ill in the hospital in 1946), and we drank half of it before going to bed.

Our joy was short-lived. Thursday morning soon after breakfast Mary Hall (Mrs. Edwin M. Betts, our ever-faithful friend and helper) came to deliver a message that had to be relayed because I could not hear over the 'phone. It was from Charles Henderson up the hill on Rugby Road. Brief and to the point, he said he and his wife Rosalie were on their way to Trivium; his mother, dearly beloved Sister Lucy, had died in Lynchburg Wednesday afternoon, 28 December 1949, that was all he knew. The fatal words fell on my ears like the report of a pistol that had been pointed at my forehead. I sank back in my chair and stared at Mary Hall: "It will kill Jeannie upstairs—how can we ever tell her?" I gasped, and buried my face in my hands.

I climbed the steps to Jeannie's room, but I did not break the news. She and I sat there close together and had lunch at midday. The one thing I never could do in this world was to keep a secret from Jeannie. She was *clairvoyante* and read my inmost thoughts. She knew something had happened.

Mary Hall came back after lunch, and then we told Jeannie. She summoned all the little strength she had left and, looking me full in the face, all she said was: "I want to go to heaven now." I clasped my hands together and turned my eyes to the fire burning brightly on the hearth. It lighted up our bowed heads.

The details, such as they were, came later. As was her wont, Sister Lucy had been the cheerfulest of all the household at Trivium on Christmas Day, the life of the party—though Christmas could not be gay again with Charley absent. Lucy had set her heart on going back to New York with her daughter Virginia who lived on Morningside Drive in the same house where Jeannie and I had lived our early years in the metropolis. That excursion had come to be an annual frolic for Sister Lucy in her latter years; she looked forward to it with all the zest that was part of her nature. She and Virginia had planned to go early Wednesday morning, and before going to bed the night before, she had laid out the frock she was to wear on the train, and all was in readiness.

In the middle of the night something went wrong, Sister Lucy was suddenly taken ill, and before breakfast next morning was taken to the hospital in Lynchburg, and that afternoon, without ever uttering a word, she vanished from the earth forever. Had she lived one month longer, she would have rounded out her 85th year. Her grave is in St. Stephen's churchyard by the side of her husband's. *Ave atque vale!* Take her for all in all, we shall not look upon her like again.

Little remains to be told; this mournful Epilogue is nearly finished. The year 1950 was a long year in my long life. It seems to me every day of it is etched in my memory like a steel engraving with all its dark anxiety, yet in all its sweetness too. Month by month Jeannie grew steadily weaker and weaker, and all the while her loveliness and loveliness waxed more and more. The last time she ever stood on her feet without somebody to support her was the first day of March when she fell on the floor in the bath-room and broke her right arm close to the shoulder. That fracture never mended, she was handicapped by it all the rest of her days. She had to have an able-bodied practical nurse not only to help her get out of bed but also to cut her food and help her to eat it. She never once murmured. Abbot and Roberta came to see her twice that year with their two children big Jim and little Jeannie; and it was beautiful to see Jeannie's delight in her darling children and grand-children. It was Jeannie's nature to be beautiful. Most beautiful of all was her tenderness to me: "What will become of you, dearest, when I am gone?" she used to say sometimes; and what could I say in reply? remembering how Orpheus had sought to find his lost Eurydice, and had sought in vain.

That last year of our life together cannot be told. Her gradual decline from day to day is methodically reported in a sort of diary I kept, which was not a diary at all but a memorandum-book of isolated days of either woeful dejection or timid hopefulness. The following items are taken from it and are therefore authentic.

It was bitter cold in November and December. The Pocahontas Stoker broke down completely, and I was forced to change from coal to natural gas on the spur of the moment and at first installed a wholly incompetent gas stove that sent nearly all the heat up the chimney and was a mighty bad bargain. Christmas Day 1950 was again a lovely winter-day, only the ground was hard-frozen and the thermometer low down. Jeannie was low too, but tried to be cheerful. I read aloud to her from *Anna Karénina* and tried to rouse her interest, but her thoughts were far away. She had ceased to enjoy the old-fashioned toddy, the little drink we were wont to have before dark. She had always looked forward to it, though she did complain that I was stingy with "Four Roses" and put too much water with it. It was an ominous sign when she put the glass down no more than half empty.

We wired to Little Jeannie in Bronxville, 27 December, and congratulated her on her first birthday and implored her to go on being good and pretty, just as she had been doing in the past.

Early in March Jeannie was visibly dying. Even with the help of the nurse, she could no longer stand on her feet, much less take a step.

If we lifted her into a chair, it was harder still to lift her back on the bed. The middle of March Abbot came from New York and stayed 48 hours. It was the last time he ever embraced his loving and beloved mother. The 25th of March was Easter Sunday, but then Jeannie could not tell one day from another. Her four nieces came from Trivium the middle of the week, but by that time darling Jeannie was in a coma. Two trained nurses were on duty then besides the coloured woman, the practical nurse who had been employed nearly a whole year.

It was the last day of March before dawn, one o'clock in the morning, I stood beside Jeannie's bed, held her hand, and knew she was dead. I called to her, "Jeannie, Jeannie!" I kissed her lips, she made no answer. She had gone! She had lived on earth 83 years and a little more than three months longer.

The funeral was in the University of Virginia Chapel, Sunday afternoon, 1 April 1951; the clergyman who read the service was Rev. Theodore H. Evans, rector of St. Paul's Memorial Church. Emily Abbot, Abbot Southall and I stood at the open grave in the University Cemetery where Jeannie lies buried by the side of her brother Frank. Emily went back to Bellevue that evening, grief-stricken and downcast, and Abbot went to New York. I asked Emily to come and live with me, but she said she could not live anywhere save at Old Bellevue. "'Tis Old Bellevue no longer," I replied. Tears came in her eyes as she turned and left me.

My one comfort then was sweet Virginia Henderson who had been at Trivium for Easter. She came and stayed with me two or three days, and I know not what I should have done without her. God bless her!

At first I could not bear to enter that empty room upstairs, that room which asked over and over again, "Where is she?"

NO ANSWER*

In the slow lapse of unrecorded afternoon,
When nothing seems to change but history itself
Unfolding at the pace of clouds or even weeds,
The window murmurs lightly to the vacant room,
And seems as if it commented with mild surprise
On some arrival, timely or unique;
Slow by the rapid stream, perhaps, or quick in the slow skies.

Why does the window murmur—and to whom?
What notable event does it report
That's far above the heads of furniture,
Nor heeded by the absent-minded room?

* Poem by Laurance Whistler in *The (London) Times Literary Supplement*, 18 July 1952.

Is it first cuckoo-fall?—the double word
Falling like seed into the wood, instant with Spring?

Or is it rose-fall?—and of the first rose,
Spilled from the hand of Summer, pensively?

Perhaps first apple-fall—scatter and thud,
And Autumn here that moment, cornucopia slanted?

Or is it only the first snow-fall?—one,
One, and then one; slid furtive down, as if
Winter himself had thought the moment haunted?
Windows look out of rooms at poetry,
That pours back through them, lyrical in birds,
Epic to weather, narrative in streams.
But they look only out, half-conscious of a being
Shadowed behind them, borrowing their eyes.
O little window, when you murmur, "Do but look!"
Never ask who listens now. Never inquire
Why soundlessness should grow into a habit,
Helpless and final as the dust.

Suppose

She may be resting yet in the great bed,
Tuned always to your accent, though her heart
Is listening miles away to mine.—Might she
Not lie so still? Never so long, so still?
Should there, long since, have come to you, at least,
The flicking over of a page—at least
Her busy pencil, whispering word by word
The letter she would send—at very least
A sigh?

So would she sigh,
In the dark ages of the afternoon,
When you would draw her to some poetry
(Fall of the word, the rose, the fruit, the fleeting crystal),
So would she sigh a war away—since tears,
If tears were let, would rain away the world;
Sigh in the great bed for its emptiness,
The waste of poetry, the waste of years.

Three days after Jeannie's funeral was my 80th birthday. I was a feeble and forlorn old man, but luckily Virginia Henderson was still with me. She brought me after breakfast a pile of mail, mostly letters of condolence, few letters of congratulation from old friends all over the country who had not yet heard of my bereavement, but I was not in the humour to read them. I asked Virginia to open them and tell me if there were any of importance that needed to be answered promptly. One I knew would be from my former pupil, colleague, and devoted

friend, Harold R. Barnes of Columbia University, who never by any chance neglected to send me birthday greetings. Imagine my surprise, and gratitude too, when Virginia brought me his letter containing a cheque for nearly \$2500; which Barnes and my old pupils in Columbia had collected and sent me for a birthday gift! I think nothing ever touched me as much as that unexpected testimonial. One of my "old boys" wrote me, a little cryptically: "You are the one teacher I shall never forget." That generous gift was more than a token of affection, it came when my purse was well-nigh empty and needed to be replenished.

One day, after about three months, I ventured timidly in that upstairs room and loitered there. The bed, the chairs, all the furniture, the pictures on the wall, especially the Roman Catholic coloured chromo over the bed that Estelle Burthe had given Jeannie to hang there, and most of all the chair Jeannie used to sit in ("Grandma's chair"), were like old friends who shared my grief and felt my solitude. Now they and I are on the best of terms, and I have gone back and gone to sleep on Jeannie's bed when I could not go to sleep anywhere else in the house. We make believe Jeannie is not really gone but is in hiding somewhere and will suddenly burst upon us if we do but watch and wait. I shall never rest till I hold her fast in my arms once more.

Estelle Burthe, older than Jeannie, a lonely old lady but just as charming as ever, lived in a nursing-home on East High Street. She was exceedingly fond of Emily Abbot and longed to be at Bellevue which she dearly loved. I used to go to see her as often as I could, but it was not easy when I got to be too nearly blind to be permitted to drive my car. Estelle knew that her time was up and was resigned to her fate. She clung to the Catholic Church in which she had been nurtured, but her faith (it seemed to me) was more a matter of good taste than of fervent belief. Almost exactly a year after Jeannie, Estelle died too, 25 March 1952, and was laid to rest by the side of her mother and brother in the University graveyard. She lived to be 88 years old, and I think was as much a part of the University of Virginia as Dr. Mallet himself. Death seemed to me to be bent on carrying off all my comrades on earth one after the other as if on purpose to make my loneliness complete; but worse was still to come, a loss I never dreamed of living to bear.

It was the threshold of summer when Frances Henderson wrote me from Trivium that Emily Abbot, of all persons that were left on earth, was seriously ill in the Lynchburg hospital, an institution as foreign to her as the Public Library. I was accustomed to think of Emily as the Rock of Gibraltar, who would certainly survive long after I was dead

and gone. My reckoning was wrong. Dare-devil Emily Abbot, most intrepid and least vulnerable of us all, the last of the Mohicans, was caught in the meshes; it was vain to struggle. She died on the eve of the Summer Solstice, 20 June 1952, and was buried in St. Stephen's churchyard, long to be remembered far and wide as "Miss Emily Abbot of Bellevue." Like both Loulie and Charley, Emily had seldom ever been beyond sight of the Peaks of Otter all her life long, and I believe her spirit hovers over them now. She was within six months of living to be three-score years and ten, of all those brothers and sisters the last to come and the last to go.

Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.

FINIS

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